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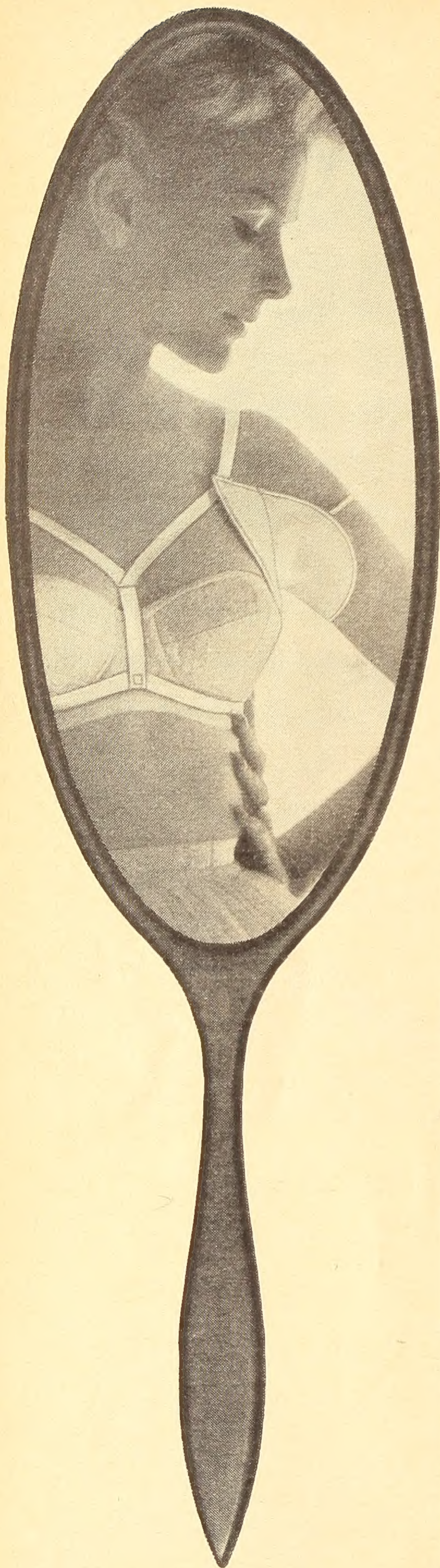
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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Will you tell me if it is true—as reported—that **Eleanor Powell** has relented and given custody of their son Peter to **Glenn Ford**?

—D. W., CHICAGO, ILL.

A Only for the month that Glenn will be in Paris making **THE IMAGE MAKERS**. Glenn has visitation rights, however, at other times.

Q I read that **Betsy Drake** and **Cary Grant** have been seeing a lot of each other. What does this mean?

—M. M., PRINCETON, N. J.

A It means they still like each other—and enjoy each other's company on double dates. Cary takes his girl of the moment, Betsy her current beau, and they have a jolly foursome.

Q **Rock Hudson** hasn't made a movie for over a year. Has he been sick or is he just plain lazy?

—G. P., DARIEN, CONN.

A He's sick—and tired of his studio's refusal to loan him out. The **Marilyn Monroe** picture was just one example. There have been others. However, Rock's starting work this month on a new Western, **DAY OF THE GUN**.

Q Can you tell me what the mystery malady was that felled **Marilyn Monroe** during the filming of her latest picture? Is she pregnant again?

—T. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A No—just allergic to the miracle drugs she took to stifle a cold.

Q I read that after a year **Kirk Douglas** put **Spartacus** back before the cameras for added scenes. Is the picture that bad?

—D. D., MUNCIE, IND.

A **Kirk Douglas** is making every attempt to see that it is that good. So far he is not completely satisfied with the results.

Q What is the problem that's been bothering **Sophia Loren** and her husband **Carlo Ponti**—and I'm not talking of the fact that their marriage can't be recognized in Italy?

—B. D., BOISE, IDAHO

A The problem was a handsome top star who kept insisting that he was madly in love with **Sophia** and she was really in love with him. He's finally stopped in-

sisting—and **Sophia** and **Carlo** have laughed the whole thing off.

Q Now that **Ernest Borgnine** and **Katy Jurado** have finally wed—after all their pre-marital fussing and fuming—what chance does Hollywood give this marriage?

—J. R., TRENTON, N. J.

A The chance of a lot of post-marital fussing and fuming.

Q Any truth to the rumor that **Nick Adams** and his bride are planning to split-up as soon as their baby is a decent age?

—N. W., ATLANTA, GA.

A No.

Q What's the story about **Pier Angeli** being in love with **Buddy Bregman**, who has been so much in the public eye lately?

—D. V., KANSAS CITY, KAN.

A **Pier's** in love—but not with **Buddy** nor anyone else who is in the public eye.

Q What is **Hope Lange** going to do now that her husband **Don Murray** has been dropped by 20th Century-Fox?

—W. S., MONTPELIER, VT.

A **Hope** will continue at the studio. **Don** wanted his release since he felt his talents weren't being properly used.

Q Is it true that **Anna Kashfi** will re-institute legal action in keeping **Marlon Brando** from their son because he is now running around with a girl with a police record?

—B. I., ORLANDO, FLA.

A **Anna** will fight **Marlon** again if he continues to prevent her from leaving the country with her son. A girl **Marlon** has been seeing hasn't a police record per se—but was picked up for allegedly possessing marijuana.

Q Why was **Debbie Reynolds** in New York—and at the same night clubs and plays **Liz Taylor** and **Eddie Fisher** were, at certain times? Is she trying to irritate her ex-husband with her presence, or is she so anxious to see **Eddie** again—even from afar?

—J. F., BEVERLY, MASS.

A Since **Debbie** has no guarantee of being able to avoid **Eddie** and **Liz** in Hollywood—she felt there was no reason to change her own traveling plans because of a vague chance of an embarrassing situation.

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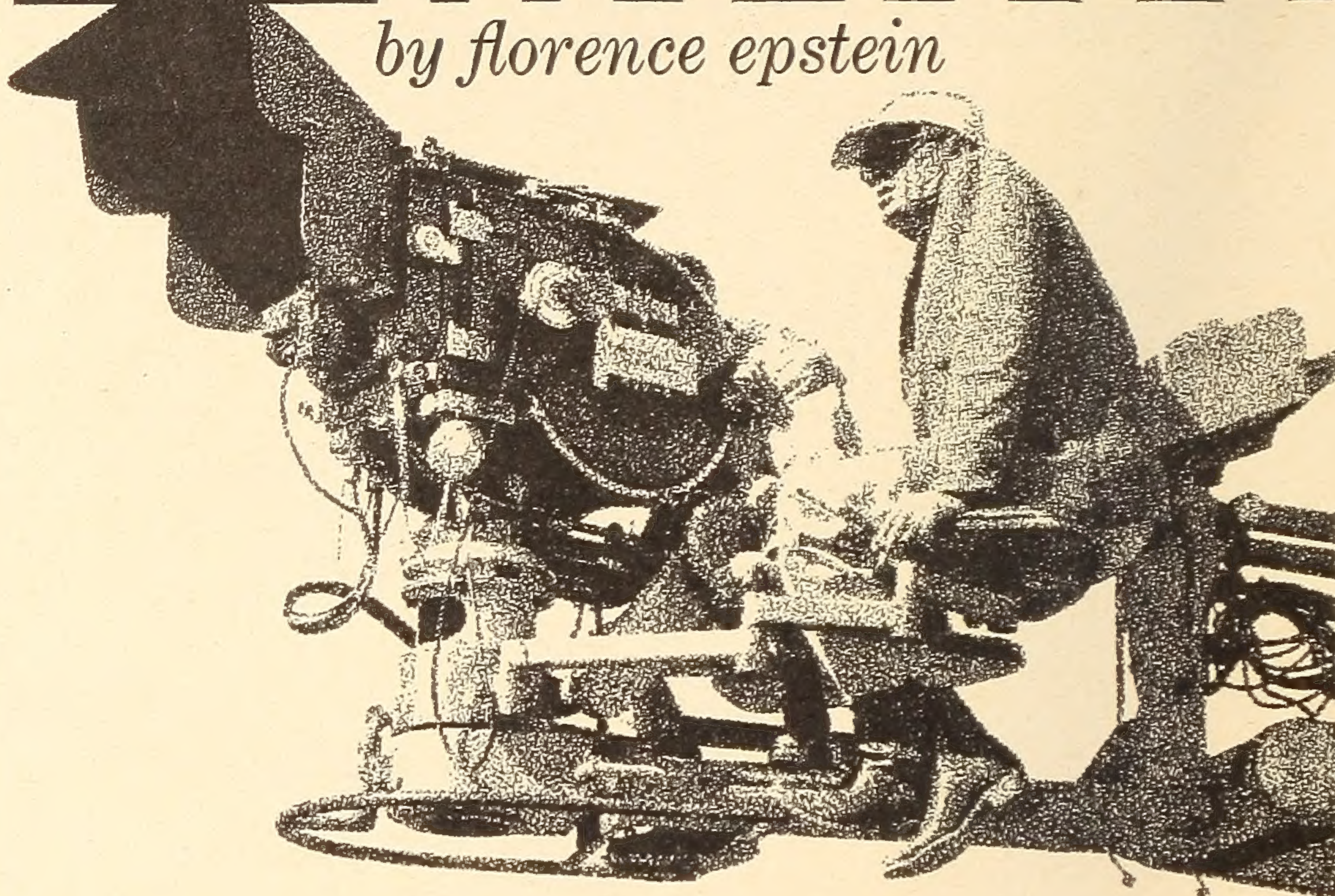
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new movies

by florence epstein



SOLOMON AND SHEBA Yul Brynner
Gina Lollobrigida
George Sanders
Marisa Pavan
John Crawford
Old Testament spectacle

■ This is a spectacle—if not quite as lavish—in the DeMille tradition. It takes us way back to when Solomon was King of Israel, Sheba was Gina Lollobrigida and orgies took place in the open air.

Before Sheba came to Jerusalem, Solomon (Yul Brynner) was doing fine. His jealous older brother, George Sanders, plotted against him, but otherwise the nation was unified. Brynner had asked God for wisdom and got it; he promised to build a beautiful temple and built it; he was a peace-loving man.

The prosperity and unity of Israel worried the Egyptian Pharaoh. Enter Sheba (Gina). Quit worrying, she tells the Pharaoh. Make me a present of a seaport and I'll destroy Solomon. The Pharaoh says okay. Next thing you know Sheba's slinking into Jerusalem to make eyes at Solomon and invite him to midnight suppers. That's allowed.

But when she sets up her pagan statues in the holy city, that's blasphemy.

It takes a while for Yul's loyal following to turn against him, but they can't help themselves.

Just as he can't help himself and permits Gina to hold a 'sacred' orgy practically in his back yard. At that point lightning destroys the temple.

It also destroys Marisa Pavan who'd been praying for Yul there.

Gina, overwhelmed by guilt, confesses all to Brynner who, wise man, suspected her from the start. Now he has even more to worry about. Pharaoh, at George Sanders' suggestion, decides to march on Israel.

There aren't many people left who'll fight by Yul's side.

But these are the days of visions and, one night, Brynner sees the way to destroy the enemy. Gina, meanwhile, sees the way to atone for what she has come to realize were her sins.—CINEMASCOPE, UNITED ARTISTS.

VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET Jerry Lewis
Joan Blackman
Earl Holliman
Fred Clark
Lee Patrick
from outer space

■ Jerry Lewis lives way up in another galaxy. He's mad about the earth; studying earth people (from afar) is his hobby. One day he just can't control himself any more and flies down in his disc. He's all dressed up like a Confederate general (no scholar he, he miscalculated the century). He lands on the lawn of a TV commentator (Fred Clark) who is preparing to make an ass of himself by telling the nation that there are no such things as flying saucers. He doesn't believe there is such a thing as Jerry Lewis, either, until Jerry shows him a trick or two. Clark has a pretty daughter (Joan Blackman) who is being courted by madly jealous Earl Holliman. Earl really has nothing to be jealous about because Jerry doesn't even know what it's like to be in love (where he comes from they did away with it). But before Jerry goes back to where he comes from he has a few moments of feeling like an earth man (that's why he wants to go back). Best thing in the movie is a visit to a beatnik saloon where Barbara Lawson dances.—PARAMOUNT.

GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND Alan Ladd
Jeanne Crain
Gilbert Roland
Frankie Avalon
Lyle Bettger
up a tree with Alan Ladd

■ Alan Ladd and Gilbert Roland are loggers. They don't know from nothing but cutting down trees to build up railroads. Imagine their surprise when they come to this town and discover that everybody hates them—and all their men. What's everybody so mad about, Alan Ladd wants to know? Rancher Jeanne Crain tells him. If Alan chops down all the trees on the mountain there won't be any town left in the valley—floods, you see. Jeanne, who owns the biggest ranch in the valley, is maddest of all. No. Wait a minute. Her foreman, Lyle Bettger, is maddest. (He

was born in a town that had a watery death.) Well, Alan having a legal paper, he sets his lips and starts chopping. Lyle, having a vengeful mind, he sets dynamite on the one road open to the loggers, and then he lights the wick. Alan gets another legal paper giving him access to Jeanne's road. Lyle gets some wood-choppers of his own and has some trees cut to fall on and block Jeanne's road. Meanwhile Alan and Jeanne, who have just fallen in love, start hating each other. If it weren't for likeable Frankie Avalon the problem in this movie could never be resolved.

—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

HOME FROM THE HILL

on the edge of manhood

Robert Mitchum
Eleanor Parker
George Hamilton
George Peppard
Luana Patten

■ In a little Southern town Robert Mitchum is big man. He owns everything; he gets anything he wants, except his wife's love. She (Eleanor Parker) turned cold after the honeymoon when she discovered that Mitchum had an illegitimate (and unacknowledged) son. Their own son (George Hamilton) has been her exclusive property. But now Mitchum takes over to make a man of him. With the help of George Peppard, Hamilton becomes a first-rate hunter and also gets his first date (with Luana Patten). He loses his 'sheltered child' ideas in a couple of hard blows. When he discovers that Peppard is his half brother, Hamilton wants him to be treated like a son instead of a hired hand and to share the family fortune. Mitchum won't budge—so Hamilton leaves home, only to come back when his mother has a 'heart attack.' His parents' problems are so disturbing to him that Hamilton can't handle any of his own. He isn't even told when his girl (Luana) discovers she's pregnant. Never mind, the ever-faithful Peppard is there to make up for the family's mistakes. This film has the elements of soap opera but it rises above them.

—CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

THE GALLANT HOURS

tribute to an admiral

James Cagney
Dennis Weaver
Ward Costello
Richard Jaeckel
Vaughn Taylor

■ War movies usually can't help mixing glamour with gore, giving the stay-at-homes a very distorted picture. This movie's different. It's a kind of dramatized documentary (much of it narrated by Robert Montgomery); it has the solidity of truth behind it. Based on only a few weeks of Admiral William F. Halsey Jr.'s long career it's a tribute to him and also a stirring account of war from the 'top.' Halsey (beautifully played by James Cagney) took over command of the South Pacific area on a day in 1942 and proceeded to save Guadalcanal from the hands of the Japanese. Weighted down by responsibility, Cagney as the admiral is always decisive, daring—and usually right. That's why his staff (among them Dennis Weaver, Les Tremayne, Walter Sande, Karl Swenson) revere him. He and the Japanese admiral (who planned the attack on Pearl Harbor) study each other's moves like crafty poker players, always aware of the incredibly high stakes. When Cagney takes over, the Japanese are already planning to accept our surrender terms. Our side obviously lacks the men, the arms, the morale to hang on to Guadalcanal. Cagney's coming changes everything because he is a leader in the real sense of the word. What makes a leader? Nothing phony or arrogant. Mostly



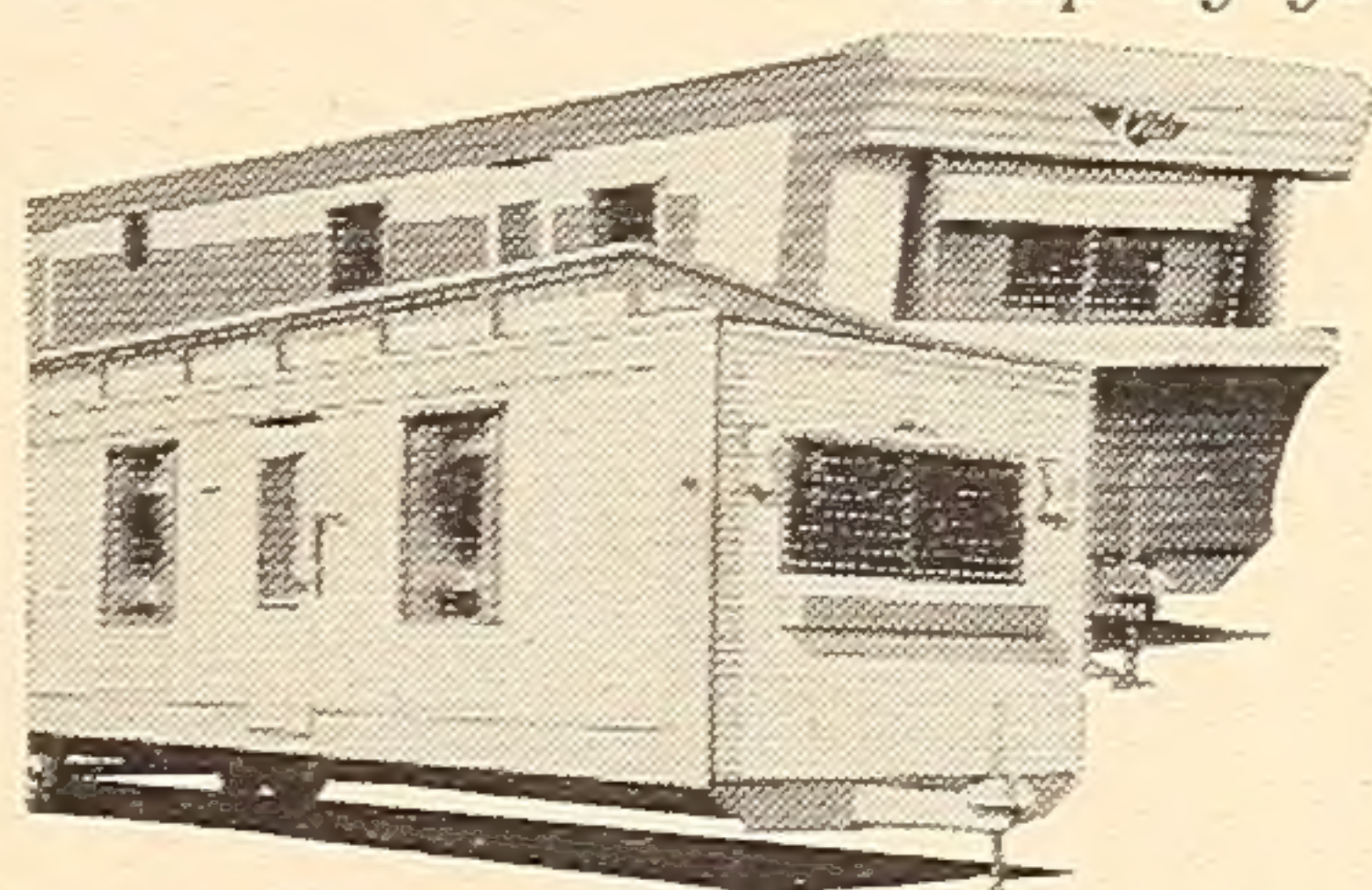
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—UNITED ARTISTS.

THE RISE AND FALL OF LEGS DIAMOND

when crime paid...

Ray Danton
Karen Steele
Elaine Stewart
Jesse White
Robert Lowery

■ They used to say that if you had enough ambition you could get anywhere. Legs Diamond wanted to get to the top of the underworld (he had a sick brother, Warren Oates, who needed medicine).

This was in the 1920's and 30's when there was a lot of room for expansion. As Legs Diamond (he was a good dancer) Ray Danton gives an electric performance. He starts off as a very clever, even amusing thief. To meet reigning czar Arnold Rothstein (Robert Lowery) Legs flies down to

Miami, buys \$5,000 worth of personal apparel and charges it to Rothstein. Rothstein appreciates his nerve, hires him as a 'collector' (Rothstein sells 'protection') and eventually makes him a rich man. When Legs is rich enough he jilts Rothstein's girl (Elaine Stewart) and arranges to have Rothstein murdered. Then Legs becomes czar. Of course it isn't that easy. There are all these famous racketeers he has to convince, and all the racketeers have bodyguards (from Chicago). But there isn't a better man with a gun than Legs; he shoots two guns at a time, sometimes hitting three men. The only one who loves him is his wife (Karen Steele) and he married her to keep her from testifying against him. This movie really zips along. It's fast, violent, gruesomely comical. You certainly won't be bored.

—WARNERS.

(Continued on page 8) 7



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BESTFORM

new movies (Continued from page 7)

HELL BENT FOR LEATHER

Audie Murphy
Jan Merlin
Felicia Farr
Stephen McNally
Robert Middleton

the wrong man

■ All Audie Murphy has to do is walk into town and everybody panics. It's embarrassing because he's just a nice fellow passing through. Trouble is he's carrying a rifle that belongs to an escaped murderer (Jan Merlin). Merlin attacked him on the trail and stole his horse. The town's sheriff, Stephen McNally, is crazy to capture this murderer and he figures that Audie will make just as convincing a corpse to the townspeople. Getting away from McNally isn't easy. Luckily, Audie runs into Felicia Farr who knows how to climb mountains. She takes him straight up a cliff (with the sheriff and posse hot on their heels) and down the other side. Felicia believes in Audie's innocence but Audie has an urge to clear his name. Off he and Felicia head for the town of Paradise where the killer is. The sheriff and posse are still hot on their heels and by this time the sheriff is nearly out of his mind. He'll kill *anybody*. In Paradise Audie finds the real murderer who heads for the hills. Audie heads after him. Guess who heads after Audie? Now that everybody's caught up with each other, justice can triumph.—UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL.

SWAN LAKE

Russian ballet

Maya Plisetskaya
Nicolai Fadeychev
Bolshoi Theater Ballet

■ In 1958 we and the Russians agreed to exchange motion pictures so that we'd all understand each other. That may be why the camera is always moving from the stage of the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow to the audience. If it had stayed on the stage (or even backstage) *Swan Lake* would have been a much better picture. As it is, the dancing of Maya Plisetskaya is wonderful to behold, and the rest of the ballet company are no slouches, either. The dancing is great although it might have been shown to better advantage.—EAST-MAN COLOR, COLUMBIA.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

WHO WAS THAT LADY? (Columbia): Janet Leigh is off to Reno when she sees her college-professor husband Tony Curtis kissing another girl. Dean Martin—a TV writer and Tony's friend—convinces Janet that her husband is really an undercover FBI agent, and that the kiss was in the line of duty. Chorus girls Barbara Nichols, Joi Lansing, real FBI agent James Whitmore, realer foreign agents, and some CBS props thicken the plot until Janet tells a cruising TV-news-unit truck (and the world) about her husband's bravery!

SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER (Columbia): Katharine Hepburn is a wealthy elegant recluse, who grieves constantly over the memory of her son Sebastian who died suddenly, last summer in Italy. With him when he died was her niece Elizabeth Taylor, now in a sanitarium, apparently insane. Miss Hepburn asks young psychiatrist Montgomery Clift to perform a crucial operation on Elizabeth, promising to build Clift and his superior Albert Dekker a new hospital. Clift's problem is to make sure that Elizabeth is hopeless enough to need the operation. It gets easier to separate the sane from the insane as this strange story unfolds to its chilling end.

NEVER SO FEW (MGM): Captain Frank Sinatra is stationed in the Burmese Hills with a small group of Allied soldiers. What they do mainly is kill Japanese soldiers who raid camp at night. Sinatra's daring provokes an international incident: he faces hanging. At other times he faces Gina Lollobrigida (rich Paul Henreid's lovely and permanent houseguest). It all moves fast and has an exciting climax.

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Harry Karl's long wait

for Debbie

Marilyn today

A new Crosby marriage



At MGM's party in honor of top feminine singer Connie Francis: (left to right) Barbara Rush, Louella, Connie, Jimmy Boyd, Diane McBain, Jimmy McHugh.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Louella's not saying Karl won't win Debbie.



Lindsay Crosby's 'heart' is Barbara Fredrickson, and Papa Bing approves.

Lindsay's Doing It Too

Well, my pet among the **Crosby** boys, **Lindsay**, is going to follow in the footsteps of his twin brothers and marry a former Las Vegas show-girl beauty, Barbara Diane Fredrickson. And I mean she's a beauty.

Ran into Linny and Barbara at the reception honoring **Johnny Mathis** after Johnny's opening at the Cocoanut Grove—and a brilliant opening it was! Everyone was there—but I'll tell you more about that later.

After Linny introduced me to Barbara, he leaned over and whispered in my ear, "We are going to be married. Haven't set the date yet—but I wanted you to know first." He told me that until they marry, Barbara will continue her present career as a dress and photographic model. Papa Bing thoroughly approves of Linny's choice.

"Dad gave me a wonderful birthday party," Linny said. "We're all the best of friends again—and I know you'll be happy to hear that."

Harry Karl Will Have To Be Patient

Millionaire Harry Karl is very much in love with **Debbie Reynolds**—there's no doubt in anyone's mind about that. And he's going to do everything in his power to get her to marry him. (See full-length story on page 20.)

Harry's Christmas gift to Debbie was an emerald necklace, emerald earrings and a matching bracelet and ring—the cost of these trinkets being \$40,000!

Not long ago, the Karl Shoes tycoon purchased a \$200,000 home in the exclusive Truesdale Estates district (where **Dinah Shore** lives) and Harry admits to his pals that he hopes it will be a honeymoon home for himself and Debbie.

But I don't know. I don't know. . . .

Harry is a handsome and personable man in those interesting (for a man) middle years—and he's rich, which never hurt any suitor. It's happened before and it will happen again that a young woman, hurt by an unhappy first young love, turns to an older, more mature man, and finds happiness in a second marriage.

And, if there had not been an unusual factor in Debbie's life, the same thing might have happened here.

But that unusual factor did happen—I mean the extraordinary zooming of her career. When she was married to **Eddie Fisher** she was

doing well. But she was not the sensation she has become since the Debbie-Eddie-Liz Taylor triangle hit headlines.

Few women in the world ever hit such world-wide headline publicity as Debbie did in this marital rift. Rightly or wrongly she received almost hysterical sympathy. Witness her trip to Spain during the filming of *It Started with a Kiss* which was covered by national 'news' magazines because of the adulation the Spaniards heaped on her—even to carrying Debbie on their shoulders through the streets.

She is a very talented young comedienne, singer, and performer, and I'm not saying that her unhappiness is the sole reason for the rise of her career.

But rise it has—to astounding proportions, including a million-dollar contract for four TV shows! She is one of the most 'in demand' stars for pictures (she has done four in a row) and during 1959, for the first time, she made the elite circle of the ten stars who have brought in the most money at the box offices.

Debbie's career has become Big Business. As she told me, "I never dreamed that I ever would be making this much money." Next to her two healthy, happy children, her work is the greatest thing in Debbie's life—and I believe it will be for the next several years.

This is why I believe that Harry Karl will have to be a very patient man. I'm not saying he won't win the girl of his heart. But I don't think it will be any time soon.



Dick says baby's beautiful like mama.

That Egan Girl

At last—a girl in the Egan family—and no one in the world could have been happier than **Richard Egan** was when he called me to report that his beautiful wife Patricia had given birth to a daughter (5 pounds, 4 ounces) at St. John's Hospital.

"My parents and my brother (Father Willis Egan) are so happy to have a girl in the family," Dick enthused. "Like the Crosbys, we've been mostly a family of males."

Because the new arrival was a bit underweight, having arrived a month early, she was put in an incubator.

"But she's beautiful," said the proud father, "the most beautiful girl I ever saw—except her mother."



The Dean Martins put the seal of approval on Harvey's party.



Frank Sinatra applauded George Burns' dance.



Simone Signoret was never far from husband Yves Montand.



And here's Laurence Harvey—the party was for him.

More Room at the Top for Laurence Harvey

Frank Sinatra, who cavorts only with his handpicked 'clan' (The **Peter Lawfords**, the **Dean Martins**, **Shirley MacLaine**, his songwriters and a few other annointed) put the seal of social approval on **Laurence Harvey** by attending Minna Wallis' invitational preview and party for Larry's new movie, *Espresso Bongo*.

Frankie couldn't make it to the preview, but he showed up early and stayed late at the supper-and-dancing party that followed at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Frank was flanked by Jimmy Van Heusen—and Shirley MacLaine, who was all dolled up in a red dress.

I've always said that movie stars are bigger fans than—fans. And they certainly demon-

strated it the way the 'names' turned out for the good-looking Harvey, who has become an 'actor's actor' since *Room At the Top*.

There had been some gossip that Larry and **John Wayne** did a bit of feuding during the making of *The Alamo*, but there was no evidence of it this evening. John and Pilar were the first to arrive at the 20th projection room for the preview and later, Larry spent most of the evening with Duke and his wife at their table. Pilar dazzled everyone in the most gorgeous coat of the season, full-length sable.

Janet Leigh and Mrs. **Kirk Douglas** came 'stag,' saying their husbands were working on *Spartacus*. Janet wore a stunning black cocktail dress with absolutely no jewelry.

On the other hand **Roz Russell** was ablaze with rubies, topped by a ruby-red turban, and as always Roz had a ball. The dance she put on with **George Burns** had

the ringsiders holding their sides—so funny all the other dancers got off the floor to applaud Roz and George.

The good-looking French singer **Yves Montand** with his wife **Simone Signoret** (the other half of *Room at the Top*) was receiving congratulations on that day being awarded the role of **Marilyn Monroe's** co-star in *Let's Make Love*. By the way, Simone Signoret is never very far away from her attractive young husband!

Zsa Zsa Gabor was the height of luxury in a gold brocade suit and sporting a new beau, wealthy Sid Barton of New York.

Cliff Robertson devoted himself exclusively to Nancy Sinatra. (She and Frank are very friendly when they meet socially.) And among others who had a good time were the **Peter Ustinovs**, **Barbara Rush** (so pretty in red satin) and the **Milton Berles**.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

The Cash Kings—and Queens

Once again **Rock Hudson** is back in No. 1 spot as the star who lured the most paying customers to the box office during 1959. Rock had been on top in '57, slipped to No. 5 spot during 1958, then boomed back in '59 on the strength of *This Earth is Mine* and *Pillow Talk*. Only five other actors in the 28-year-old history of the Motion Picture Herald's poll of the nation's exhibitors, have bounded back to number one position after slipping. They are **John Wayne, Bing Crosby, Mickey Rooney, Shirley Temple** and **Marie Dressler**. Nice going, Rock.

Now to get back to the others who rated

as box-office bonanzas during '59. After Rock came: **Cary Grant, James Stewart, Doris Day, Debbie Reynolds, Glenn Ford, Frank Sinatra, John Wayne, Jerry Lewis, Susan Hayward.**

It's the first time Debbie Reynolds has made the sacred-money circle and the second year in a row Doris Day has led the women.

Again—male stars dominate as the top movie 'draws'—seven against three.

Jerry Lewis is the only out-and-out comedian to make it—although the films of Debbie and Glenn Ford were 'light'.

Only confirmed Western star is John Wayne.

The entire industry considers this poll very important as it reveals—in a cash-on-the-line way—what the public wants.



Doris and Rock were voted top box-office stars.



Marilyn gave a party to introduce co-stars Yves (left) and Frankie.

Visit from Marilyn

Of all times to be told that **Marilyn Monroe** has dropped in unexpectedly to say "Hello" and is downstairs—is just after a gal has shampooed her hair and her head is dripping wet! Yes, that's what happened to me. This visit of MM's couldn't have been more surprising, as it was on the same day she gave a party to introduce **Yves Montand** and her other co-star of *Let's Fall in Love*, **Frankie Vaughn**, at the 20th Century-Fox studio. I was unable to attend the party—and believe me, no visitor could have surprised me more than the hostess dropping in the day of her party.

Emily Post doesn't exactly cover this situation socially, so I just asked Marilyn to come up to my bedroom while my hair was pinned up to dry, and I finished dressing for a dinner engagement.

I hadn't seen Marilyn for quite awhile—and I had been told she has put on weight. But she looked very pretty in a beige cocktail dress she had worn to the party and quite slender, I thought. Marilyn admitted she had lost some weight, "as usual" before starting a picture.

"You couldn't come to the party," laughed Marilyn, "so I came to you. You are one of the first friends I ever had in Hollywood."

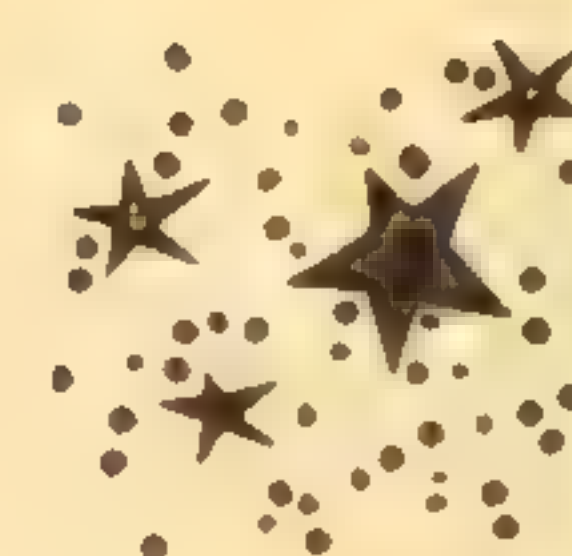
Marilyn seemed unusually happy and excited about starting a picture although she much prefers the original title of *The Billionaire* to the switch to *Let's Fall in Love*.

I asked her how she liked having two new co-stars, Yves and Frankie, the latter the singing idol of the British teenagers.

"Oh, Yves is an old friend," she explained. "He was in Arthur's (Arthur Miller, her husband) play, *The Citadel*, in Paris. It was just a question of his learning English quickly, which wasn't hard for him. Yves speaks several languages fluently—and it was not hard for him to pick up English." As for Frankie Vaughn, Marilyn thinks he will be every bit as popular with the American fans as he is with the English after her picture is released.

Let's Fall in Love has been a long time getting started following a series of delays. "But we get going next Monday," said Marilyn, "and I'm looking forward to it."

So what happens? On Monday our girl came down with the flu and the picture had to start without the star! All I can say is—I hope she didn't get the flu from my wet head!



I nominate for
STARDOM

Peter Palmer—the genial giant ex-football star of the University of Illinois, who makes his screen debut as a full-fledged star in the title role *Li'l Abner*. Starting at the top is nothing new for Peter. His first appearance on the stage was as the star of *Li'l Abner* on Broadway. And when the show played Las Vegas for twelve weeks, Peter's name was up in electric lights in the gambling mecca.

Having started as a star—he's beginning to wonder where he goes from here?

"I owe my good start to a fluke," Pete tells you honestly. "When producers Norman Panama and Melvin Frank were getting ready to cast their Broadway version of Al Capp's cartoon, they happened to be looking at some TV shows hoping to get some new talent. They happened to turn the dial to Ed Sullivan's show just as I was doing my bit as one of the Army talent contest winners singing *Granada*. Later, they told me they made up their minds then and there that I was their 'Li'l Abner'."

However, it took Panama and Frank two weeks to locate Pete and make the necessary arrangements with the Army to fly him to New York for an audition.

"I had done a lot of singing at the University of Illinois and during my Army stint—but 'Abner' was my first professional engagement," Pete says.

Of the two mediums—the stage and the movies, he prefers motion pictures. He felt not a whit nervous before the cameras, because he had played the part so long on Broadway it was second nature to him.

Although his home town is Milwaukee, Pete attended the "U" of Illinois and played right tackle on the football team from '50 to '54. When he started singing the school wits dubbed him "Brawn 'n' Brahms." Now he hopes it will be "Pete 'n' Pictures."



It was a brand-new Tuesday Weld who appeared at Johnny Mathis' debut.

Johnny Mathis' Debut

Everybody but everybody turned out for the **Johnny Mathis** debut at the Cocoanut Grove. I take a great deal of pride in the success of this young singer who is such a rage. Two years ago, I attended Johnny's first opening night in Hollywood—at the Crescendo. He came over to the table and told me how grateful he was that I had come. Later, I predicted great things for him in my newspaper column. He has always said it was one of the things that helped put him over in a big way. If you ask me—he can take a bow on that because of his voice and the fine way he has conducted himself.

One look around the Cocoanut Grove—and it was obvious that Johnny has arrived. I saw: **Zsa Zsa Gabor** in a brilliant red dress and pink shoes—"the latest color combination from Paris, dolling."

Shirley MacLaine was in the big party hosted by **Barbara Rush** and Warren

Cowan that also included the **Edward G. Robinsons**, Jimmy McHugh and myself.

I could hardly take my eyes off **Simone Signoret** and her husband **Yves Montand**. She kept kissing the back of Yves' neck all evening long.

But even more of an eye-fu! was **Tuesday Weld** dressed to the teeth and a model of sartorial splendor in a formal gown. Even Tuesday's hair was carefully groomed! And, I assume she was wearing shoes—she was so dignified posing for the photographers as they snapped picture after picture. Little wonder. This was a *brand-new Tuesday*.

Also spotted **Norma Shearer** (as beautiful today as she was when she was a top MGM star) with her husband Marty Arrouge and her daughter Katherine; and another old and good friend of mine, **Frances Langford**, and her millionaire husband, Ralph Evinrude.

Do you wonder that Johnny Mathis sang his heart out to such a brilliant audience?



Jane and Edward G. Robinson were with Louella's party.



Eternal Norma Shearer, with husband.



That talented singer Johnny Mathis modestly disclaimed the lavish praise Shirley MacLaine heaped on him at his Cocoanut Grove opening.



Zsa Zsa Gabor arrived with her newest date, Sidney Barton, New York realtor.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



The big question for busy John Smith and fiancée, former child-star Luana Patten, is: "When are we going to have the time to get married?"



Despite many doubters, Ernest Borgnine and Katy Jurado did marry.

Love 'n' Marriage

It's been a big month for Cupid. When I received an invitation to **Julie London's** new home for a New Year's Eve party—who could have suspected this was a cover-up for her wedding to Bobby Troup. Unfortunately, I had to regret because I was going to be out of town. And poor Julie's big surprise backfired in a way she had least expected. The day before New Year's Eve, she came down with the flu and a temperature of 103. It was too late to cancel out the party and Julie was just barely able to make it down stairs, say "I do" to her long time suitor, Bobby, and then return to her bed achin' and groaning. . . .

Same day, South of the Border, strong-willed **Katy Jurado** and the "man I love with a passion," **Ernie Borgnine**, were married in her home town Cuernavaca, Mexico, in a civil ceremony. There are many people who had doubted this romance would end in matrimony

as there was a long drawn out hassle between the sweethearts over where they should live. Ernie was holding out for Hollywood because of his work and Katy was just as adamant for Mexico. The lady won the first round. . . .

Even the youngsters have been having pre-marriage problems. When former child star **Luana Patten** and **John Smith** lunched with me to tell me about their matrimonial plans—the first thing you know they were in an argument about Luana accepting a new film. "When are we going to have time to get married?" protested John—and he wasn't kidding. "Well, you just signed up for more *Laramie* TV chapters," countered Luana. "Maybe we can find a convenient week end," said John a bit sarcastically. I stepped in as peace-maker by suggesting we go on with our luncheon—and like most men, he began feeling better after a good meal. But seriously, these two attractive young people are much in love and I'm sure they will be happy.



Poor Julie London: Her wedding to Bobby Troup was marred by flu.

Fabian, Pat and Bing

Fabian's nose isn't at all out of joint because his co-star in *High Time*, **Bing Crosby**, proclaimed **Pat Boone** as the best of the young singers.

"Mr. Crosby sings well enough for both of us," said Fabian.

Touché,—eh, Bing?

Steve's Choice

Stephen (Ben Hur) Boyd can't seem to make up his mind between two fair charmers: **Anna Kashfi** or British actress **Elizabeth Mills**.

Bet **Marlon Brando** could help him decide!



Dorothy Provine came to Connie Francis' party with steady-date Buddy Bregman, Ann Maria's 'ex.'



That well-mannered young singer, Fabian, overwhelmed Connie Francis with compliments and congratulations.

Cocktails for Connie

If you've ever wanted to mingle with today's (and tomorrow's) stars you should have been with me at the cocktail party given for top feminine singer **Connie Francis** by MGM Records at The Cloister in Hollywood.

From the moment I walked in, **Fabian** parked himself by me and never left my side. He's a happy boy because **Bing Crosby** with whom he is working in *High Time* has been so kind and patient with him. He is so very young, this boy. He was just seventeen February 6th.

That gay young man around town and pal of the Crosby boys, **Jimmy Boyd**, joined

our group, escorting pretty **Diane McBain** who makes her debut in *Ice Palace*.

I was surprised to see **Edd 'Kookie' Byrnes'** girl, **Asa Maynor**, with **Michael Callan**, young actor at Columbia. I don't believe Asa and 'Kookie' are seeing much of each other these days.

Troy Donahue, the boy Warners is building to stardom since *A Summer Place*, introduced me to Nan Morris, who was dressed in a severe tailored suit with her hair slicked back. "She is my best girl," said Troy. "I don't like to date actresses because they never pay any attention to anyone else's career but their own."

Dorothy Provine (the girl who gets a

good role in *High Heels* at Warners and who is as blonde as **Anna Maria Alberghetti** is brunette) was with Buddy Bregman, Anna's ex-fiance. At this writing, Dorothy is steady-dating young composer-arranger Bregman.

Molly Bee, much thinner and looking very chic in a white suit, told me she had spent the Christmas holidays in the hospital. She introduced me to her escort, young attorney Dan Busby. **Alan Ladd's** pretty daughter **Alana** turned her smiles on Chris Seitz, son of director George Seitz.

Judi Meredith, once a good friend of **Frank Sinatra**, looked like a young caricature of Garbo wearing a slouch hat and wearing the proverbial trench-type coat.



Popular young-man-about-town Jimmy Boyd was very attentive to Diane McBain.



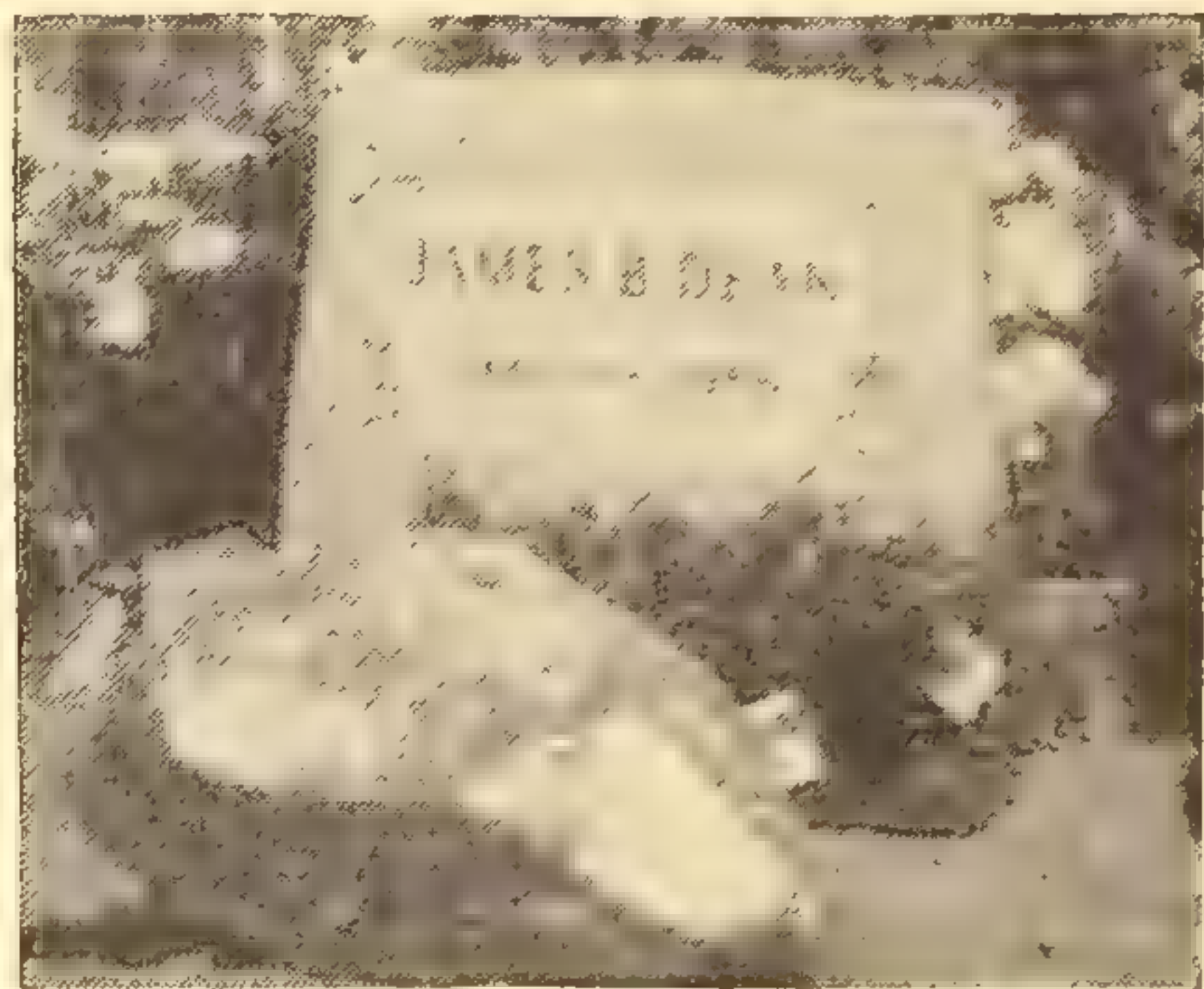
Look-alikes: Judi Meredith (with Jim Mitchum) and Garbo.



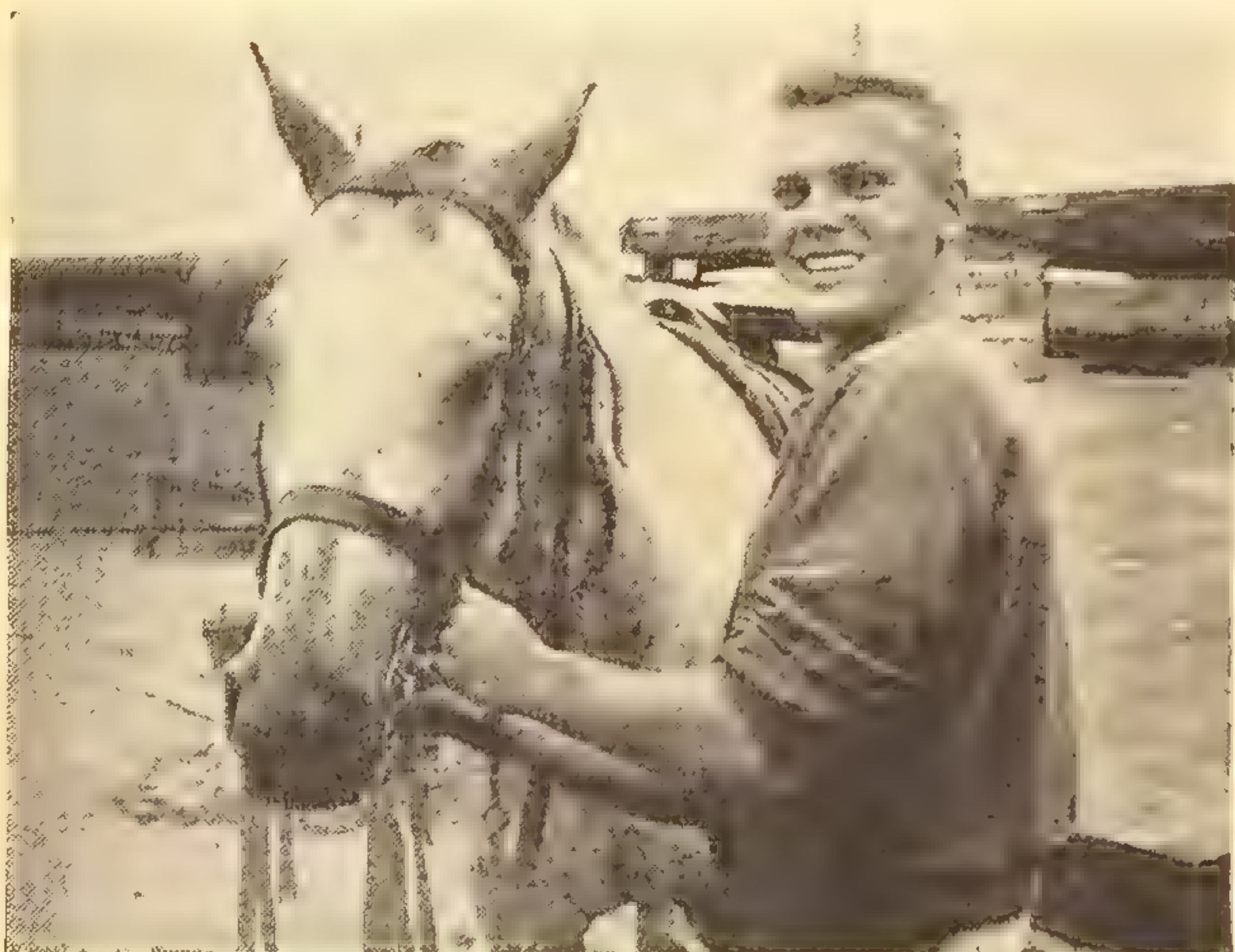
Asa Maynor was really having a ball dancing with Mickey Callan.

QUELLA PARSONS

continued



Would that all Jimmy Dean's fans could have seen his grave.



A fan had the most unusual experience at the horse show with Tab and his horse.



Many requests have come in for stories about David Niven.



The fans can hardly wait to see David Janssen in a movie.



Contrary to popular opinion, tempestuous Ava Gardner does not hate her fans; she's just a lonely and sometimes mixed-up person.



LETTER BOX

I agree with E. CUSSIN, (is this your right name?) CHULA VISTA, CALIF., that she had a most unusual experience with **Tab Hunter**! My friends and I were at the Del Mar Horse Show and spotted Tab. We followed him to the stable where he kept his horse and watched him as he started rubbing the horse down. I asked him for an autograph and he said 'Write my studio.' Well, I was shocked—but not nearly as shocked as I was a moment later. Someone connected with the stable came up and asked me if I would like to walk the horse around and cool it off. Said he would pay me to do the job! So, I didn't get the autograph but I got a few of Tab's dollars for walking his nag! Your letter gave me a real laugh—you seem to have a fine sense of humor. . . .

BEATRICE JOHNSON, WEST TOLEDO, OHIO, probably the most active fan of the **James Dean** Memorial Clubs, writes: If only all of Jimmy's fans could have seen the flowers that bedecked his grave in Park Cemetery, Fairmont, Ind., on September 30th, anniversary of his death! But it is still shocking that nothing has been discovered about who stole the bronze

James Dean head that marked the grave—a terrible thing and not done by a James Dean fan, I'm sure. . . .

I live in Bennington, Vermont, and the other day I ran into **Diane Varsi** in a market, writes PENNY LA PLANTE. I went up to her and asked her for her autograph and told her how much I wish she would come back to the screen. She thanked me politely but refused to give her autograph. Her exact words were, "It isn't worth anything. . . ."

JAMES MCMASTERS, DETROIT, has an interesting point: It would be wise if Hollywood clamped down on all the publicity about million dollar salaries such as **Liz Taylor** will receive for **CLEOPATRA** and **Debbie Reynolds** for four TV shows. Also all we read about **Bill Holden** and **John Wayne**, **Bing Crosby**, **Bob Hope** and **Cary Grant** is about how rich they are. Are these people artists or—financiers? If this keeps up we'll be reading about them all in the Wall Street Journal. Yes, you guessed it—my salary is \$78.50 weekly. . . .

David Janssen coming up fast in the fan mail! DAVID BRUCE, DALLAS; NANCY BRYANT, RICHLAND, MICH.; ELEANOR DAMIANO, RIDGEFIELD PARK, N. J., all write to say they can hardly wait to see Richard Diamond in an important screen role. Eleanor opines that David would be wonderful opposite **Elizabeth Taylor**, **Doris Day** or **Debbie Reynolds**.

Well, I've been beating the drums for David for months. . . .

I'd like to write to **Ava Gardner** who has been my favorite for years. But from what I read I guess she hates fans almost as much as she hates the press, says BONITA GARZIO, SAN DIEGO. I don't think Ava hates her fans, Bonita. She is a lonely and sometimes mixed-up person—but you sound very sincere. Why not try your luck and send her a letter to the MGM studio in Rome? No one of us is so bitter we hate a gesture of friendship and admiration. . . .

Is MODERN SCREEN big enough to take some criticism? asks MRS. THEO. BISSEL, KANSAS CITY. Too much **Debbie**. Too much **Liz** and **Eddie**. Too much **Fabian**, **Ricky**, **Tuesday**, **Sandra**. Not enough **Rock Hudson** (he just won the exhibitors' vote as the actor who had brought the most money into the box office during 1959). Not enough **Doris Day** (the top money earning woman)—and certainly not enough **David Niven**, who won last year's Oscar. Just what audience is MODERN SCREEN catering to? Well, don't say we didn't print your quite intelligent plaint, Mrs. B. . . .

That's all for now. See you next month.

Amel O. Parsons

APRIL BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in April, your birthstone is the diamond and your flower is the sweet pea. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

April 1—**Debbie Reynolds**

April 2—**Alec Guinness**
Jack Webb

April 3—**Doris Day**
Jan Sterling
Marlon Brando

April 5—**Bette Davis**
Gale Storm
Gregory Peck
Spencer Tracy

April 8—**Ward Bond**

April 9—**Virginia Gibson**
Brandon DeWilde

April 13—**Mari Blanchard**

April 14—**Anthony Perkins**
Rod Steiger

April 15—**Elizabeth Montgomery**

April 16—**Barry Nelson**

April 17—**William Holden**

April 18—**Barbara Hale**

April 19—**Jayne Mansfield**
Hugh O'Brian

April 20—**Nina Foch**

April 22—**Eddie Albert**

April 24—**Shirley MacLaine**

April 29—**Celeste Holm**
Jeanmaire
Richard Carlson
Tom Ewell
Tom Noonan



Jane Powell
April 1



Ann Miller
April 12



Howard Keel
April 13



Anthony Quinn
April 21

hard- worked hands

heal twice as fast

with new
heavy-duty
TRUSHAY
with silicones



AFTER TRUSHAY—
Same hands,
skin unretouched,
October 30, 1959



Kitchen tests prove it...with women just like you! Hard-worked hands heal twice as fast with new heavy-duty Trushay with silicones. Try new Trushay. What happened to these hands can happen to you. And new Trushay helps protect your hands against detergents and through every single chore you do.

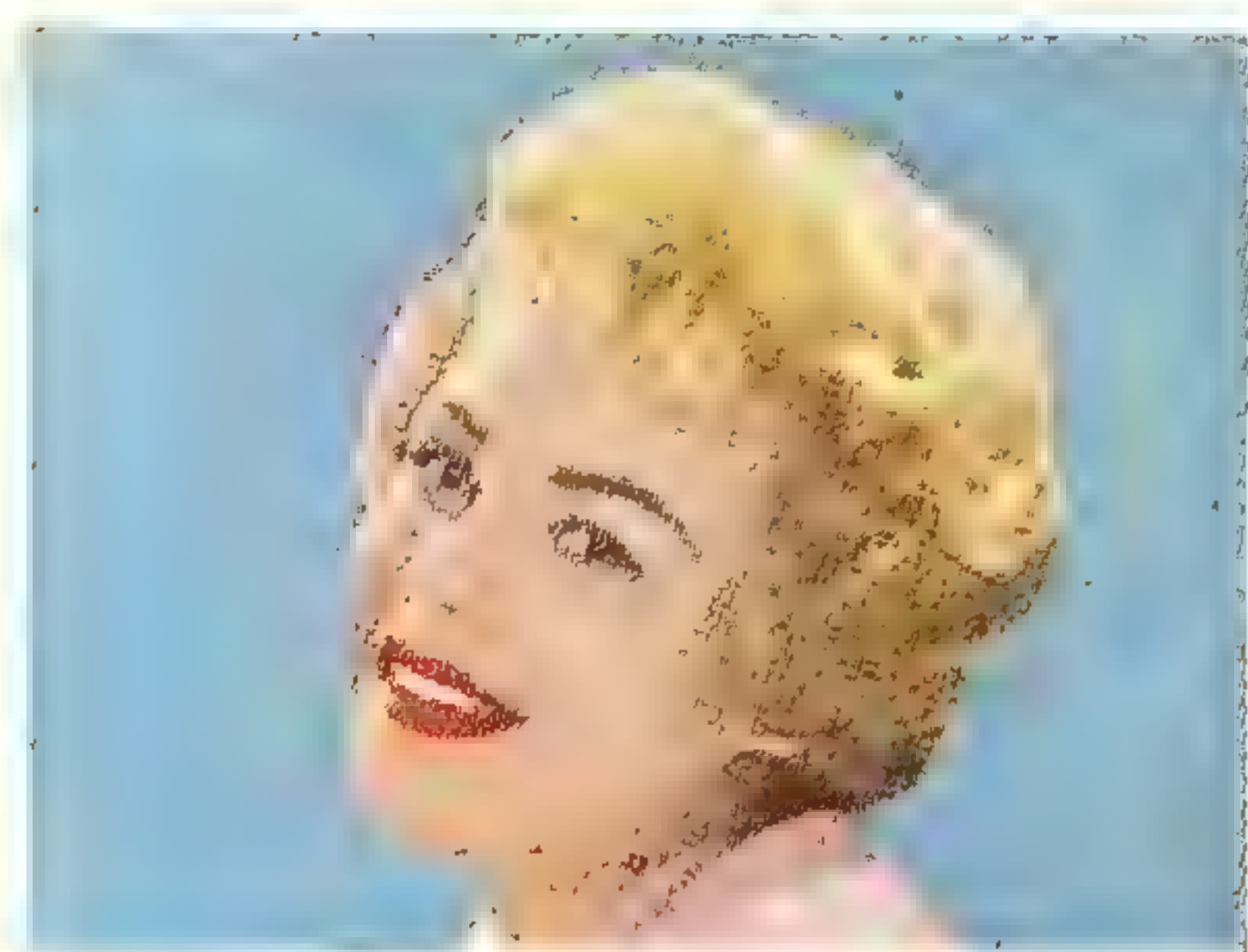
TRUSHAY...the **heavy-duty** lotion for hard-worked hands

BEFORE TRUSHAY—
Photograph, skin
unretouched,
October 26, 1959



AT ACADEMY AWARD TIME...

Lustre-Creme Shampoo salutes these beautiful stars who have made this the greatest movie season ever!



SANDRA DEE, co-starring in
"Imitation of Life"
A Universal-International Picture



LANA TURNER, starring in
"Imitation of Life"
A Universal-International Picture



SUSAN KOHNER, co-starring in
"Imitation of Life"
A Universal-International Picture



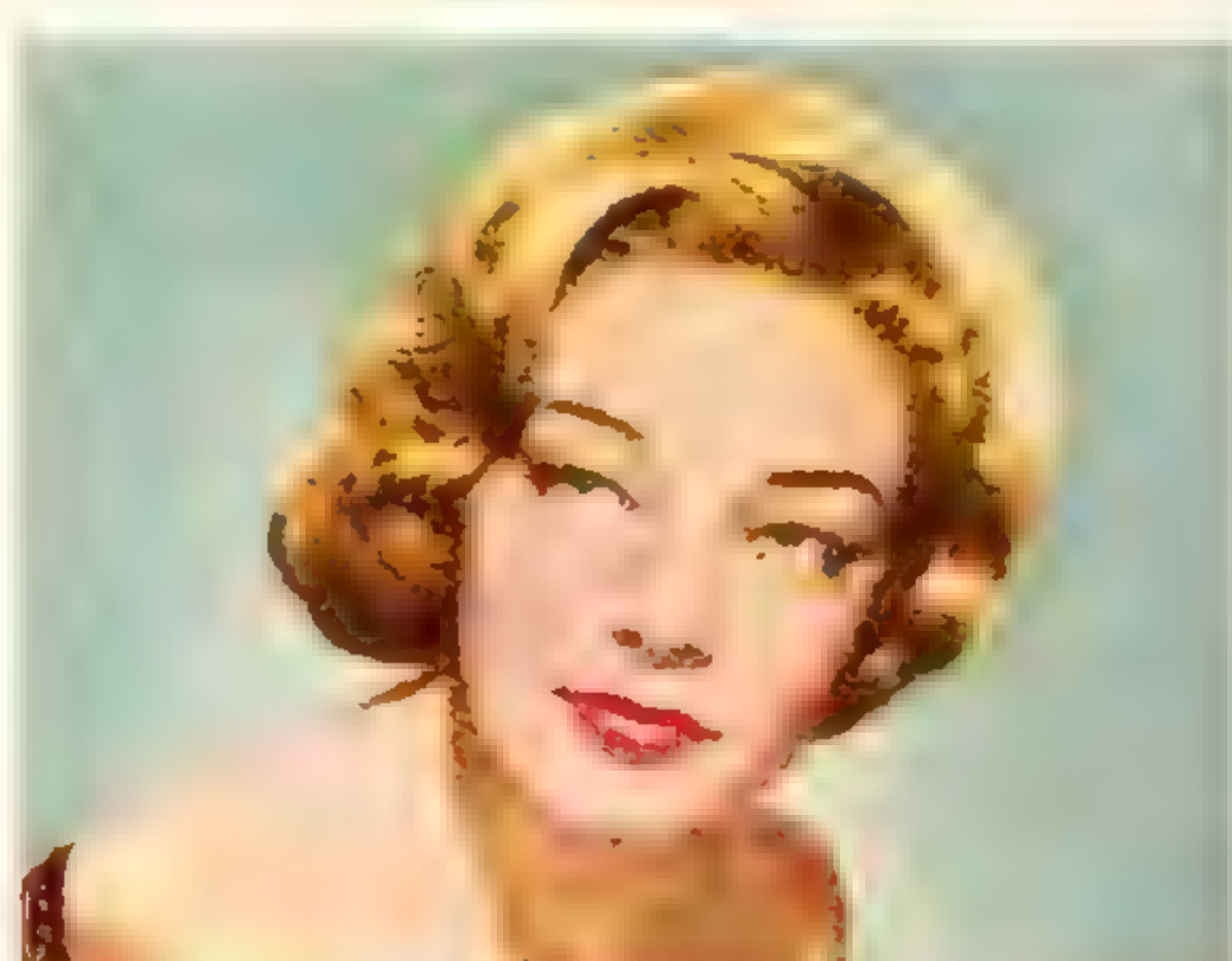
BARBARA RUSH, co-starring in
"The Young Philadelphians"
A Warner Bros. Picture



MILLIE PERKINS, starring in
"The Diary of Anne Frank"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture



MARTHA HYER, co-starring in
"The Big Fisherman"
A Rowland V. Lee Production



SIMONE SIGNORET, starring in
"Room at the Top." Released through
Continental Distributing, Inc.



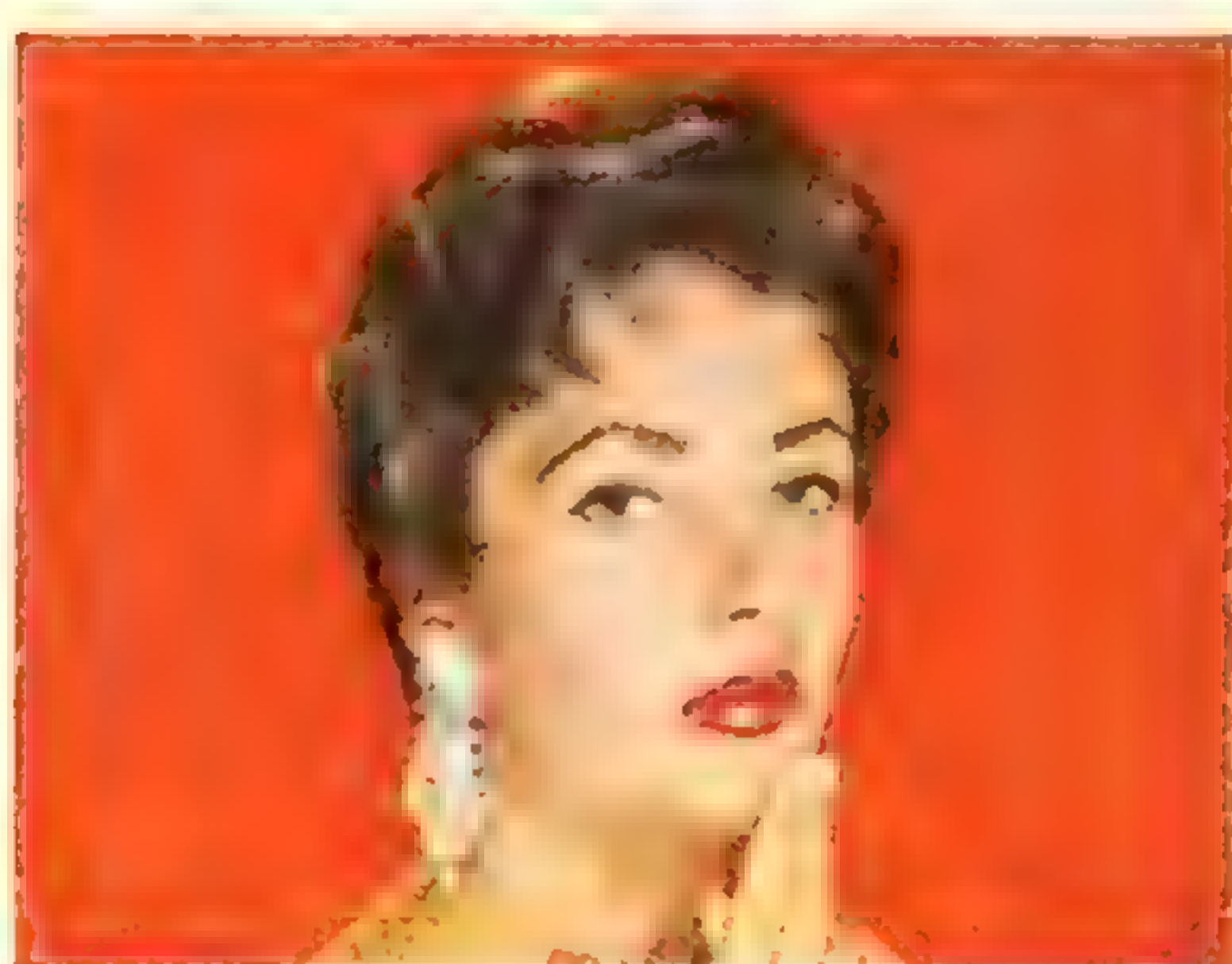
DORIS DAY, starring in "Pillow Talk"
An Arwin Production
A Universal-International Picture



AUDREY HEPBURN, starring in
"The Nun's Story"
A Warner Bros. Picture



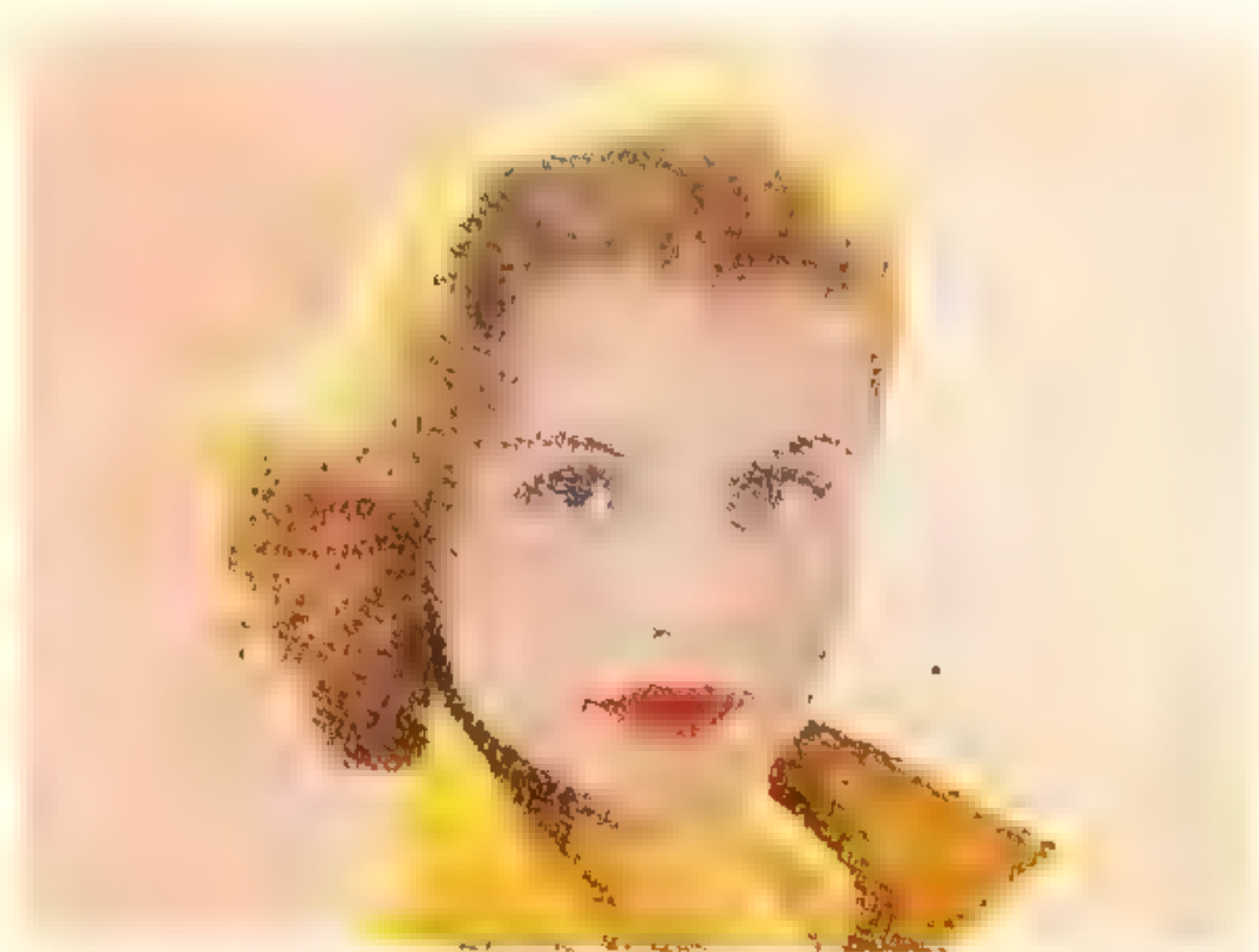
SHIRLEY MacLAINE, co-starring in "Career"
A Hal Wallis Production
A Paramount Picture



ELIZABETH TAYLOR, starring in Horizon-
American Pictures' "Suddenly Last Summer"
A Columbia Pictures Corp. Release



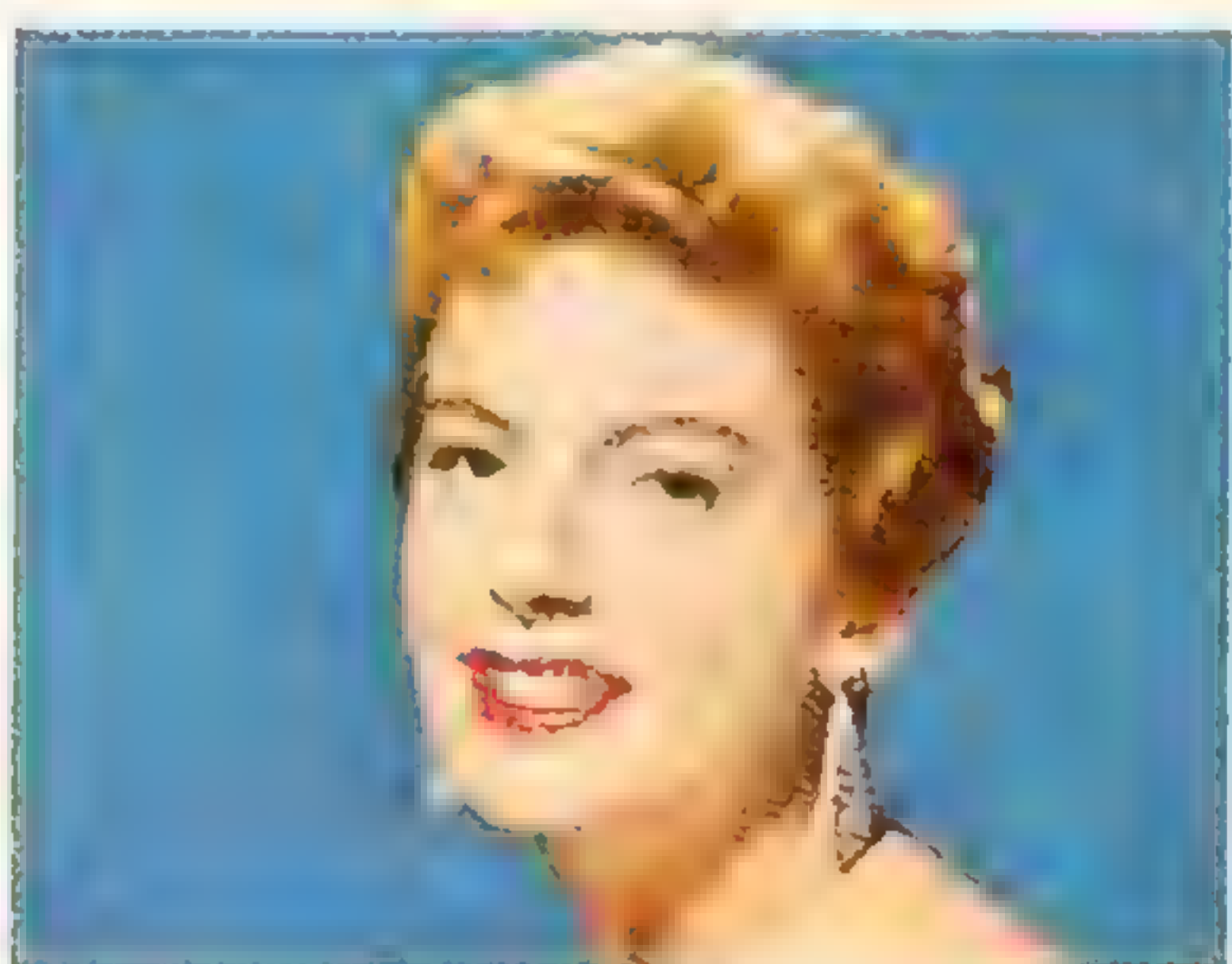
JOANNE WOODWARD, starring in
"The Sound and the Fury"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture



LEE REMICK, co-starring in "Anatomy
of a Murder." Carlyle Productions
A Columbia Pictures Corp. Release



VERA MILES, co-starring in
"The FBI Story"
A Warner Bros. Picture



DEBORAH KERR, starring in Jerry Wald's
Production "Beloved Infidel"
Released by 20th Century-Fox



HAYA HARAREET, co-starring in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"Ben-Hur"

Watch the Academy Awards Show
on TV April 4 and see which star
wins the most honored award in
the motion picture industry.

Glamorous Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme
Shampoo because it leaves hair shinier, easier-to-
manage, makes any hair style easy to set. Try
Hollywood's favorite shampoo, New Lustre-Creme
—now in creme, lotion and liquid, too!

*For the most beautiful hair in the world
4 out of 5 top movie stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo!*



Wedding Bells for Debbie and Harry?

Turn page for insider's report on what may be
the most important romantic news of the year →



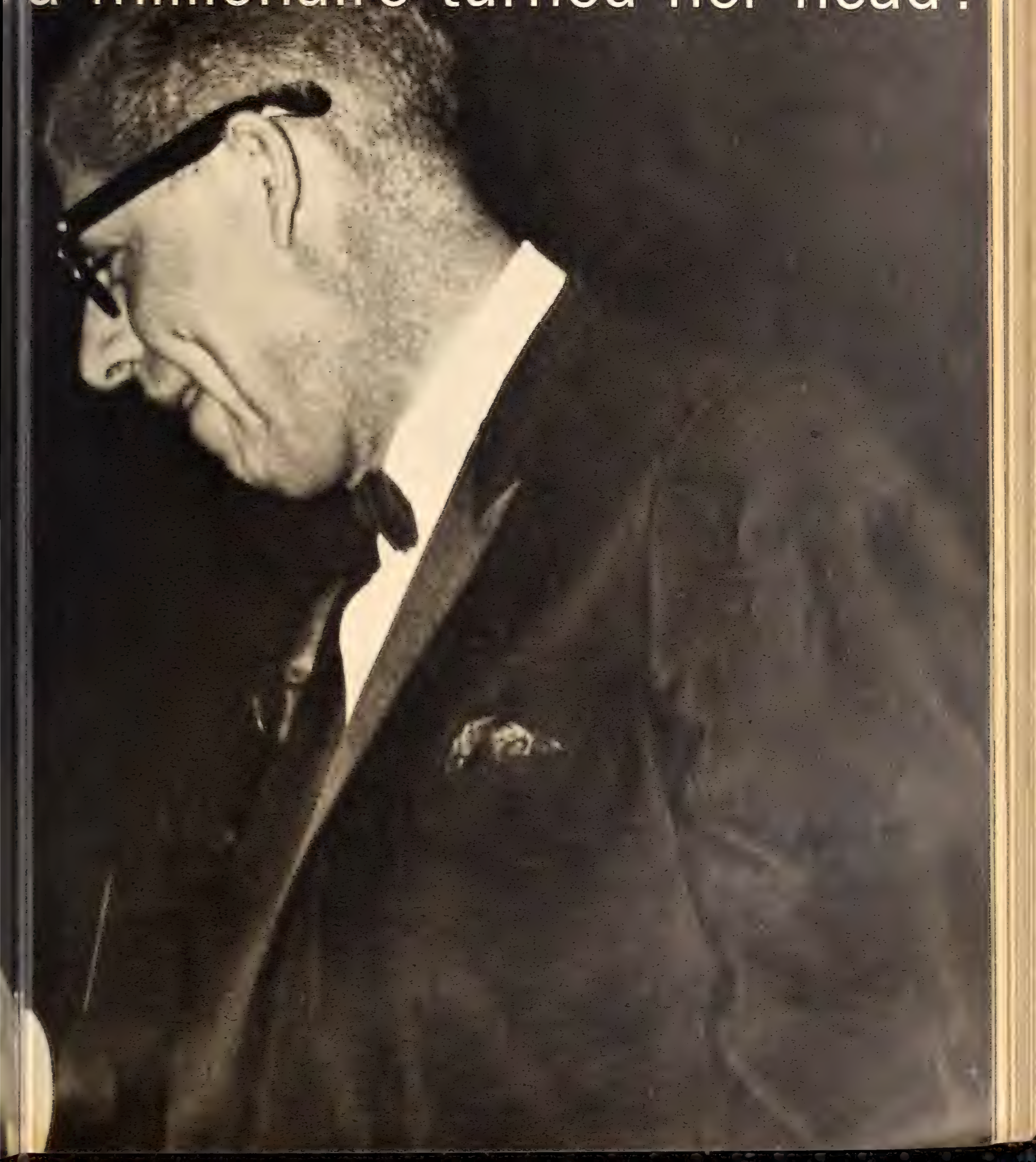
Has Debbie come to the 2nd Have the expensive gifts of

- When Hollywood learned that Liz and Eddie were going to be present at the elegant New Year's party hosted by Frank Sinatra at Romanoff's, whispers flew all over town: "What do you suppose Debbie will do? Did you know she and Harry Karl planned to be there? But I don't suppose they'll come now."

Many gasped with surprise when Debbie and Karl showed up. There was no quiet, subdued entrance. Debbie was gowned in clinging white satin that made her look almost like a bride. Around her throat sparkled an (Continued on page 60)



dangerous crossroad of her life?
a millionaire turned her head?



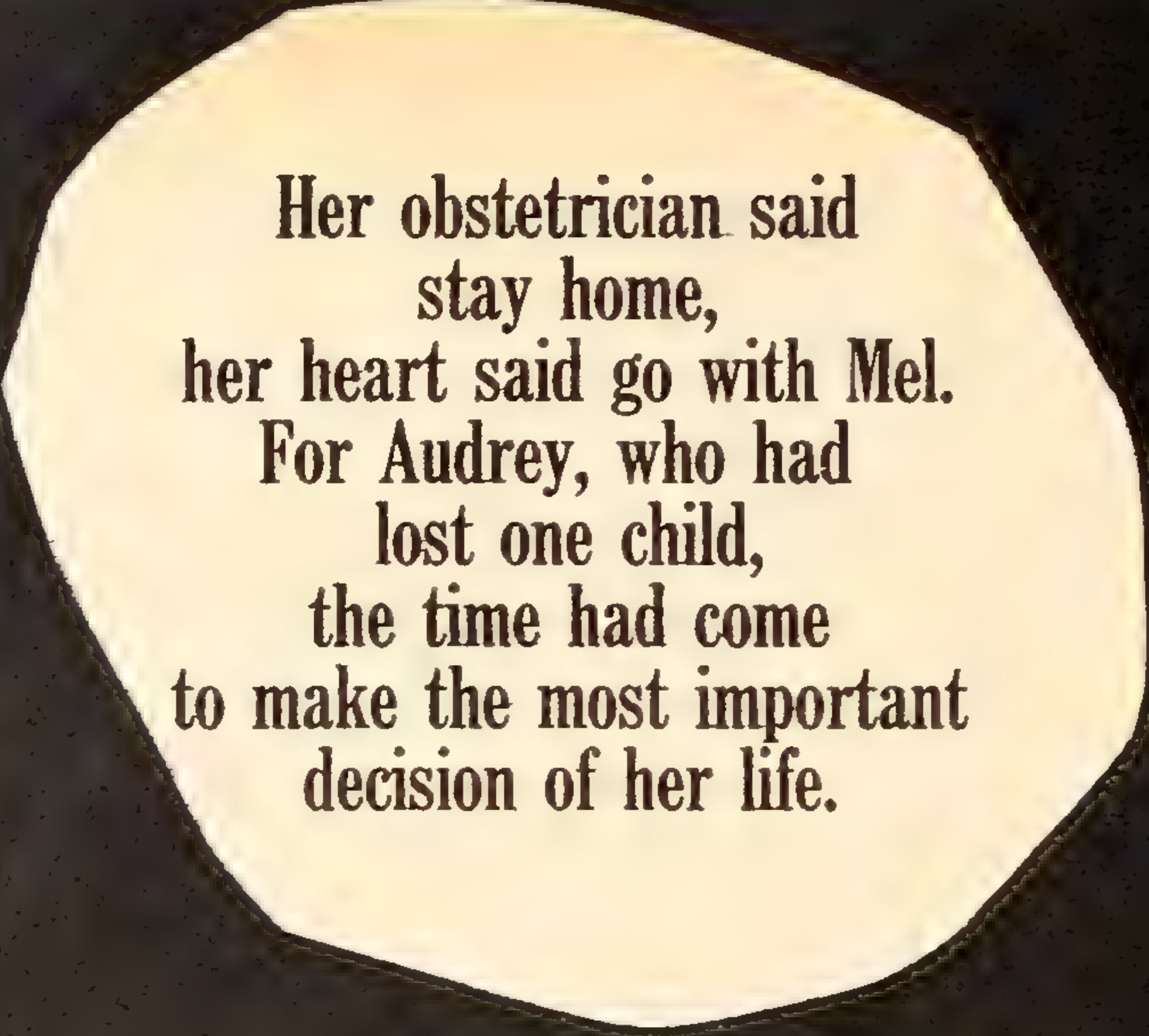


THE BAD BOY AND THE GOOD GIRL



The love story of Bobby Darin and Jo-Ann Campbell

■ "I'm Bobby Darin. Sometimes I'm glad of it. Sometimes I'm not, because I'm my own worst enemy. Girls, for example. For a while it must have looked as if I was out to hurt any girl who came near me. It kept happening the same way. I'd meet a girl, and I wouldn't deliberately lead her on . . . not exactly. I'd just be nice and unconcerned, and I suppose the ones who liked me got fond of me. Then when they began to get serious, I'd hurt them. I'd lay it right on the line. I'd tell them I was going with them just for kicks, that that was the only kind of girl I liked to date. . . .(Continued on page 78)

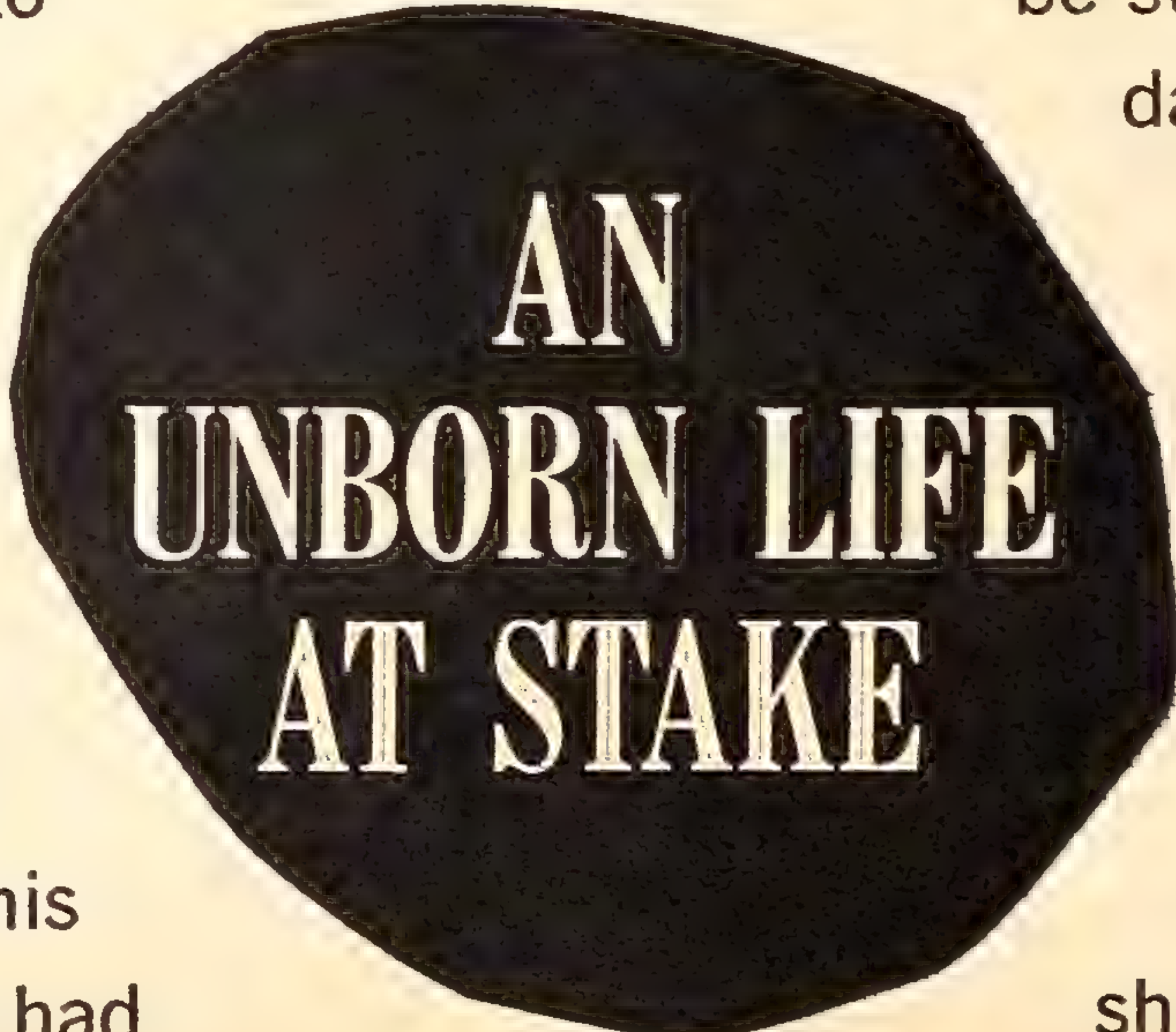


Her obstetrician said
stay home,
her heart said go with Mel.
For Audrey, who had
lost one child,
the time had come
to make the most important
decision of her life.

■ There was a three-quarter moon that night. Audrey remembered it very well, because for hours she had sat by the broad window of the living room in their Pacific Palisades home, staring out into the night, noting to herself the bluish reflection the moon made on the swimming pool.

She hadn't been able to sleep that night. Ever since she had become pregnant she hadn't always been able to sleep well, sometimes out of excitement, sometimes because she would suddenly feel hungry and just had to have something to eat that very instant. At those moments, Mel, with that instinctive bond, would begin to stir, hold out his hand to take hers and mumble, "Darling, what is it?" Then he'd be awake and they would whisper and laugh together softly, always talking about the coming baby. Or Audrey would make a funny face and say, "I guess I shouldn't, but isn't there some leftover lasagne in the refrigerator. . . ?" And Mel would pretend to be stern. "I should say not," he would reply. "Now darling, can't you have a craving for something sensible? Even ice cream and pickles would be better than the stuff you want to eat."

But tonight was different. Surprisingly, Mel hadn't even stirred when she slipped out of bed. It was almost as though she was meant to have this moment to think things out alone. Never before had



AN UNBORN LIFE AT STAKE

she (Continued on page 76)



'I want you to share this day
THIS WAS THE HAPPIEST



with me because

BIRTHDAY OF MY LIFE"

■ Liz and Eddie, late for the party, rushed from their room and down the hallway.

As they did, Eddie adjusted the zipper on the back of Liz' gown. And as he did, he asked The Husband's traditional last-minute questions:

"Got your bag?"

Liz nodded. "Yes, dear."

"Gloves?"

"Uh-huh."

"Kiss the children good-night?"

"Yes," Liz said.

They were at the end of the hallway, near the staircase, when Liz stopped walking suddenly. "Just a second, Eddie," she said, noticing a light (Continued on page 58)





STEPHEN BOYD

INTRODUCING

THE

SENSATIONAL

STAR

OF

BEN-HUR

AND

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

■ The London fog of '52 was a killer. It rolled in from the sea, ghostly and poisonous, shrouding the city and choking the weak who breathed it. Thousands died before it blew away.

One who almost did was a sick and lonely

youth from Belfast, Ireland, named Billy Millar. Shivering one minute and burning the next, Billy huddled in a drafty hall of a cheap rooming house. He'd come to London to act.

Instead, he was bedded with a dangerous flu,

flat broke and starving. All he'd had for a week was water.

In his delirium, Billy dreamed: He was standing over a deep, deep well. Inside it were all the emotions and feelings of the world. He could reach down at

random, lift them up, take them in and give them out. When he dreamed that, Billy Millar didn't care if he ever got well.

But, of course, he did. Because today Billy Millar is Stephen
(Continued on page 63)

Warren Berlinger and Betty Lou Keim
invite you along on their

Perfect Honeymoon

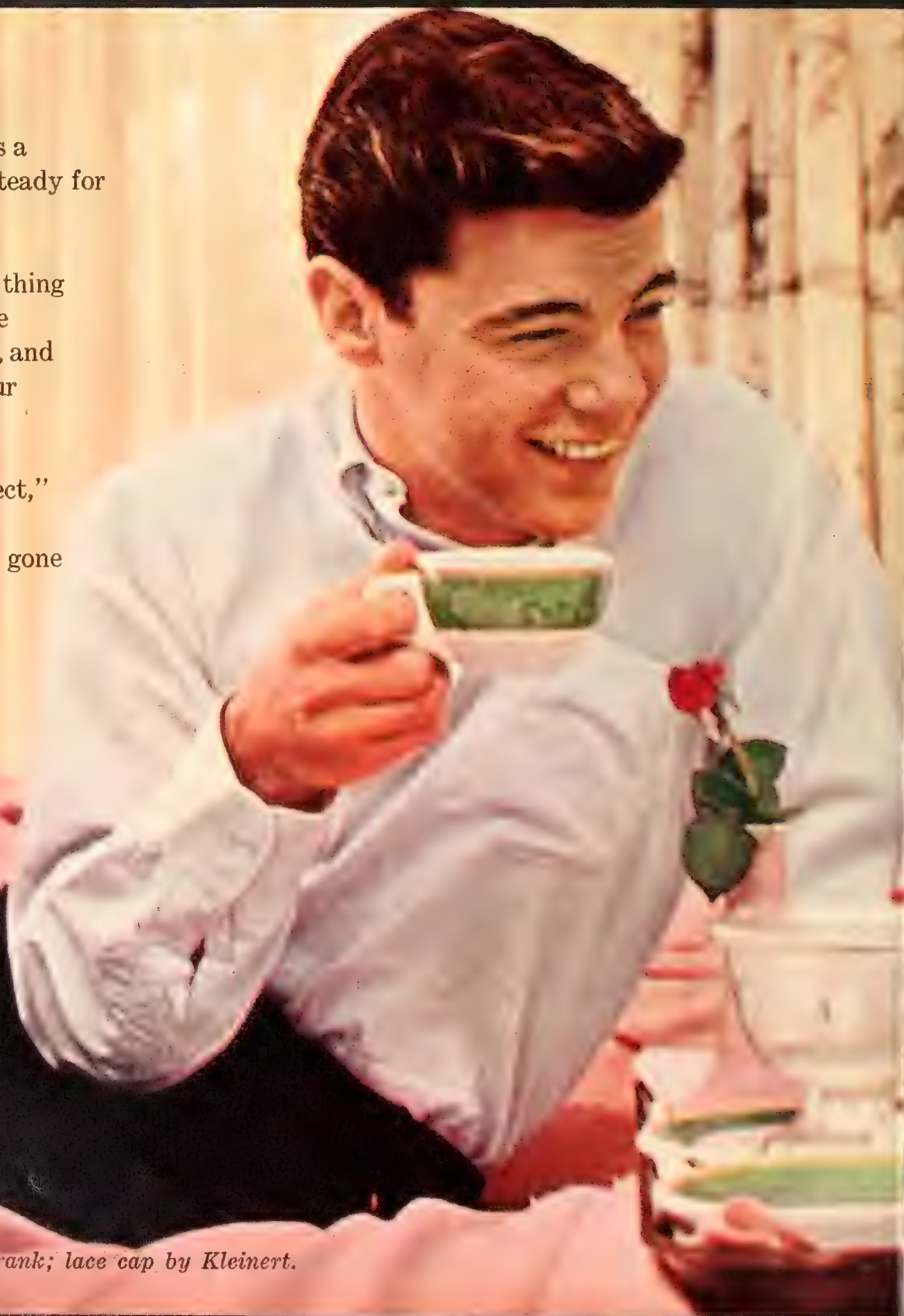


■ "A lot of people think it's a big mistake for kids to go steady for a long time.

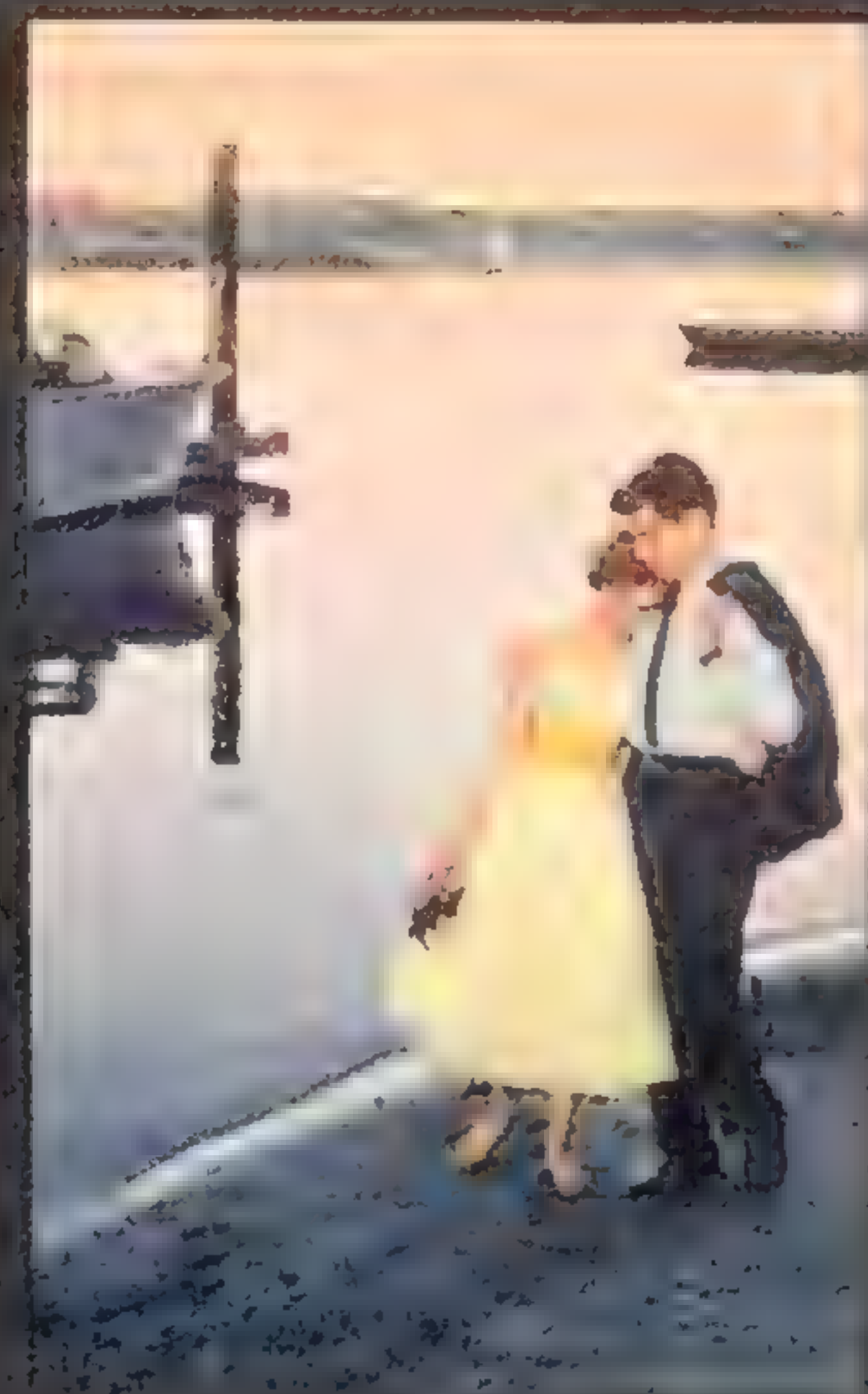
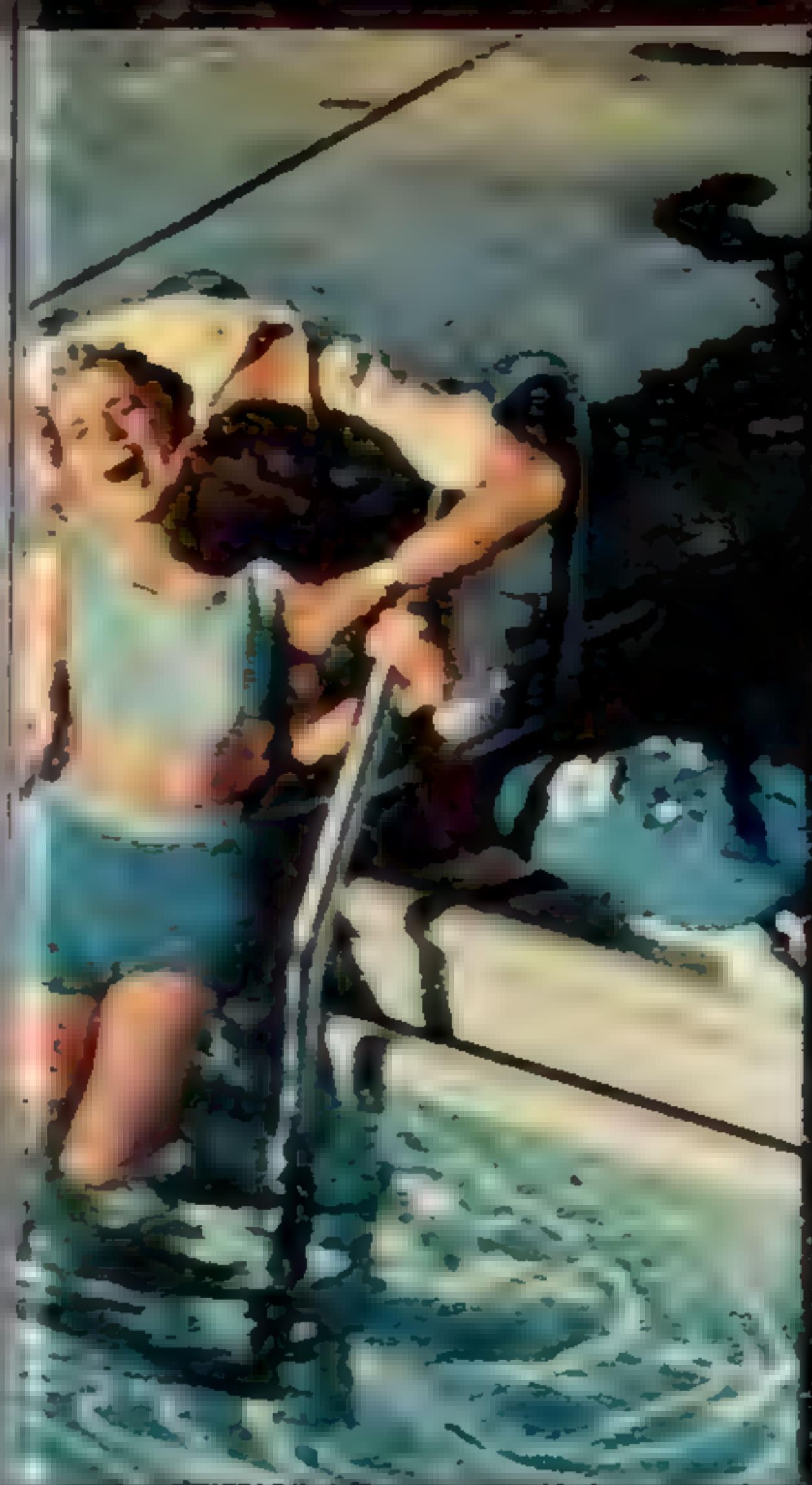
"But for Warren and me, going steady was the best thing that happened to us. We steady-dated for three years, and now we're sailing along on our perfect honeymoon.

"I don't think it would have been nearly as perfect," said Betty Lou Keim with a smile, "if we hadn't gone together all that time."

Watching the honeymooning young Warren Berlingers as they lazed under
(Continued on page 32)



Betty Lou's ensemble by Schrank; lace cap by Kleinert.



Win your own Modern Screen

Perfect Honeymoon

trip and wardrobe

by entering Columbia Pictures' big

Because They're Young

contest

See page 75 for contest details



White Wool Suit from Donnybrook



Top sail, Rose Marie Reid's elasticized orlon knit; Kleinert Cap; GE Transistor Radio

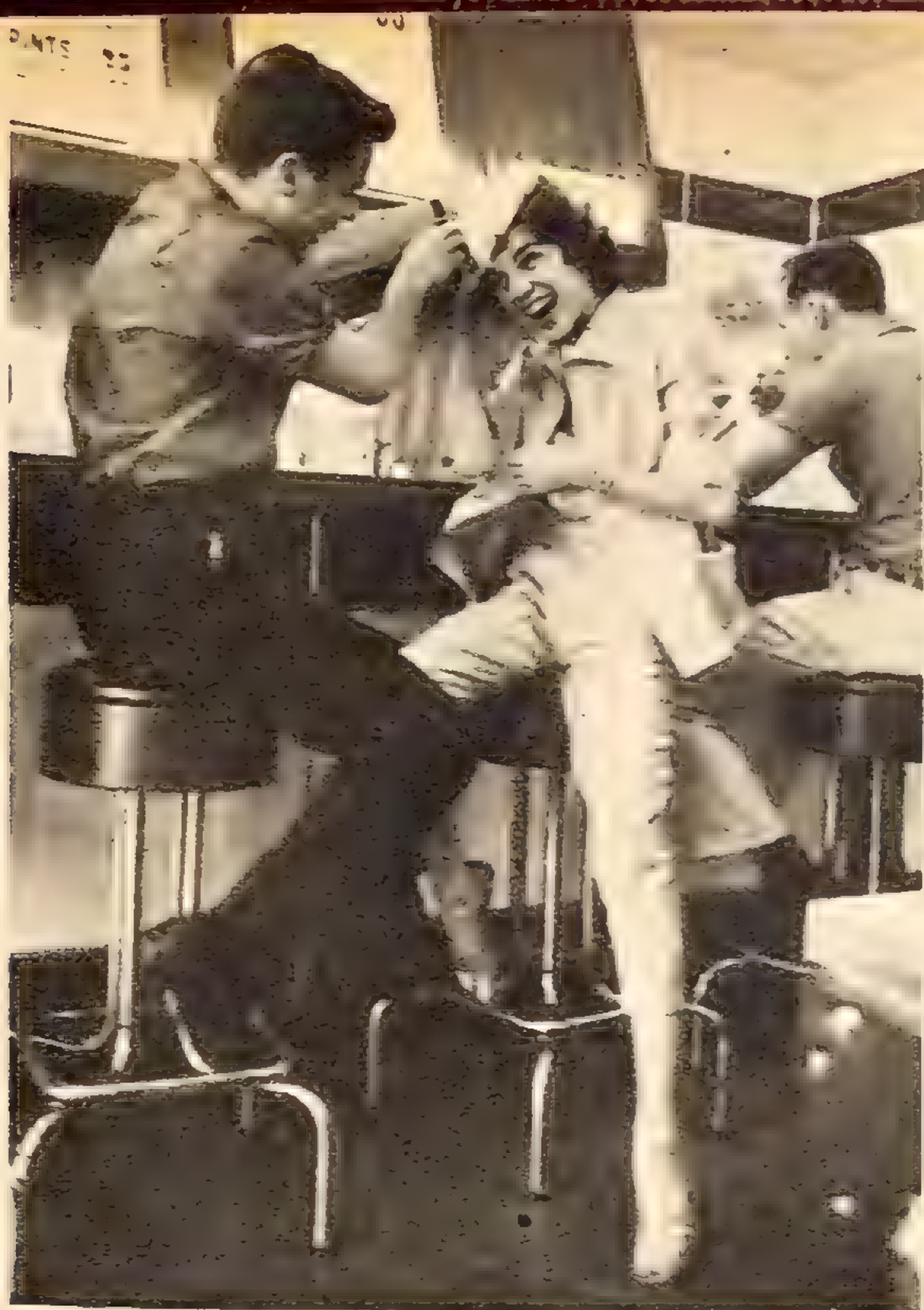
a palm tree, that first week end of their honeymoon at Balboa Isle, no one could doubt that they were made for each other.

"This is the honeymoon we'd dreamed of when we were going steady," Betty Lou said. "We think it's so much better than running off on a sudden elopement. Weddings are beautiful; a marriage should be for a lifetime. So why not give a few years to knowing each other first?"

"I guess Warren and I could have eloped soon after we realized we were in love.

But we would have been taking an awful chance if we had. And we'd have had such a humdrum start on married life; nothing as memorable as our honeymoon.

"There has been so much said against young people going steady. Even ministers preach against it from the pulpit. I can understand why. Warren and I agreed that aimless going steady, because it's the school custom, or because it gives a girl a secure feeling to know that good ole Joe is around to (Continued on page 74)



▼ Nylon Make-up Cape by Kleinert

White Stag's 3-piece Outfit



Lovable's Hawaiian Print Sun Top and Matching Shorts



▼ Jantzen's "Late Late Show" Suit



Cocktail Dress and Jacket, Jr. Theme

Vicky Vaughn's Gingham Dress
Brownie Automatic Movie
Camera by Kodak
All Shoes from Jolène





Treasure of the deep for your fingertips CUTEX® pearl polishes

Made with essence of pearl! Fathoms deep down in the ocean, Nature produces the precious nacre for Cutex pearl polishes. Along Fifth Avenue and the rue du Faubourg St. Honoré its pearly sheen gives a whole new look to smart hands. Because Cutex pearl polishes have a sub-

tle excitement that makes other polishes seem dim and lifeless by comparison. Whether you prefer a vivid pink or an offbeat green or orchid, Cutex pearl colors have a special radiance all their own. Turn your fingertips into gleaming jewels...with Cutex long-lasting pearl polishes!



SHOULD I GO STEADY?

Each year for the past ten the custom of going steady has grown more and more popular among American teenagers; and each year more and more American parents worry about it. According to U.S. Government figures, "81,000 babies are born to unmarried teenage girls each year." Some authorities blame this troublesome statistic directly on *going steady*. We think that's overstating the case, but there's no question that going steady is fraught with both delights and dangers. Last month in Modern Screen 20 boys were asked if teenagers should go steady. And answering out of their own experience, 14 said no, 5 said yes and one said maybe. This month we asked 20 girls the same question. Maybe we can all learn from their experiences and mistakes.....→



SHOULD I GO STEADY?

YES

Kathy Nolan: There's nothing wrong with steady-dating. I've steady-dated with many boys, and I don't think it did me harm.

Once I steady-dated a New York actor who had a cousin abroad, and the actor's sisters thought they'd play Cupid and 'engage' me to the cousin. So they put a ring on my finger and phoned the cousin in Scotland to tell him he and I were engaged. So, not wanting to hurt anybody's feelings, I stayed 'engaged' for a week and returned the ring.

This was an odd incident, but for me steady-dating has been, generally, a pleasant experience. When I break up with a boy, we stay friends. All my ex-beaux are close to me.

I've got a goal: to make a bridge between career and marriage. If steady-dating is part of that bridge, I'm satisfied. The truth is that I never think of steady-dating; I just date.

(Kathy is a star of *The Real McCoys* on ABC-TV network.)

Asa Maynor: I think there's nothing that's more fun in the world than going steady with the right boy.

It's hard to go steady with one person in Hollywood, because people assume you're engaged (*Continued on page 55*)



Kathy Nolan



Asa Maynor



Jill Corey



Judi Meredith



Penney Parker

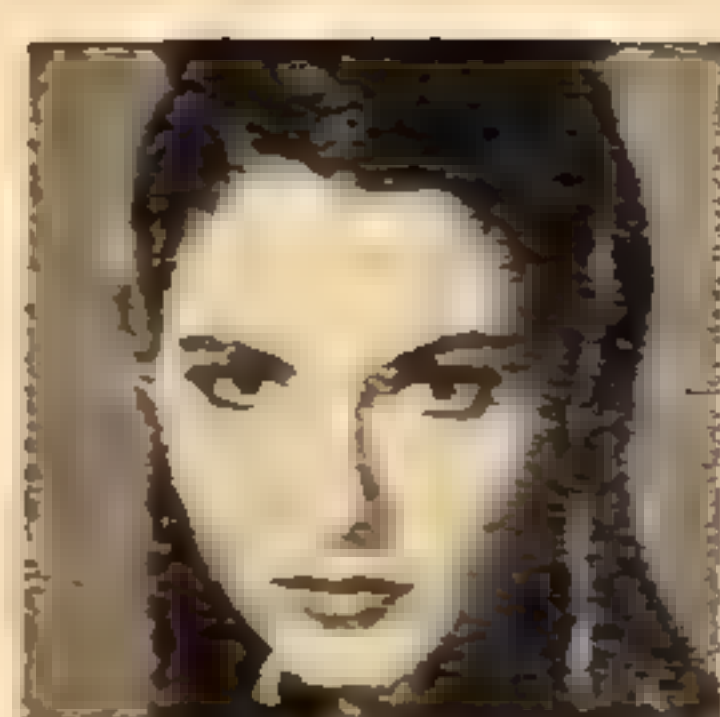
YES, BUT:



Gigi Perreau



Anita Bryant



Elana Eden



Diane Baker



Jeannie Thomas



Carol Lynley



Margo Moore

Gigi Perreau: I'm for steady-dating, with reservations.

Going steady means different things to different people. To the thirteen- or fourteen-year-olds, it is often nothing more than exchanging of ID bracelets. To fifteen-, sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds, it often means the security of having a definite date Saturday nights. To the older teenagers and young adults, it is generally more (Continued on page 55)

NO!

Dorothy Provine: I am really against steady-dating for teenagers.

I sincerely believe it is unwise for teenagers to go steady. Steady-dating in high school frequently leads to marriage at too early an age when neither party is in a position to maturely consider the responsibilities they have to face in married life.

Furthermore, a person's outlook on life is apt to undergo a complete change during the formative years, and the boy we may have thought dashing handsome, witty and debonair in our teens may not have the same appeal to more mature eyes.

(Dorothy is the femme lead in the Warner Bros. series, *The Alaskans*, on ABC-TV.)

(Continued on page 55)



Dorothy Provine



Suzanne Storrs



Connie Francis



June Blair



Molly Bee



Cindy Robbins



Shelley Fabares



Ziva Rodann

A fine actress
who felt
she was a failure

A wife
and mother
who thought
nobody
loved her

For
Margaret Sullavan

Peace Comes At Last To A Tortured Soul

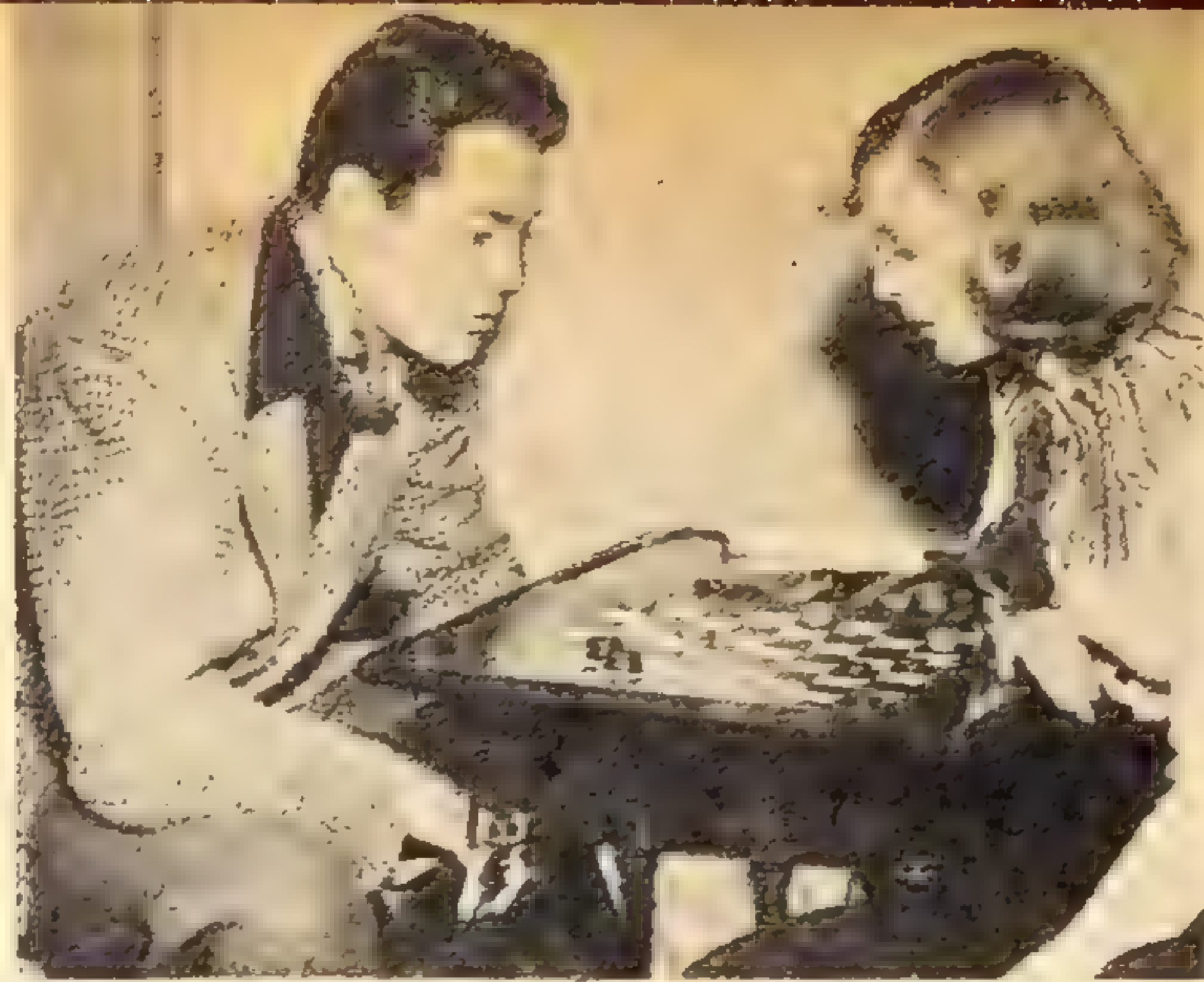
■ They found Margaret Sullavan unconscious in a New Haven hotel room, next door to the theater where she was to have played that night. The surroundings were queerly impersonal, as though she had collapsed in a railroad station, while waiting for a train.
On the bed, beside the slight figure (*Continued on page 40*)

*At the peak of her career in Voice of The Turtle,
Maggie, exhausted physically and emotionally,
began to live in the jagged shadow of a nervous breakdown.*





Maggie met Henry Fonda in 1928, wed him in 1930.



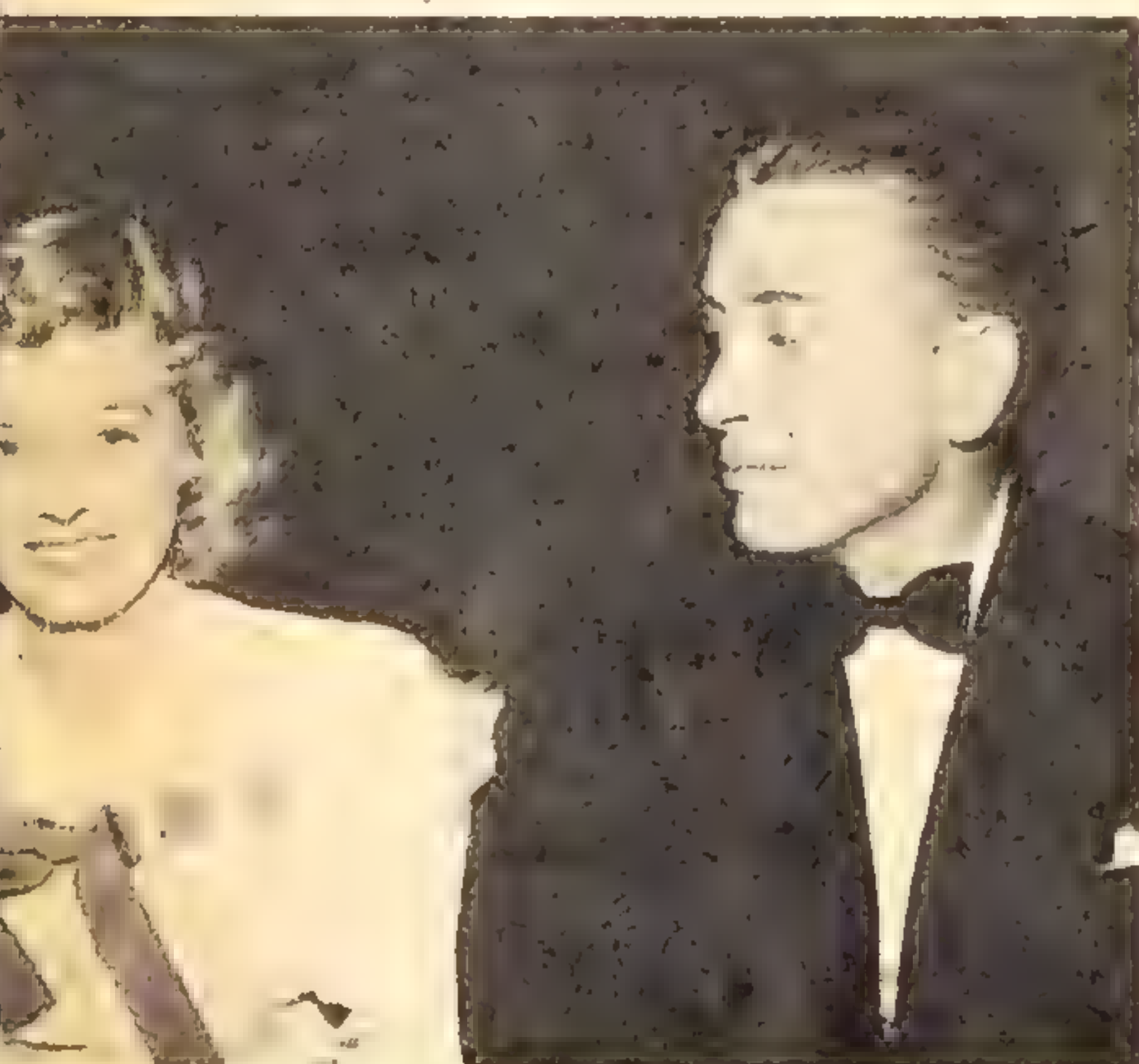
By 1933 they were both big Hollywood stars, but divorced.



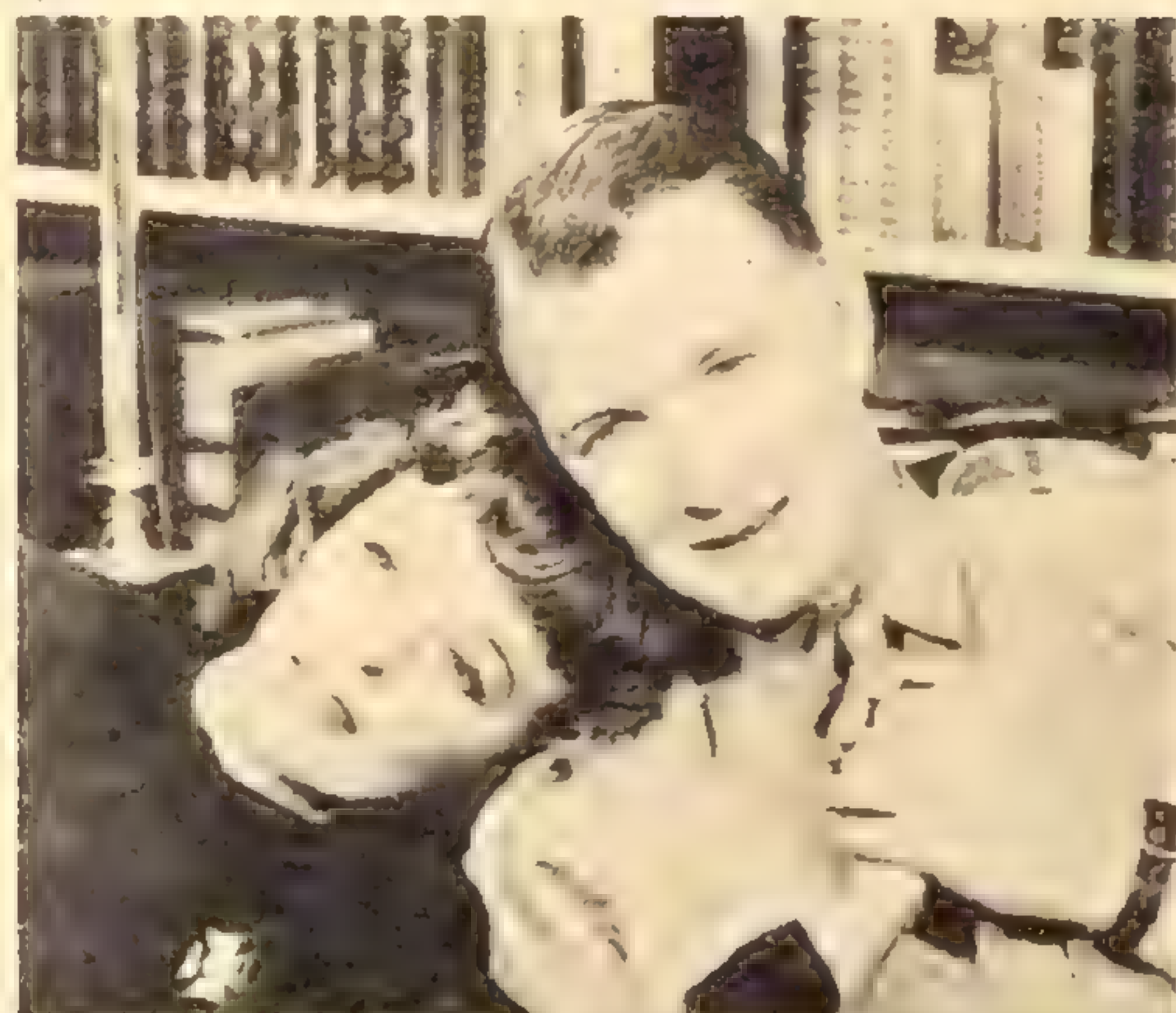
She next married and divorced William Wyler.



At the peak of her fame, she deserted Hollywood.



She married Leland Hayward, had three children.



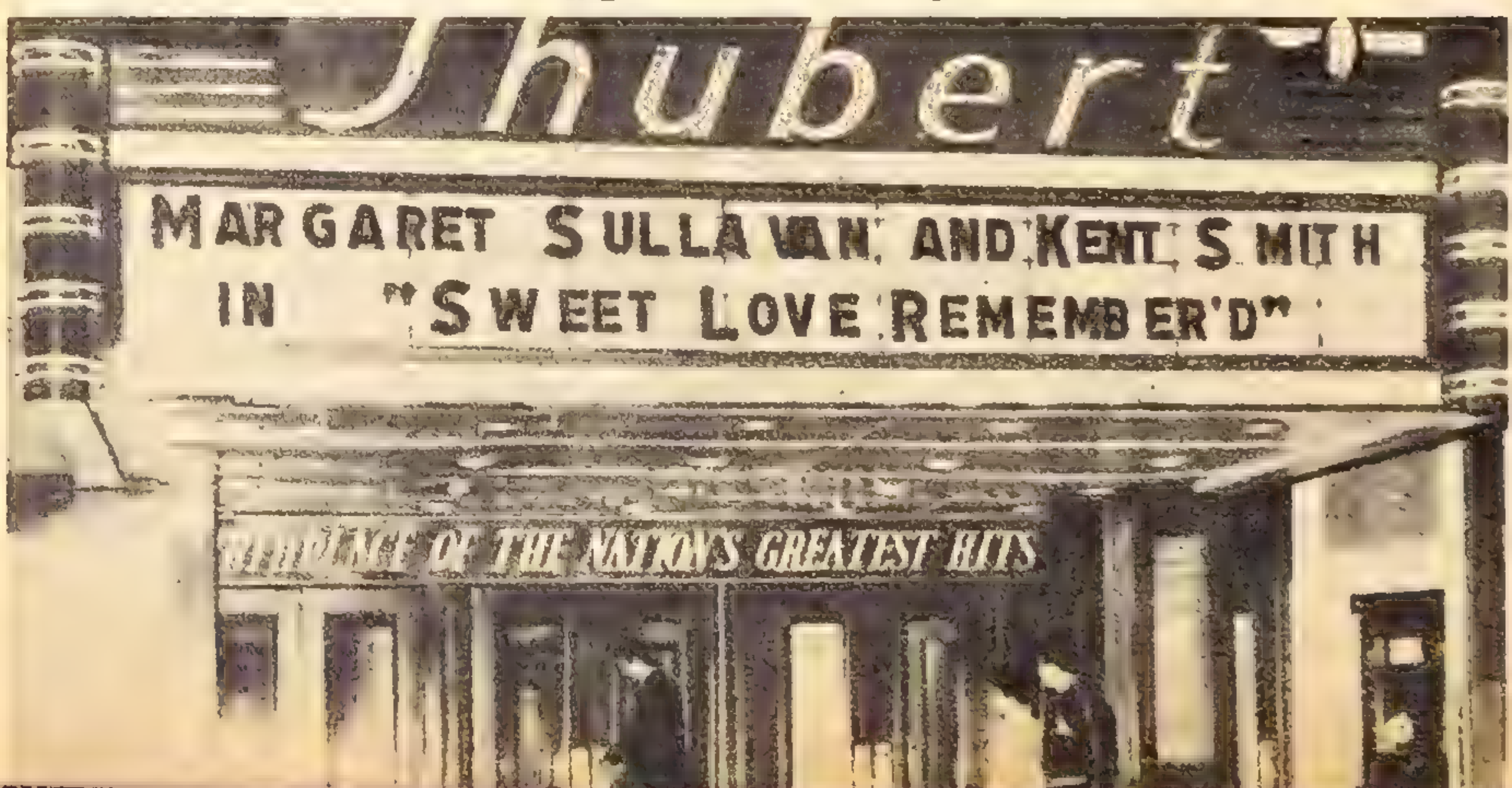
Voice of the Turtle was her big hit. But she said, "I'm cheating."



After Hayward, Maggie married Kenneth Wagg.



She told Wagg "this new show might kill me."



Margaret Sullavan

continued

in white pajamas, lay a script, and a copy of *The Adventures of Mark Twain*. Nearby, there were several half-empty bottles of pills.

There was no note, no indication that she had sought death, rather than sleep.

She had never appeared suicidal, but for a long time now, she had been very tired. At fifty, she still had fire, temperament, charm, wit, looks—qualities for which she was famous—but something had broken in her. Some zest was gone, some courage, lost with her youth and early dreams.

"Nervous exhaustion" they called what ailed her, and once before it had put her into a hospital for therapy. That time she had battled her way out of the dark, this time she seemed to have embraced it, drifting silently into its peace, its nothingness.

The official verdict was "barbiturate poisoning." Suicide? Accident? There is no final answer. There is only the blunt fact that a talented woman died because she could no longer cope with the problems of her world.

What were those problems?

Certainly not money. Only the week before, she had been joking (*Continued on page 72*)

By the time you read this, the best known, most derided, most admired young entertainer in the world may be home—home with his friends, his music, his memories. In



response to the wide public enthusiasm on this occasion, and as our own personal tribute to Elvis Presley, Modern Screen has prepared 3 stories, each with its own special and, we believe, interesting slant.

WELCOME

First, there's a direct impression of El by 3 American teenage girls who spent the best part of a week end with

HOME

him very recently. Next, Hal Wallis, the famous Hollywood producer of, among others,

Elvis' new picture *GI Blues*, talks about his star from a professional yet warmly human point of view. Finally, with the invaluable cooperation of the Presley's friends and neighbors in Memphis, Tennessee, we offer a glimpse of what for Elvis—returning to walk the street of memory, past the house of empty rooms, up the hill to the cemetery—will surely be the real story of his homecoming.....

ELVIS



THE MEMORIES THAT WILL NEVER DIE





Elvis longed for the sight of Graceland, the mansion he bought his mother, and to kneel again at her grave.

by Ed DeBlasio

As we go to press, Elvis Presley is expected home. This is the story of that homecoming, by a newspaper-friend of the celebrated G.I.

■ A very few days from now, the soldier will be home from Germany. According to present plans, he will be handed his discharge papers in the same building where he was inducted two years ago, on March 20, 1958—a big and old and homely red-brick building some six miles outside of Memphis, Tennessee, a building called, simply, the Army General Depot. Papers in hand, his dad at his side, he will leave the building and begin to

(Continued on page 52)





THE
NEW
W
ELVIS

Three American teenagers
(LaVerne Novak, Pattie McCabe
and Toni Cistone)
report on their recent
exciting weekend with Elvis



his grown-up way with the girls

■ Probably one of the greatest thrills for any teenage girl in this twentieth century world is the opportunity to meet and talk to Elvis Presley. Recently three teenagers went abroad to Europe on a singing tour, and they not only had the chance to meet Elvis but they also were lucky enough to spend part of a weekend with him, talking, singing, getting to know what makes Elvis the great guy that he is.

Who were the girls? The Poni Tails, a young and exciting singing group (remember their fine harmony in *Born Too Late* and *I'll Be Seeing You*).

Of the three, Toni Cistone, who's brown-haired and brown-eyed, is the shortest, loves to sing while washing dishes. Blue-eyed Patti McCabe is chestnut-haired (*Continued on page 62*)

his plans, his projects & his dreams

■ When Modern Screen learned that Hal Wallis was going to Germany to start filming the new Elvis Presley picture, *G.I. Blues*, we asked him for news of Elvis. As the man who discovered and has carefully guided Elvis to stardom in pictures, not as a flashy singer, but as a substantial actor, we asked Mr. Wallis to bring us a candid report and the truth from Elvis himself. A report to separate the facts from the many conjectured rumors that have saturated Elvis' loyal fans these past two years.

And here in detail is Mr. Wallis' account of his meetings with Elvis, who will complete *G.I. Blues* in Hollywood on his release from the Army in March.

“I've sure been getting a lot of experience and local color to play (*Continued on page 76*)



Hal Wallis (producer of
Elvis' upcoming *GI Blues*)
reports on his
star's immediate future

Young Girls in Hollywood
6th in a series
subject: DODIE STEVENS

"IM
LIKE
13..."

A pensive Dodie thinks that at thirteen there's not much a girl can do but dream, hope, and wait!



Dodie loves her folks and thinks they're wonderful but *they* care more about homework than dating woes

and

it's

LIKE AWFUL!"

Afternoon bike-rides with Kimm Charney, or sisterly TV sessions, are okay—but Dodie dreams of a night-time date.



Dodie hears it from all the boys right now: "Like I'll call you back in about three years."

■ Saturday night on Sunset Boulevard. And thirteen-year-old Dodie Stevens was doing a last run-through at a recording session. Crying her heart out into the studio microphone. Like she'd loved and lost a lifetime

With excited big brown eyes—just level with the glass in the sound-box—she watched Louis Prima gesturing from the control booth, supervising her first album session for Dot. She looked at the

(Continued on page 68)



BB's BÉBÉ



■ Here is a happy woman . . . oblivious to the camera, lost in the discovery of her new-born son, lost in the unbelievable joy of motherhood. Unbelievable to Brigitte, because this is the same girl who, not long ago, told the world that she didn't find pregnancy "much of a joke," that she was "alarmed" by the coming birth—in fact almost admitted that she really didn't want this child.

And the ecstatic-looking young man, toasting the little family with sparkling champagne. . . This is Jacques Charrier, the proud father, whose nerves, not long ago, were so frazzled, whose depression was so grave that he had to undergo psychiatric treatment. With the coming of little Nicolas, his sanity is restored, Brigitte is *delivered*, and no longer remembers the anguish, for the joy that a child is born into the world.



■ It seems like only yesterday that I was standing in line at the bank—making a withdrawal, of course.

It was my second day at Northwestern University, where I was taking summer courses. I had enrolled because all my friends were going there, and because I had heard everybody went there either to make up courses, or to indulge in the legendary summer romances on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Well, here I was at the bank . . . and three or four paces ahead of me was a beautiful, tall girl—making a deposit, no doubt!

I stared at her, and noticed her prematurely gray hair, her lovely figure, her freckles, her bank book . . . No, not her bank book.

I gaped, and I gulped, and my little heart pounded. I suspect all 115 pounds of me shook. My small brown eyes grew smaller as I squinted at this lovely girl. I clutched my withdrawal slip while she finished her business. Then she walked briskly out, and I lost her in the crowd of students pouring into the bank (to make withdrawals, of course).

I snapped out of my daze, forgot to withdraw the money, staggered out uncertainly, and wandered back to my room to inform my best friend: "I just saw the girl I am going to marry!"

He just yawned and went back to eating a potato chip sandwich.

When I got hold of myself, I scurried out to hunt down this girl.

Soon I discovered she was Florence Mitchell, a student at the same university, who, unfortunately, was not in any of my classes. So I managed to get up a list of her classes.

Since (Continued on page 51)

never before told
(and probably never again)

THE MAD, MAD, ROMANCE OF TONY RANDALL

by Tony Randall



there was just 10 minutes between classes, I would run to the classroom where she was due, just to catch a glimpse of her.

I didn't have the nerve to talk to her.

At times, I would run into her quite accidentally in the corridors or on the campus (well, not *always* accidentally) and my heart would pound something terrible.

Of course, I never let on that her mere presence threw me into a tizzy. Being part of the clique of kids who did the school plays, I was quite an actor, and I knew how to conceal my true feelings.

She has always said she never, never did notice me. But she must be fibbing, for how could she have failed to notice me? After all, I was then about a half inch taller than I am now. I was a solid 115 pounds, including pimples and a pinch face. I had bushy hair, with a great big wave up front, which made my forehead look only one inch deep.

I had black rings under my eyes, and humped shoulders from always slumping because I didn't get enough sleep and was always napping in my chair.

I was 18 then, at the age when I felt it was real living to stay up all night and drink beer and talk and talk. I never went to bed, and I was always tired and sleepy, and I'm sure I had a charmingly idiotic look. Worse, I smoked a lot and drank coffee, and wasted my life away.

Of course, I felt that I was living a terribly romantic life. And the only reason I don't live this kind of life any more is that I cannot stand it! It would kill me!

Well, one bright day . . . no, it couldn't have been bright because I was carrying an umbrella . . . or maybe I was still in a daze . . . I was walking along with some fellows when I realized (sigh! sigh!) that she was walking behind us.

Joe College wasn't chic

I don't know why I did it, but I suddenly started to show off badly. I exclaimed loudly, so she could hear, that, "This summer I'm going to be Joe College!" This meant that I would wave the banner and wear a racoon coat and wide bell-bottom trousers, and act like the movie version of a wild college student. And at our school, all students were trying desperately not to behave like students. It just wasn't chic that summer.

So, of course, I screamed and fussed and made an idiot of myself (which was not difficult) and presumed that She was impressed.

Several days later, I was again carrying an umbrella (it was a rainy summer, you know), when I saw her.

Don't ask me why, but on sheer impulse I went over to her and started beating her on the shoulders with my umbrella, and shouting.

(Poor girl, it seems I never had these impulses on a sunny day when I wasn't carrying an umbrella.)

Well, she did not kick me in the shins or call for the police, as she should have. Instead, she said, sweetly, "Stop Joe!"

(I guess she thought my name was really Joe College.)

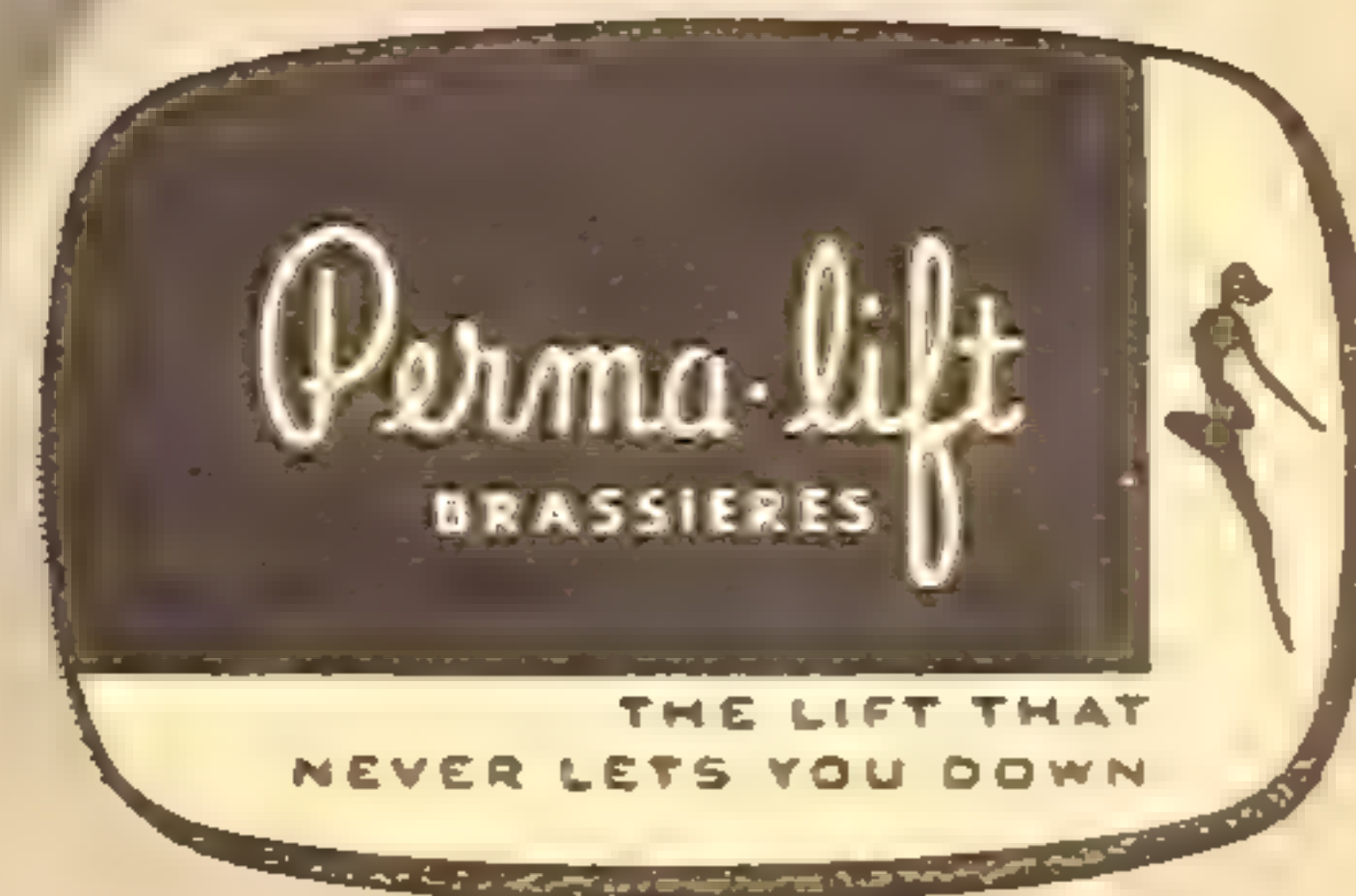
Bless her heart, she wasn't mad at me. She thought I was very funny.

I realized at once that she was a girl of superior intelligence.

She laughed at everything I said or did, and I was shocked into sheer delight. No other girl had reacted so wholeheartedly to my alleged sense of humor.

We made a date to go swimming.

I will never forget the date: July 3. I joined her on the beach. There she was: a Venus in a beautiful blue bathing suit. And there I was: a sight in my yellow bathing trunks, my concave chest sagging, my shoulders sticking out like wings, my ribs sticking out like a set of old pipes,



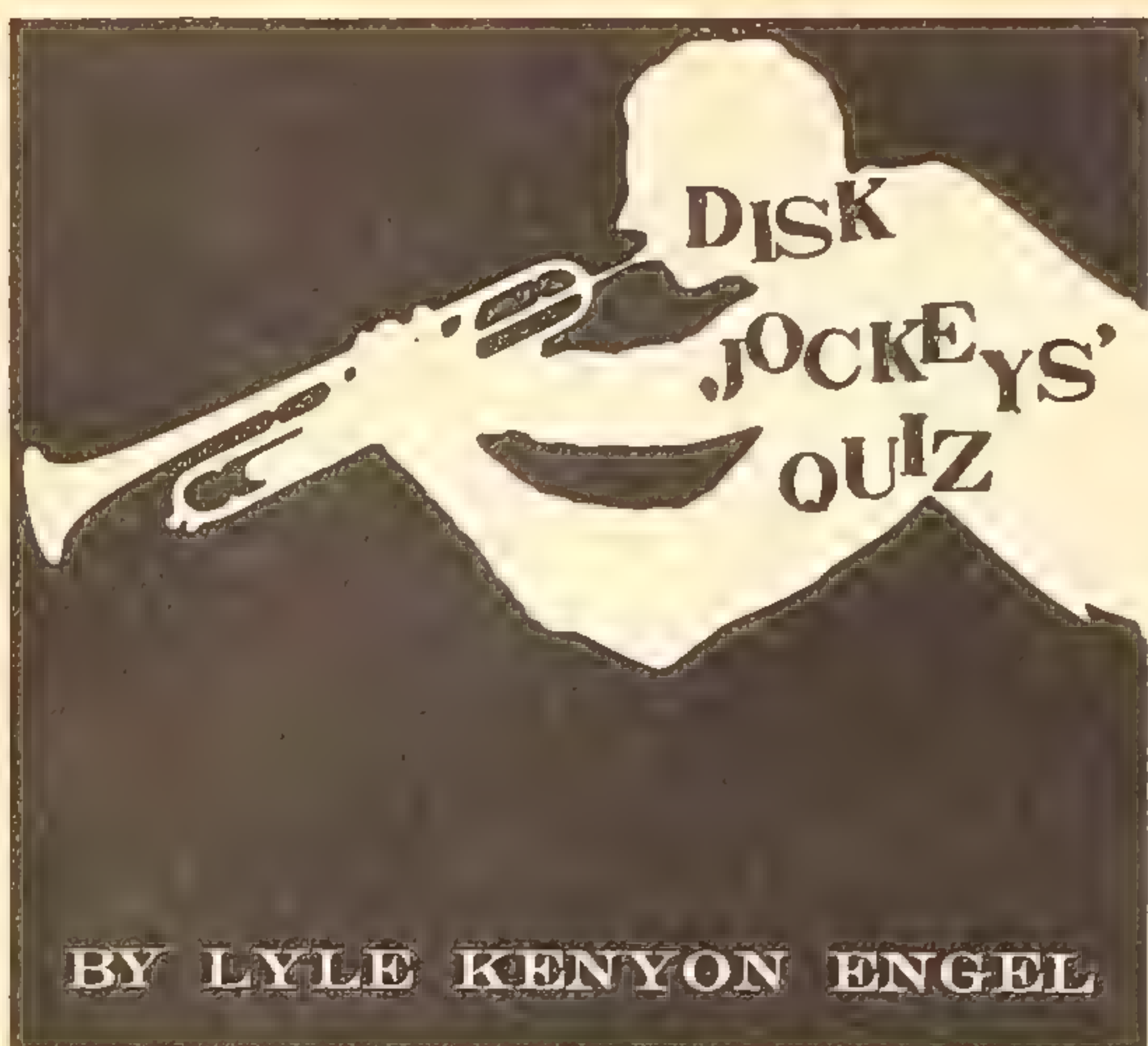
*Gift of
beauty*

BRA BY PERMA-LIFT

Adorned with Self-Fitting Cups
Blessed with the Neveride Band

Your bosom, is gently cradled from the sides, gloriously lifted to bewitching new contours, by a new, triumphantly feminine "Perma-lift" bra with Self-Fitting cups that conform to you, and a Neveride Band that securely holds your bra in place. Wash-'n'-wear cotton, \$3. Contour or padded style, \$3.95. At the finest stores.





Jim Martin,
Station WSOC,
Charlotte, N. C.

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. His Calypso records were big hits. Perhaps the best folk-singer of the day, RCA-Victor issued a special album titled ——— AT CARNEGIE HALL. He starred in the movie ODDS AGAINST TOMORROW.

2. The title of her new album, a Disneyland release, is her first name. She's eighteen, had

hit singles such as TALL PAUL, DANNY BOY. An original member of the TV MOUSKETEERS, starred in SHAGGY DOG.

3. He records for Verve, Roulette, plays great piano with his orchestra: latest album is CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD. He's been in movies, TV, radio. Two hit singles were SHAKE,



Howie Leonard,
Station WLOB,
Portland, Me.

RATTLE AND ROLL, and ONE MORE TIME.

4. Before his first big hit, on Chess label, he worked as a hairdresser. The hit was MAYBELLENE, which he wrote: latest album is ——— ON TOP and some of his hit singles were SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN, TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS and ROLL OVER, BEETHOVEN.

5. These girls are a quartet known by one name. They sang for four years on the Arthur Godfrey Show: their

latest single is A GIRL'S WORK IS NEVER DONE. Cadence label. A past hit was MR. SANDMAN.

6. A smooth-style singer; he's written an autobiography titled TWIXT 12 AND 20: stars in JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, had past hits AIN'T THAT A SHAME, I AMOST LOST MY MIND.

7. He's on the Atco Label, had the biggest single hit of the year, MACK THE KNIFE. Paramount Pictures just signed him.



George E. LeZotte,
Station WTRY,
Troy, N. Y.



Bill "Total" Reck,
Station WTRR,
Sanford, Fla.

1. Harry Belafonte
2. Annette Funicello
3. Count Basie
4. Chuck Berry
5. The Chordettes
6. Pat Boone
7. Bobby Darin

my ears sticking out, my eyes ringed in dark circles.

She looked like a model for good health. I looked like the Before fellow in the before-and-after ads for vitamin pep pills!

I still don't know why she was not ashamed of being seen with me. I tried puffing out my chest, but this was impossible. I strutted a bit—this was easier, although a gruesome sight. Finally we ran briskly into the water.

We splashed around, and I had to struggle to hold my place when the waves receded and tugged at my legs. Yes, I know the waves of Lake Michigan are pretty weak, but so was I! Finally, we came out of the water and as we walked happily on the sand, she put a wet lily-white hand on my shoulder and whispered, "My Adonis!"

I looked around furtively, and asked, "Who . . . me?"

"Yes," she whispered back, evidently annoyed that I would doubt her.

"Not skinny me?" I protested, half heartedly.

But she insisted I was her Adonis. And to this day I periodically ask, "Did you really mean it when you said I was your Adonis?" And she keeps saying, "You were magnificent, dear."

Two weeks after I had hit her with the umbrella, we sneaked off to Worcester, Massachusetts, and got married. We were both 18, and we were mad for each other. We were laughing all the time. She was the greatest one-woman audience I've ever had.

She was laughing so much, we had to do something to stop that. We did . . . and to this day, I beg her to go back to those mad courtship days when she laughed and laughed.

(Sometimes I wonder if it's because I'm hooked now . . . and she doesn't have to . . . Well, it's a dark thought and we won't go into it.)

We did not tell our parents. In fact, we eloped without telling anybody! We sneaked back to college after our weekend in Worcester and, of course, started living together.

All our friends, naturally enough, suspected we were living together without benefit of clergy. We would not tell them. Why should we worry, we thought . . . let them worry!

When I recall our courtship, I just cannot remember how I proposed, if I did at all. I blank out on it. And nobody is going to trap me into saying I blank out be-

cause it was an unhappy experience. I'm too foxy for that.

Flo Flo, which is what I call her sometimes, won't tell me how I proposed. She says it's her secret.

It was while studying speech at Northwestern that I decided to become an actor. Before that I had only worked for three weeks as an office boy with an oil company, and the oil industry made it clear that it could survive my departure. Anyway, after our summer course at Northwestern, Flo Flo and I went to New York.

She notified her parents and I notified my parents that we were in New York for further studies, so they continued to send us our allowances. These allowances, plus what I could pick up as a struggling actor and what Flo Flo could get from modeling, kept us alive during our early years of marriage.

We didn't tell our parents that we were married until two or three years later, when we no longer needed our allowances.

I went into the U.S. Army for four years, serving in the Signal Corps, and Flo Flo traveled with me as much as possible. When I returned to Broadway, my career started to pick up and I've managed nicely, and now Flo Flo doesn't have to work at modeling any more. She just stays home and cooks.

Sometimes, in a desperate effort to get her laughing again, I call my wife Ivan Simpson, after an old actor with whom I worked in Caesar and Cleopatra. He wore his hair in bangs for the role, and my wife cut her hair short at that time and looked a bit like Ivan Simpson.

Unfortunately, she doesn't laugh at this.

She, in turn, calls me Idol of the Millions. After dinner, when I am washing the dishes, she sits (exhausted from the big meal, of course) and lights a cigarette. And while she blows smoke rings toward the chandelier, she says (somewhat sarcastically, I must say), "Well, well . . . everybody from the building across the way is looking over at the Idol of the Millions washing dishes!"

Unfortunately, I don't think this is funny . . . and I don't laugh.

So, you see, we have a few kinks to iron out.

And to think that it all started when I went to the bank—to make a withdrawal, of course.

END

Tony co-stars in PILLOW TALK, U.I., will be seen later in LET'S MAKE LOVE for 20th-Fox.

The Memories That Will Never Die

(Continued from page 43)

head for his car, one of the two new Cadillacs that have already been ordered for him. He will walk out of the door, and onto the steps that lead down to the sidewalk. But he will not get far down these steps before the crowds, waiting for him since early that morning, will surround him. Hi, Elvis, they'll shout, welcome home . . . the kids, the grown-ups, the cops, even the MPs. A few babies, held high by their mothers, will wave haphazardly. A few young girls, blushing and brazen, will rush forward to touch him. And he will smile politely, warmly, and say thank you ma'am, thank you sir, thank you sis, thank you . . . And as he speaks he will look around and remember this same spot, that other morning, exactly two years ago, that chill and rain-swept morning when she stood there, in her plain black coat, the little black hat on her head, the handkerchief clutched tightly in her hand, in the

midst of this same-type crowd, and how, smiling through her helpless tears, she said to him: Good-bye, God bless you. Take care. And write so's I don't worry too much.

And to himself, as he stands there this morning, two years later, remembering her, he will think: Later, later, when darkness begins to come and we can be together again, for just a little while at least. . . .

Questions, answers

Once in the car, there'll be the usual delay. The motor warming, ready to go, he will lean out the window and, still smiling, he will wait while the photographers, popping away these past few minutes, call out for one more, a couple more, just a few more shots pu-leez; while the reporters—men from the Commercial Appeal and the Press-Scimitar and the big three wire

services—finally making their way through the crowd, call out their questions.

"Come on, 'fess up, did you get engaged to any of those frauleins over there?"—it's a cinch they'll ask this.

"Nope," Elvis will say.

"How long you going to be in Memphis before you head for Hollywood?" they'll ask.

"Two, three weeks—the longer, the better."

"Going to live it up?"

The smile widening: "I hope so."

Then:

"Is it true about the rumor, Elvis, that you're planning to sell Graceland?"

And Elvis will shake his head and he will say, "No. Not on your life. Never. . . ."

Stop on the hill

The ride home, down Airways Boulevard, will be as swift as Tennessee law allows. The tobacco fields, the farms, the factories, the patches of still-brown woodland, the schoolhouses, the motels, the billboards, the fruit stands, the turn-offs with their zigzag signposts, the new shopping center, the new housing developments, the used car lots, the empty lots, the circus site—all will pass by him quickly. The windows of the car will be down. The air, filled with the sweet clay smell of Southern earth, will whip against the sides of his face and up into his nostrils. The feeling will be a good feeling, familiar once but then half-forgotten and now, once more, familiar.

The car will continue to race on.

Till when it reaches the hill it will slow down momentarily, practically stop. For from the crest of the hill he will be able to look down, way down, and there, slightly to his right, three-quarters of a mile away, he will be able to see it—Graceland.

It will look as lovely as ever, this lovely house, with its white-pillared entranceway standing out bright and proud, with its big windows glistening, its acres of rolling lawn hugging all four sides of it, with its sleepiness, its majesty . . . its memories.

And as he looks down at it from the top of the hill this day, he will remember exactly how it was the first time she saw it, that morning back in '57. How, when he stopped the car in which they were riding at this exact same place and pointed to the house, she turned to him after a moment and she said, *That beautiful place? For us? So big? Oh my God. How much did it cost you, Elvis? Now come on. How much?* How, when he told her how much, she said, *Ohhhhhhhh*—breathless, unbelieving, thinking back, as she was to say later, to a two-room shack in Tupelo, Mississippi, a shack built by her husband's hands and hers, where the boy seated next to her once lay in a rough-hewn cradle while she and his father talked, sometimes-hopelessly, sometimes-dreamingly, about his future.

And he will remember her reaction this day, this moment—every bit of it, just as it was.

And he will think to himself: *Later, later, when darkness begins to come and we can be together again, for just a little while at least. . . .*

He'll understand

Travis Smith, his uncle and head caretaker of Graceland, a lean and tall man, his hair just a little grayer now than it had been the last time, will be at the gate. He will grin as the big car pulls up. They will shake hands, he and his famous nephew. The nephew will ask a few questions about this and that—and then he will ask his uncle about the bad fall he took around Christmastime and about the con-

dition of his back, which bore the brunt of the fall. *Fine now*, Travis will probably say. He will probably add: *And thanks for taking care of all those bills, the doctor's, the hospital.* He'll understand when his nephew makes light of this—*That boy, he once told a reporter, is one of those people who just doesn't like you to mention anything he's ever done to he'p you; embarrasses him, I guess.* And he'll understand, too, when the car pulls away after a few minutes' time. Because he'll know how much his nephew wants to get up to the house. . . .

The little french chair

He'd made it clear to her, from the beginning, that it was *her* house. But she could never, in that short year-and-a-half she lived there, get used to the idea. The idea of having a place with a swimming pool, no less, and five bedrooms—*five—and five* bathrooms—and with those what-they-calls, strange words, a solarium and a den and a library and a game room—This was too much for her to get to know really.

But there was a place in the house that she did know. A room with a chair. A very special chair . . . She'd seen the chair once at a charity auction—a very elegant little chair with shining wood handles and a petit-point design embroidered on its back, *A great little beauty from la belle France*, the auctioneer had said, *from the summer chateau of a real king.* It was so expensive a chair that that night she had mentioned its price over supper—*Can you believe it*, she'd asked, *what they want for some things?* But he had sensed, from the way she'd said that despite her shocked tones, that she loved the chair. And so he'd gone the next day and bought it. And surprised her with it. And it had become her pride and joy—*Not to be sat*



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Molly Bee
soon to be seen in
"Chartreuse Caboose"



■ Kathy Nolan, a girl discovered by Hollywood, was in the hospital, suffering from a severe brain concussion. The room was filled with flowers, telegrams, baskets of fruit, and the visitor's chair was never empty.

Alyson, a girl who hadn't yet been discovered, was a visitor in tears. "I know I oughtn't to bother you," she sobbed, "but I'm frightened. My understudy role . . . I have to play it tonight, and don't know how."

"Of course you do," Kathy said firmly. "You're a good actress; all you have to do is go on stage and show them."

"But I relied on you," Alyson sighed, "and you can't come."

"I'll call my friends," Kathy assured her. "They'll all be there, and tomorrow you can tell me about it. . . ."

Much cheered, Alyson wiped her eyes and left bravely—while Kathy lay in her hospital bed, staring at the ceiling thoughtfully. She'd promised to call her friends, to pack the audience with people to applaud for Alyson—but sadly she realized it would be hard to keep that promise.

After an hour of phoning, only two people had agreed to go. Then the nurse came in and firmly removed the phone. "You'll have a relapse," she reproved, and began fussing about, clearing up the room while Kathy concentrated on what to do. And as firmly, the nurse said, "I'll just take the flowers out now, Miss Nolan. You know you can't have them in the room at night, and there'll be a lot more tomorrow."

"Flowers!" said Kathy excitedly. "Of course! Bring me some florist's cards, and bribe that clerk you're always flirting with to bring up wrapping paper." Blushing, the nurse hurried away, while Kathy giggled.

At 8:00 p.m., the stage entrance to a small Hollywood theater was electrified as two delivery boys hauled seventeen floral tributes to Dressing Room One. Miss Alyson Lewis was obviously a person to be



said with
flowers...

respected, and the cast treated her accordingly. Alyson herself, jittery with first-night nerves, glanced hastily at the cards, gasped, and burst into happy tears.

Kathy had certainly kept her promise! It seemed that every important person in Hollywood wished Alyson Lewis the best of luck that night. Everybody had sent flowers, promising to be out front, wishing her success.

"I won't let her down," Alyson vowed, as she put on her make-up. "I'll show them Kathy Nolan was right!"

On stage, she gave her best performance—and won enthusiastic applause. Glowing with excitement, Alyson went back to her dressing room after the final curtain call. Happily, she took another peek at the cards on the flowers, saying proudly to herself, *I hope you're all impressed with Kathy's friend!*

She took a second look at the cards on the flowers, hastily gathered them together, spread them out on her dressing table and stared in bewilderment, and burst into laughter. She was still giggling when her fellow actors crowded into the room to congratulate her.

"But, I was playing to an audience of ghosts," she said. "Look!" Now, she realized the handwriting on all the cards was exactly the same—and *all* Kathy Nolan's.

on, please, she would say, just to look at and enjoy that way.

And now, standing in the room, he will look at the chair again after these two long years.

And he will remember how she had stood alongside it that last time they'd been together, when the Army had given him special leave so he could come be with her. How she'd sighed and said, *One thing I wish about this hospital where I'm going—that they'd let me take just this. But they won't . . . No, you know how hospitals are.*

And as he remembers, he will think to himself, *Later, later, when the darkness begins to come. . . .*

Busy afternoon

The afternoon of that first day, the homecoming, will be a busy one. After lunch, as now planned, he will drive into town. With what is described as "the most minor fanfare, as per the subject's request" he will go to the office of Memphis' mayor Henry Loeb to accept a key to the city. Following this, there will be a small reception at either the Peabody or Claridge hotels (not yet decided on), given by some of his old hometown buddies. And then, undoubtedly, there will be a quick drive over to radio station WHHM and a reunion with that station's, and probably the entire South's, prettiest disk jockey, blonde blue-eyed Anita Wood, his all-time favorite local girlfriend of years gone by (reminiscences here—and news: *Did you know that so-and-so married guess-who last year; that such and such owns his own taxicab now and that he's in college, and she's in New York trying to become a model*) . . . and then, a drive over to the First Assembly Church of God, and a talk with the minister there, his old friend, the Reverend James Hamill (reminiscences here, too—and laughter: *I remember you at thirteen, Elvis, when you always needed a haircut; and who can forget the time you tried out for my son Jim's Gospel quartette and lost out, because your voice just didn't have it, the others said. Eh?*)

And then, after all this, then finally, it will be late afternoon—nearly evening—and he will get into his car again.

And then, then finally, alone, he will drive out to that most important of all the places. . . .

Finally, nightfall

The gatekeeper at Forest Hill Cemetery may have a question or two.

"How you feelin'?"

"Fine, sir."

"How's civilian life treating you?"

"Fine."

"Been expectin' you . . . Fact, thought you'd be here first thing today, soon's you got your discharge papers."

"I waited for now so the others would go. I didn't want there to be anyone else here, spoiling anything."

"Sure . . . Well go on, son . . . Just one more thing, though, before you do go. I jus' want you to know that those flowers you been orderin'—that we been puttin' 'em on the grave every week, nice and fresh, jus' like you asked us to."

"Thank you," he will say, as he begins to walk away.

It will be a long walk he will have to make.

Not remembering exactly—for he has only been here once before, exactly nineteen months before—he may even lose his way somewhat.

But, eventually, he will reach the spot he has been looking for.

And, once there, he will stop and lower his head.

He will whisper something, too.

Softly, he will say, "Ma . . . I'm home."

END

Should I Go Steady?

(Continued from page 36)

YES

so darn fast. But when you like being with a certain person, it's kind of nice to know he's the one you'll be spending the time with. It's sort of a prelude to an engagement without any of the entanglements of an engagement.

I think it's reassuring for a girl to have a man to count on, once she starts dating. I do feel, though, that a girl should try to go steady with a lot of boys before she starts thinking of anything like an engagement. After all, there are loads of boys and girls, and it wouldn't be right if you felt you hadn't met enough to be really sure of the final choice for the matrimonial leap.

(Asa just finished *TIGHTROPE* for CBS-TV and *NOT FOR HIRE* for WNEW-TV.)

Jill Corey: When I was fifteen, back in my home town of Avonmore, Pennsylvania, all the boys and girls my age steady-dated, I steady-dated, and I liked it.

Most of us girls, from fifteen to about eighteen, went steady. But it didn't mean you were going to marry the guy. It just meant you liked one particular boy more than the others, so you hung around to-



gether. It was comfortable, and it got to be a habit.

Today, of course, I've got a career cooking and I can't steady-date any more. I'm on the road about twenty weeks a year, and even when I'm home (New York) my staying home is often interrupted by quick trips to Hollywood and back. So I'm not long enough in one place to get to build up a steady-dating habit.

As a result, I date a lot now but with various fellows. And that means each date involves dressing up, having a fancy dinner out, going to a show or maybe a night club, and coming home late. Each date becomes a production. But if I still had a steady, I could stay home and relax, have a home-cooked meal, watch TV and sit around listening to records. For me, steady dating is better. I'm in favor of it. I wish I could get back to it.

(Jill is currently in the Columbia movie, *SENIOR PROM*, and records for Columbia.)

Judi Meredith: I'm for going steady. The only reason I'm for it is because I'm practical. In Hollywood, when you've dated a man more than once, everyone assumes you're going steady. No actress has time to experiment with lots of dates with different fellows when she's working.

So, instead of dating all sorts of people, I go out with people I enjoy being with. It's natural that when you enjoy a man's company, and he enjoys yours, you end up spending lots of time together. I suppose this could be called going steady.

If a girl is planning on marrying at some point in her career (and what girl isn't?) then she's got to get to know whether she likes someone well enough to get engaged.

This works out to a strong vote for going steady in my book. I felt this way in my teens, just as I do now. If you date a person often, at any age, let's face it, you're going steady!

(Judi is in *HOTEL DE PAREE* and *RIVERBOAT* episodes on TV.)

Penney Parker: I believe every girl should go steady with a fellow she enjoys.

Sometimes, simple companionship is taken as 'going steady' when this may not be the case at all... especially where the companionship is relative to mutual interests such as hobbies or careers. This is not going steady in its strictest sense since the mutual interests are not deep and lasting as perhaps those found in engaged couples.

However, going steady can many times aid a person in determining what he or she is looking for in a mate—what he or she dislikes in a mate.

I'm for it.

(Penney, eighteen, is a feature of *THE DANNY THOMAS SHOW* on CBS-TV.)

YES, BUT:

(Continued from page 37)

serious, and the first step to eventually becoming engaged.

To me, however, going steady is *very* serious and not something to be taken lightly or to do just because "everyone else is doing it."

I wouldn't condemn any teenager for going steady if he or she is mature enough to realize the responsibility that such a relationship holds.

We owe ourselves the right to develop as well-rounded persons—physically, socially, spiritually—and it is during the formative years between thirteen and twenty that we establish our basic principles and character. Therefore, by going out with only one person, we are limiting our own development, as well as coming up against many unnecessary problems.

So, have fun, date many different types, and pray that one day you will meet the right person *when you are ready*.

(Gigi is a regular on *THE BETTY HUTTON SHOW*, on CBS-TV.)

Anita Bryant: I've always felt it was important to have *many* friends.

If one goes steady only for reasons of security, to assure a prom date, or as insurance against being the only one without a Saturday night date, then I'm against steady-dating.

If one finds the company of one person more pleasant than any other, there must be an attraction, which is good reason to go steady.

The important thing is to know *why* you are taking either course.

(Anita is a feature of *THE GEORGE Gobel SHOW*, on CBS-TV.)

Elana Eden: I am for steady-dating, if you are in love.

For example, if a girl likes a boy so much no other seems as interesting, and she realizes she loves him and he loves her—then all is wonderful. No need to date anyone else.

But if you are not in love, there is no reason to steady-date.

I was in love with a man whom I found so fascinating, I did not have the faintest interest in dating anyone else. Of course, I had other friends whom I loved, both men and girls; but there is a vast difference between loving people as friends and being in love with one person. We saw our friends together. We did everything together. We went for walks, we went to concerts, to the theater, to movies, to parties. We enjoyed everything and every-

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Mr. Stubbs Rescues Toby Tyler



When Kevin Corcoran was on location during the filming of Walt Disney's *Toby Tyler*, he got to be very good friends with the monkey, Mr. Stubbs. The movie is the story of a young runaway boy (Toby Tyler, played by Kevin) who joins the circus. Toby and the circus monkey become inseparable pals—just as Kevin and Mr. Stubbs did in real life.

One day between scenes, Kevin got out a pint-sized milk bottle, and a needle and a razor blade. Then he picked up a piece of wood and began carving.

"What are you making?" the director asked.

"A ship in a bottle."

The director thought this was pretty delicate work and he was a little worried.

Mr. Stubbs thought this was terribly dangerous work for his friend to be attempting, and he was very worried. He began chattering and making frantic motions and trying the best he could to distract Kevin from playing with that razor blade.

Even the director asked if the boy weren't afraid of nicking himself.

"Nope," he said, "I'm not going to hurt myself. But just in case, I brought along a couple of band-aids, too!"

Well, Kevin finished his ship-in-a-bottle (a pretty good one, too) and he didn't cut himself. Mr. Stubbs was so relieved that his friend had finished his dangerous task safely that he threw his arms around Kevin and begged him (in monkey-talk, of course) not to take such a chance again!

one even more because we were together.

But when you are not in love, then you date many boys, because you are curious, and you wonder perhaps this one will be interesting, or that one will be fascinating.

Some people say you should not steady date when you are fourteen or fifteen or sixteen. But age has nothing to do with it. Some young people are more mature than others. True feelings count more than age. Of course, I am aware that feelings can change. But that is part of growing up, becoming more adult. But it is only by going steady with the person you think you love that you learn whether you really do.

(Elana stars in the title role of *THE STORY OF RUTH* for 20th Century-Fox.)

Diane Baker: I am not against steady-dating. I've been steady-dating the past few years with Denny, an artist at Occidental College.

But I am against *possessive* steady-dating that cuts you off from the rest of the world, that means you see only one person all the time. Denny and I understand each other, and we see others on different levels. I can see one man because we're studying a script; and another man at drama classes; and another man for something else. Each man has something different to give.

When you love somebody you don't care what other people he sees.

Unfortunately, to many young people, steady-dating is a set of rules, and it means you must keep up with the rules and they become more important than the actual seeing of each other. The ritual of exchanging gifts, wearing each other's pin or ring, or seeing each other constantly, becomes the thing . . . rather than romance.

I'm for steady-dating, but without possessiveness or emphasis on ritual.

(Diane's featured in *JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH* for 20th Century-Fox.)

Jeannie Thomas: I'm twenty-three now, and I started to date when I was about sixteen. My parents were very strict, and I felt I was lucky enough to be permitted to date, let alone steady-date. So I never steady-dated.

Of course, even then I was busy with music lessons and had less time for romance than my girlfriends. Now that I'm older and, I hope, wiser, I could steady-date but don't. That's one of the sacrifices a career girl makes. I just don't have the time now.

Personally, I'm for steady-dating—but only after a girl has dated a lot of boys. She should never steady-date with her first boyfriend. She should first go out with a lot of boys, so she can learn to differentiate between worthwhile boys and time-wasting boys. Then, after she has had this experience, she can concentrate on one boy at a time.

(Jeannie, a former Miss Virginia, is with Seeco Records.)

Carol Lynley: I believe in going steady only if people are in their late teens, eighteen and nineteen, and are mature.

I don't think it is wise for girls (or boys, either), just starting to date, to tie themselves down to one person. I think you benefit by meeting and getting to know a great many boys—and not until you have known many boys, should you settle down to dating just one person.

I think for older girls, eighteen or nineteen, who have met and dated lots of boys, steady dating is all right.

(Carol, eighteen, is in *HOUND DOG MAN* for 20th Century-Fox.)

Margo Moore: There is nearly as much to be said in favor of steady-dating, I believe,

as there is against it. I am for it, if—

Now I can remember, as a teenager, that terrible left-out feeling that comes when every other girl had a date for the big dance or the big party, but me. Every girl has felt this, and often, rather than be left out, accepts a date with a boy she neither cares about nor wishes, really, to be with. Going steady eliminates this urgency about a 'must date.'

Also, going steady allows a young fellow and girl to enjoy and understand the niceties of a relaxed and companionable relationship.

However, the grave tendency in steady-dating is to get too serious at too early an age. Until a boy or girl is, at the very least, eighteen, he or she cannot have an intelligent idea of what sort of person they want to settle with seriously. One's needs change with maturity. Some of our very young marriages, so often doomed to early failure, are a result of serious steady dating at too early an age.

I did not go steady as a teenager. I approve of steady-dating if youngsters keep their good sense and don't look upon it as a preamble to marriage.

Most youngsters, I think, will find there's more fun and more to do in groups. A wide circle of friends, at any age, is worth having.

(Margo is in *WAKE ME WHEN IT'S OVER* for 20th Century-Fox.)

NO!

(Continued from page 37)

Suzanne Storrs: Teen steady-dating, it seems to me, is often a business arrangement, a practical, lazy method to insure having a partner on dates. It provides for a second-rate kind of social life when you're a teenager, a period when you should be meeting a lot of people and learning to be more adept at social relationships. It brings teenagers together too often and too intimately, and this sometimes leads to sex-before-marriage and worse. It often leads to young, unhappy marriages.

Steady-dating in the early teen years doesn't seem a rewarding or a rich experience. But, in the early 20's, steady-dating leading to engagement and, in turn, to marriage, is all right. This kind of mature steady-dating happens when you meet the person you love and you want to be with them all the time.

(Last seen in the *NAKED CITY* series on TV, Suzanne appears on top TV dramatic shows.)

Connie Francis: I went steady for about a year, when I was seventeen, and looking back on it now, I know it was a mistake.

To me, going steady means being engaged, and if you're not ready to be engaged then you should not get involved.

The trouble with going steady while you're still a school girl is that it shuts you off from variety in boys, and it takes you out of circulation, and you don't get to know enough people. During your high school years, you might think you know a lot about boys, but you usually don't, and it takes a few years of outside living to really know boys.

The divorce rate is higher among teen marriages, and it's due a lot to young people steady-dating and thinking they know a lot about each other and have a lot in common . . . and then marrying and finding out this was not so.

Too often, steady-dating during your high school years is only date-insurance. It's understandable when your crowd is doing it and you're afraid of being left out in the cold. But I still say that steady-dating for the sake of convenience and conforming with the crowd is all wrong.

(Connie, with MGM Records, is top-

selling girl, recording artist in the world today.)

June Blair: I've gone steady, and I don't like it.

Maybe I'm too darned independent. As much as I've liked some of the boys I've dated steadily, I never enjoy the feeling that I've got to be out with that particular boy or I shouldn't be out.

Most of the boys I did date steadily were fair, I must admit. They didn't mind if I went out with someone else for a friendly date now and then. But their friends minded! Oh, did they! I've had people look at me as if I were a scarlet woman because I walked into a party with someone other than the boy I was supposed to be going steady with at the time. It didn't matter that my steady date was out of town, or that he himself had called and arranged for me to be taken to this party by his best friend. All these so-called 'friends' cared about was that I was out with someone else.

I think more romances are ruined by well-meaning friends who meddle than anything else.

Until I find the boy I want to marry, I'm going to date lots of boys. After all, like I said, I'm independent.

(June Blair is in a new TV series, *Two Faces West*.)

Molly Bee: Steady-dating? I'm agin it!

Why should a girl limit herself to one fellow, or for that matter, try to limit an active young male to one girl? It doesn't make sense, at least not to me.

It's okay if you are on the way to the altar real soon; but I'm only twenty years old and I don't want to be tied down to one man yet. Think of all the others I'd never get to know! I don't like to be selfish with a man's time, and I sure don't like anyone else to be selfish with my time. Some day, when the right guy comes along, the natural process will be to end up going steady with him. But I don't think you decide these things in advance. They just work out that way. Pretty soon you look around and you're seeing just one fellow all the time. But, until that time, I'm going out with different fellows and enjoy doing it!

(Molly stars in the movie *CHARTROOSE CABOOSE*, and on Capitol Records.)

Cindy Robbins: I'm against steady-dating, the way it's practiced now. Too often, the girl who maneuvers a boy into steady-dating does it to rush into marriage. She's rushing into marriage not so much because she's in love but to get away from home and try 'adult living.'

I don't think a girl should even consider steady-dating until she's gone out with a lot of boys, and only after she's dated this particular boy for quite some time. Steady-dating should be the result of courting rather than a method of courting. And steady-dating should last a year at least before the girl should even consider marriage.

(Cindy was Rock Hudson's leading lady in *THIS EARTH IS MINE*.)

Shelley Fabares: During my junior high school years, I steady-dated with five boys because it was the thing to do.

I think it's a terrible thing for a girl to tie herself down to a steady boyfriend at that age. Like, for instance, if you go to a party with a boy and happen to meet another fellow who likes you and would like to date you.

A girl can't very well accept an invitation to go out with this new friend because of a so-called regular companionship with the other boy. It leads to all sorts of complications, keeps you tied down, and hurts your chances of making new friends.

(Advertisement)

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Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

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This is modern woman's way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for "the delicate zone." It is called Zonite®. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

Millions of women already consider Zonite as important a part of their grooming as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zonite soon.

It's always your fault if and when your steady gets mad, or jealous, and it's not worth it to be stuck this way. And I mean it works both ways—for a boy as well as a girl. At my age, sixteen, I feel we should all "play the field" and not be obligated to any one person. There's plenty of time to decide on a definite 'steady.'

A girl might begin going steady at about her college freshman year. By this time, she's maturing, especially in her emotional evaluations.

(Shelley is a feature of *THE DONNA REED SHOW*, over ABC-TV, for Screen Gems.)

Ziva Rodann: I don't believe in going steady, except when you're serious about a man.

For young boys and girls, not mature enough to know the one person they want to be with all the time, it is ridiculous to go steady just because it is the vogue.

I am aware that maturity does not depend on actual years, but going steady means you are engaged, are going to marry the person—otherwise why go steady?—and you've got to have judgment for it. You must know people.

The more people you know, the more your judgment develops so that you can recognize the right person when he comes along.

If you don't go out with a variety of members of the opposite sex, then you don't learn enough to judge them. We really never know our minds completely unless we are aware of knowing the minds and characters of many different individuals.

In knowing others, we learn to know ourselves.

So, really, "going steady" makes me smile. I have seen too many high-school boys and girls going steady just to avoid being considered unpopular. The phrase, "going steady," is juvenile. I doubt you

ever hear it mentioned among college boys and girls. It is a junior phrase, not an adult one. Mature people don't use the phrase "steady-dating" because it represents constant dating *without good reason*.

I have been fortunate in that I have always been considered popular; but I have never been interested in going out a lot for the sake of being considered popular.

I have always enjoyed the company of just a few men. I like them, their intelligence, their companionship. I feel at home with them.

I don't believe in going steady as an institution (except when you're serious about a man). One doesn't have to wear a fraternity pin.

What you wear in your heart doesn't need a label or a phrase. **END**

(Ziva portrays Orpah in *THE STORY OF RUTH* for 20th Century-Fox.)

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The Happiest Birthday of My Life

(Continued from page 27)

on in the children's playroom, a few yards away.

She walked to the door, opened it and peered into the room.

There, in a corner, seated at a little table, she saw her son Michael Jr., seven years old.

"Hey there, young man—" she called.

The boy turned around suddenly.

Liz smiled. "—the last time I saw you, you were in bed."

"I know," the little voice piped up.

"And well on your way to sleep."

"I know."

"And what happened?"

"I don't know—not 'sactly," the little boy said.

Liz noticed that he crossed his pajama-ed legs as he said that (a sure sign that he was fibbing); that he sat very rigidly now; that his arms, spread-eagled on the table in front of him, seemed more and more to be covering something.

Liz turned to Eddie.

"Something wrong?" he asked.

"I don't know," Liz whispered, "—not 'sactly. But I'm going to find out."

Michael's surprise

She asked Eddie if he'd go downstairs and wait for her—she would be down in a few minutes, she said. And then she turned towards the playroom again and walked inside and over to the little chair where Michael Jr. sat.

She put her hand on his head, and sat, on a little chair beside him.

"Mike, you know it's late, don't you?" she asked.

"You look awful pretty, Mommy," the boy said.

"Now don't go changing the subject—It's late, and you should be in bed," Liz said.

"You look soooooo pretty," the boy tried again.

"Mike!" Liz said.

There was a moment of silence now. And Liz had a hard time keeping back a smile during this time.

"Now come on, Mike," she said, "what in the world are you doing up?"

"I was just finishing my surprise," the boy said, finally. He lifted his arms from the table. "See."

Liz looked down. Her eyes fixed on two small pieces of paper. On one of the papers she read the words, gayly crayoned:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY,
CHRISTOPHER

On the other:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY,
MY MOTHER,
MOMMY

"Today," Michael said, as Liz looked down at the papers, "Missy (the children's governess) said to me, 'You know, Michael, in not too long from now, on February the twenty-seventh of Nineteen Hundred and Sixty, this year, it's going to be both your Mommy's and your brother's birthdays.' And she said to me, 'Now that you're getting to be a big boy, you've got to think about giving them presents.' And we thought and we thought what those presents could be. And while we were thinking I said to Missy, 'Besides from presents, there have to be birthday cards, too.' And Missy said what a good idea, and why didn't I make them—my own cards to you. And I started. I made about ten of them. But none of them were good. And then Missy said, 'Tomorrow, Michael, we will continue to try. . . .'

"But tonight, Mommy, in bed, I thought I'd like to keep trying now, and not to-

morrow . . . And so that's why I got up."

He shook his head.

"I guess I shouldn't have gotten up, should I have?" he asked. "Because now you've seen my surprise. And so it isn't a surprise any more . . . is it?"

Liz put her arms around her son, and she hugged him. "Oh yes it is," she said, "the most wonderful surprise I've ever gotten, Mike . . . for what's going to be the happiest birthday in my whole life. I know."

Some birthdays aren't happy

"Didn't you always have happy birthdays?" the boy cut in. "Like I always have?"

"Oh, when I was small . . . yes . . . I had very happy birthdays," Liz said. "My mommy—Grandma Taylor—she would invite all my friends over to the house, and then we'd play pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey, and other games. And we'd have a cake, and ice cream, and colored candies in those little paper baskets—"

"Just like my birthday," Michael said.

"Yes," said Liz, "just like yours . . . But then the years pass," she went on, "and we grow up, and—"

"And then the birthdays aren't happy anymore?" her son asked.

"They should be," Liz said. "For most people they are—always, every year, very happy."

"But not for you, Mommy, they weren't?"

Doris Day: People don't have to understand your words to know what you sing. The important thing is to feel what the lyrics say, not just to say them.

*Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post*

"No," Liz said, "not always, Mike."

"Why?" he asked.

The question hit Liz strangely. She was used to having her son ask "why" to this and to that—ingenuously, the way seven-year-olds almost invariably ask the question, after almost any statement of fact. She was used, too, to answering the "why's" quickly, not with annoyance, to be sure, but with a let's-see-how-quickly-we-can-get-this-settled attitude. But, somehow, this time, there was something about the way young Michael asked his question that prompted Liz not to rush her answer. But to talk to her son . . . really talk to him.

And so she started.

"When Mommy was just a little over being a little girl," she said, "her life became a very unusual one . . . Do you understand what the word 'unusual' means, Mike?"

"Sort of," he said.

"Well, in my case," Liz said, "it meant that suddenly I was in the movies, an actress, a very special person—in the movies at thirteen and fourteen, an age when most other girls get excited just at the thought of going to the movies."

"And this made you not happy?" the boy asked.

"At first, Mike," Liz said, "it made me very happy. As I said, I was suddenly very special. There were all sorts of people doing all sorts of things for me. I went to a special little school. I had my pick of the nicest, the most special clothes anybody could want. I made lots and lots of

money—not fifty-cents-a-week allowance like you get, Mike . . . but hundreds of dollars, then even thousands."

"Wow," the boy said.

"Yes, wow," said Liz, sighing just a little. "Except that after a while I realized, young as I was, that there was a price I had to pay for all this specialness. I realized it, in fact, on one of my birthdays—on the day I became fifteen years."

"Was that one of the not happy birthdays, Mommy?" Michael asked.

Liz nodded.

Some promises must be broken

"Someday, Mike, when you're older," she said, "you might just find yourself looking through some of your Mommy's scrapbooks. And you might come across some pictures and some articles, from newspapers and magazines, showing your Mommy on her fifteenth birthday. And you'll see the big party her studio gave for her that night, and all the people who were there—oh, so many people, all looking so happy and festive. And you might say to yourself, 'I wonder why my Mommy said that was a not happy birthday. . . .'

"Well," she went on, "I'll tell you why, Mike. You see, at this studio where I worked, there was a lady called Helen. She was what they call a hairdresser—she used to fix my hair whenever I was making a picture. She was a very nice woman, always smiling, always so friendly. And she had a daughter, a girl called Lucille, who was just as nice as her mother—one of the nicest girls I ever knew."

"She was your friend?" Michael asked.

"My very good friend," Liz said, "my only friend really . . . Lots of times Lucille, my friend, would come to the studio and the two of us would find a quiet place and we would talk. We would talk for hours. For hours. About just about anything that came to our minds—about people and pets and parents and books and music and poetry and clothes and boys, sometimes, and oh about lots and lots of things . . . And then one day, just at about this time of the year, we started talking about birthdays and the fact that mine was coming around soon. And I said to her, 'Speaking of birthdays, Lucille, I just found out that I'm going to have a big party at a big hotel, a real special party, given just for me by the studio—and Lucille, I said, 'I want you to come. More than anybody else.'"

Again, Liz sighed.

"What's the matter, Mommy?" Michael asked. "Couldn't Lucille come to your party?"

"She wasn't allowed to come, Mike," Liz said. "There was something—something very important—called a guest list, I found out. It was made up by one of the men at the studio. When I asked this man to put Lucille's name on, with the others—hundreds of other people, most of them people I didn't even know—he said, 'I'm sorry, Elizabeth, my child, but if we include this Lucille, there are other children, children of other studio employees, we'll have to include. And,' he said, 'I might add, children of much more important people than your hairdresser!'

"But I promised Lucille, I started to say. I started to cry. 'I promised,' I said.

"And this man said to me, 'Some promises must be broken, Elizabeth. You'll find that out as you grow older. . . .'

"So that's how Lucille wasn't allowed to come to the party?" Michael asked.

Liz nodded.

"Was she mad, Mommy," the boy asked then, "that you had to break your promise to her?"

"I don't know," Liz said. "I never found out. Because I felt so bad about the whole thing that the next time Lucille came to

the studio I—I avoided her. Turned and walked the other way. Just so I wouldn't have to talk to her. To tell her . . . And, as it turned out, Lucille stopped coming to the studio altogether a little while after that . . . And I never spoke to her, or saw her, again."

"Gee," Michael said. "Gee Mommy, that was not a very happy birthday, was it?"

"I'm afraid it wasn't," Liz said.

Birthdays in bed

Her son took her hand in his.

"But the other ones," he said, "the ones after that—they were happier, weren't they, Mommy?"

"Some were . . . yes," Liz said. "And some— Well, Mike, this Mom of yours can remember two birthdays after that she spent in bed. Sick. Sick with backaches and with doctors standing around and with a table next to her bed loaded with more medicine bottles than little Liza has blocks and dolls or you have soldiers or Chris has trucks and cowboy hats . . . Those were my presents those two birthdays. Medicine bottles."

"Some presents," Michael said, consolingly.

"And then . . . other birthdays," Liz started to go on. She paused suddenly, looking away from her son for a moment, then looking back at him.

"Last year, Mike," she said, "—I don't know if you remember. You probably don't. Not exactly. But that, that was the worst birthday I ever had."

"Why, Mommy?" the boy asked.

"Well," Liz said—the words came slowly now—"lots of things, strange things, almost bad things, were happening to your Mom last year this time. They're too involved to go into now. Honestly, Mike, you're not old enough to understand them yet, even if I did go into them. Someday, when you are older, when you read about them, or hear about them—as you probably will—well, then you'll know what I mean, by these things. But for now, just understand this—that your Mom was the most unhappy woman on this here earth. People, everywhere, were saying things about her, pointing their fingers at her, whispering, whispering, the most terrible things. And because your Mom didn't want to show these people that they were winning their point, that they were in any way bothering her—she acted very blasé about the whole thing . . . Do you know what blasé means, Mike?"

The boy shook his head. "No," he said.

"It means unconcerned," Liz said, "not caring, not being the least bit interested. That's what blasé means."

"Oh," the boy said.

"But," Liz said, "I did care, Mike. I cared so much that I got sick. Not sick with my back again, like the other times I told you about. Not the kind of sickness that sent me to bed. Or that brought doctors running. Or that I had to take medicines for . . . But a sickness of the heart. A sickness that's called sadness. And sadness, Mike, that is the worst, the very worst kind of sickness."

"Sadness," the boy said. "Is that like when you lose something and you cry?"

"Sadness," said Liz, "is like . . . is like when you lose something, Mike, and you don't cry, but you force yourself to go on smiling still."

Difficult words and deep matters

The boy looked at her, and shrugged. "I know, I know," Liz said, "I'm talking difficult words now, aren't I?"

"A little," the boy said.

"Well," Liz said, "no more difficult words. They're all too much for you to understand— And it's too late, too, to go into such deep, deep matters . . . But, Mike, just let me tell this—this one

more thing before we finish talking.

"I said to you before, about birthdays, that this birthday of mine, the one coming up, was going to be the happiest ever. Remember?"

"Yes."

"I just want to tell you why," Liz said.

"It's going to be the happiest birthday, Mike," she said, "because in this year that has passed, between my last birthday and this, I have become happy. More happy than I've ever been."

"Why?"

"One," Liz said, "selfish maybe, maybe the least important reason, but a real reason nonetheless—I've worked very hard this past year as an actress. I've worked in hope of the day when people would stop saying, 'That Elizabeth Taylor is pretty, yes; but what else does she do?'—in the hope that they would pause one day and say, 'She's been in this acting field for fifteen years now and do you know, gosh darn it, she really is an actress!' . . . Well, Mike, this year, finally, they've been saying it. That your Mom is a worthwhile member of her profession—a great profession. That she's more than just a face. A figure. A newspaper-and-magazine personality. They've been calling me an 'actress,' Mike. This has made me happy."

"I'm glad, Mommy," the boy said.

Liz reached over and took him in her arms and hugged him.

"And other things," she said, still holding him, "other things have made me happy."

"Liza, our baby, getting over her bad sickness of last year."

"You and Christopher growing up into such fine young boys, good boys, making me prouder and prouder of you both as each day passes."

"And then—"

She paused again.

"And then," she went on, after a moment, "there's a wonderful man who has made me happy. You call him Uncle Eddie. I call him my husband. He is the man I married last May . . . He's a fine man, Mike. And he's made life fine for me. And I love him very, very much. Just the same way he loves me, and you, and Chris and Liza. And—"

"And," a voice behind her interrupted, "you keep this up and you'll embarrass the heck out of me."

"Uncle Eddie," Michael said, as Liz began to turn around.

"Eddie," Liz whispered.

Eddie looked down at his watch.

"I hate to break this up," he said, "but, you know, I think it's about time for all young men named Michael to be tucked away in bed." He looked at the boy. "Huh—what do you say?" he asked.

"Okay," said Michael.

"And," Eddie said, "for all mothers named Elizabeth to stand by while I pick up Michael—" He scooped up the boy "—and take him to that bed of his . . . Huh, what do you say?"

"Okay," said Liz.

"Night, Mommy," Michael called out to her as Eddie began to carry him away.

And then, as Eddie continued carrying him, she heard her son say. "Did you know, Uncle Eddie, that Mommy's going to have the happiest birthday in her whole life on February the twenty-seventh. Because, you know why? Because—"

And Liz smiled and closed her eyes as his little voice trailed off, farther and farther down the hallway. . . .

END

Liz can be seen now in *SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER*, Columbia; in a guest performance in *SCENT OF MYSTERY*, Mike Todd Jr. Prods.; later, Liz stars in *CLEOPATRA*, 20th-Fox; *TWO FOR THE SEESAW*, U.A.; and Liz and Eddie are both in *BUTTERFIELD 8*, for MGM.

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Wedding Bells for Debbie and Harry?

(Continued from page 20)

emerald necklace which picked up the brilliance of her matching emerald earrings. Her hands looked dazzling, for she wore an emerald ring and bracelet. All of these had been Christmas gifts for which Harry Karl, her escort, had paid \$40,000 only a few days previously. A look of radiance—almost triumph—shone on Debbie's face as Karl, suave and attentive, helped her off with her chinchilla.

A woman who knows Debbie fairly well leaned over and said to another woman at her table. "I'll bet she came tonight because she knew Eddie and Liz would be here. She wants them to see her with Harry. He's a big catch and she wants to show him off. I think that means Debbie's really getting serious."

All Hollywood is wondering: What does Debbie's intensified interest in Harry Karl mean? Could it possibly be a prelude to marriage?

Harry's divorce from Joan Cohn, Harry Cohn's beautiful widow, won't be final until November. Some of Debbie's closest friends believe that if she continues to feel about Harry the way she does right now, there may be wedding bells for Debbie and Harry when his divorce is final.

Who is Harry Karl? And why does he currently seem to be the leading contender for Debbie's hand?

Harry is 47, not handsome but distinguished looking, with horn-rimmed glasses, a serious mien and iron-grey hair around the temples. He dresses elegantly but conservatively, like the millionaire businessman that he is. He's a big money man and heads a large chain of shoe stores along the West Coast.

A friend says, "Harry's the most fabulous catch in town. He knows how to court a girl—and beautiful women who are used to the best will go out with him. He has dated the top glamour women in town, like Zsa Zsa Gabor and Hedy Lamarr."

Harry Karl is not only extremely rich, but extremely generous with his women friends. Only a few months before he began to steady-date Debbie, he took Audrey Meadows to the "SHARE" party which was held at the Moulin Rouge. A full-length mink coat was being auctioned off for charity. The bidding started at \$1,000, but Harry rapidly brought the bidding up to \$15,000. When no one could top his bid, Harry bought the mink for \$15,000, and while the spotlight was on his table, he casually draped it around Audrey's shoulders and said, "It's yours."

Everyone in the room, accustomed though they were to lavish spending, gasped. Audrey was just a casual girlfriend of Harry's.

Mr. Charity

"He's the last of the big spenders," a friend who knows him well says. "Harry's the same type of big sport as Diamond Jim Brady was—only Harry's got a lot more class. Even a movie star as successful as Debbie is bound to be swept off her feet by his big spending."

But it isn't only Harry Karl's wealth and extravagance that impressed Debbie. She is also impressed by his kindness. In Hollywood Harry is also known as 'Mr. Charity.' He gives enormous sums to charities. He gives with his heart, because Harry Karl has heart. This, too, is what has endeared him to Debbie. Harry is deeply aware that if it hadn't been for the kindness of the two people who are the only parents he has ever known, he would have had a life of poverty himself.

When he was a baby his mother, a penniless widow, was forced to place him in an orphanage because she was unable to take care of him. With tears rolling down her face she placed her infant in the arms of the superintendent of a shabby little Home on New York's lower East Side, mumbled a Jewish prayer, and left.

He was not a pretty baby. He was thin and wan and sickly and cried a lot. To this Home one day came Rose and Pinches Karl, a middle-aged couple who had no children of their own but whose hearts yearned for a child. When they saw the sickly little baby who had recently been placed there, Rose Karl picked him up and cuddled him.

As Harry once told a friend, "They could have chosen a dozen other babies who looked a lot better. But they chose a baby who needed love and care, because that's the kind of people they are. I became their son, just as though I had been born to them. They gave me love, and, as my father's shoe business grew, every advantage that money can bring. But the kindness they showed in adopting the sickliest little baby in the orphanage was something I'll never forget. All through his life, my father gave to those who needed help. And this is something I hope I've learned from him."

Steve McQueen: I don't talk mumbly. People listen mumbly.

*Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post*

When Debbie's favorite charity, the Thaliens, whose purpose is to help mentally disturbed children, put on a big campaign to raise money to add a new wing to Mt. Sinai Hospital Debbie discovered that the project would cost a fortune. Even the \$100,000 raised by the Thaliens' Christmas Ball was not enough. She decided to make a personal appeal for contributions to wealthy men about town, in order to reach the needed quota. She recalled that only recently Harry Karl had spent \$110,000 building an entire floor at the City of Hope and dedicated it to his parents.

For years she had known Harry Karl casually. He had always been interested in theatrical personalities, and was a member of the Friars Club, which consists primarily of theatrical men, with a scattering of influential business men.

Debbie knew the many favorable comments in town about 'Mr. Charity.' She knew, also, that he had a weak spot for actresses, and that he had dated many of the most glamorous girls in pictures. She also remembered his heartbreaking marriage to Marie McDonald, and their headlined divorce which had been so humiliating to Karl. She had felt sorry for him when she had read about it, and she realized how he must have suffered when Marie had publicly proclaimed that she was "allergic" to him. Even after that, Debbie remembered, Harry had made up for a while with Marie, had forgiven her and tried to make a go of their marriage.

At this time—shortly after her interlocutory divorce decree—Debbie wasn't particularly interested in dating. She had suffered too much herself to want to go out on dates. But she was convinced that anyone as kind and sentimental as Harry would respond to her appeal for a contribution to the Thaliens.

She phoned him and talked as only Debbie can talk—with sincerity and charm and enthusiasm. Harry said, "You know I won't turn down a good cause. Why don't you have dinner with me tomorrow night and we can talk about it?"

When Harry called for her the next night, he was driving his \$22,000 gunmetal Rolls-Royce convertible. Later she was to learn that this is only one of the three sumptuous cars he uses; the other two being a black Ghia limousine, custom-built for him in Italy at a cost of \$17,000, which is usually chauffeured, and a red convertible Cadillac.

Santa Claus and Prince Charming

Harry took Debbie to dinner at La-Rue's, a swank restaurant on the Sunset Strip. The maitre d', deferential to Harry, immediately ushered him to the best table. Everyone bowed and scraped for Harry. People waved to him. Debbie, used to being the big wheel when she went out on a date, was surprised to find so many people kowtowing to a man who is not a "name" in pictures.

Over the dinner table she began to tell him of the work the Thaliens were doing for mentally disturbed children.

Harry's mind flashed back to his own childhood, and the thought came to him that perhaps if it hadn't been for the wonderful couple who had adopted him, he might have not only grown up in poverty but with warped emotions.

And he couldn't refuse this pretty movie star opposite him. He promised her a huge donation.

At that moment, Harry, to Debbie, seemed like Santa Claus and Prince Charming rolled into one. She must have realized that her personal charm had influenced him as much as the need of children for his help—and this, too, was balm for her bruised ego. Since her break-up, she had often wondered if she was lacking in that magic quality women like Liz have for men. In Harry's eyes she read the truth she wanted to discover—that she herself has the capability of being fascinating to men.

After dinner, Harry suggested going to an amusing night club, the Largo. At the Largo they were joined by another couple, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Hal Hayes.

When he took her home, Harry didn't attempt, as so many men might have, to make love to Debbie. Only his eyes told her how desirable he thought her. Before her marriage, Debbie had been a good girl, almost puritanical, in fact. And underneath the more seductive exterior Debbie began to acquire, she is still a girl who keeps most men at a distance. She would resent a man who expected lovemaking in return for a kindness shown to her favorite charity. Harry showed no such crudeness.

Next day, one messenger after another arrived at Debbie's home bringing her long boxes of flowers. They were all from Harry Karl. He called that night. They arranged another date.

Even though they began to see each other frequently now, Debbie wasn't dating Harry exclusively. She was also seeing Bob Neal, the rich young coffee heir.

Harry decided to make himself indispensable to Debbie, to impress her more than any other man could. There wasn't a thing he wouldn't and didn't do for her. He deluged her with expensive gifts. When she was working in *The Rat Race* at Paramount, he sent her an \$1800 electric golf cart so she could spin gaily around the big studio lot.

One day he went to Abe Lipsey, a well-known Beverly Hills furrier who makes up the finest furs for many of the movie stars. Abe is Elizabeth Taylor's favorite

furrier, so Harry went to see him and told him he wanted to knock Debbie's eyes out with something lavish.

"A stole?" suggested Abe Lipsey.

"No, something more unusual and original," said Harry. "Something impish and different for a girl who's different."

Together they figured out something that would surely amuse and impress Debbie—dozens of red roses, each stem wrapped in lustrous, dark mink.

Chuckling to himself at the thought of the surprise in store for Debbie, Harry ordered the lavish gift. Debbie was delighted and showed her mink-trimmed roses to everyone at Paramount.

When Debbie went to Palm Springs for a rest, Harry followed. He has a beautiful modern home in Palm Springs, as well as his \$200,000 estate in Beverly Hills. During her week in Palm Springs, Debbie had to go to Las Vegas to appear at a benefit which Shirley MacLaine had arranged for the hurricane victims of Japan. Debbie didn't want to disappoint Shirley, but she realized she had to be there that very night. She told Harry her problem, and he chartered a plane and pilot, and flew to Vegas with her. After Debbie's performance, Harry tried to charter another plane for Debbie, but couldn't get one. So instead, he rented a limousine and chauffeur and drove back with her.

She has begun to lean on him and his generosity. But earlier in their friendship his generosity had boomeranged.

Debbie had to face the fact that Harry was in love with her, and that he was hoping to win her love.

She didn't want to lose her heart again; she was all wrapped up in her accelerated career, in her new freedom. She felt she could not return Harry's love. One night she told him that they must not see each other so much. She began to date Bob Neal more frequently—feeling sure that happy-go-lucky Bob, whom she'd known for years, would not become as serious as Harry Karl. She took a trip to New York and went night-clubbing with Walter Troutman, a millionaire realtor.

Harry was terribly lonely. He missed the gay, happy companionship of Debbie. Before he'd become so deeply interested in Debbie, he had courted Joan Cohn, the beautiful widow of Harry Cohn, the late head of Columbia Pictures. In her way, Joan is as big a catch as Harry. Beautiful, chic, she'd been left millions by Harry Cohn's death—but she was lonely and suspicious. She was afraid that when a man showed interest in her, he was really interested in her money. But when Harry started to shower attention on her, she was not apprehensive. She knew that he had millions of his own in the business which he headed after his father's death, and that through his business alertness, Harry made this chain of shoe stores even more successful.

Joan and Harry became engaged; then their engagement was mysteriously broken. To this day, no one knows why. But Joan's friends think that the day he discovered Debbie was the day he lost interest in Joan.

When Debbie told Harry that she could never become seriously interested in him, he went back to Joan. Joan Cohn had not found anyone she seriously cared for. In a moment of mutual loneliness Joan and Harry decided to marry.

Ten days later—they faced the heart-breaking fact that they were not in love and never had been—that Harry had married her on the rebound.

He made up his mind to face the ridicule of the world if he had to, in order to break up the marriage that was meaningless. When he tried to date Debbie, she told him, "I won't date a married man."

shave lady?
don't do it!



Cream hair away the beautiful way...

with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet—you'll never have a trace of nasty razor stubble! *Always* to neaten underarms, *everytime* to smooth legs to new smoother beauty, and *next time* for that faint downy fuzz on the face, why not consider Neet? Goes down deep where no razor can reach to cream hair away the *beautiful* way.

Neet

It was only when Joan Cohn went to the divorce court—and was given \$100,000 by Harry Karl for their ten-day marriage that Harry and Debbie started seeing each other again.

When Harry Karl pursues a woman, she really knows she's pursued. Since his interlocutory divorce from Joan, Harry has been even more attentive to Debbie.

A friend of Harry's, seeing how overboard he's gone for Debbie, asked him, "Harry, you've gone with the most beautiful women out here. What do you see in Debbie?" Harry replied, "She's the most wonderful girl I've ever known. I've never had so much fun with anyone."

One of Debbie's closest friends told me, "I don't think Debbie is in love with Harry, but she may not be looking only for love now. She once married for love—and got badly hurt. She figures now, 'In every marriage one person is more deeply in love than the other. I loved Eddie more than he loved me. Mightn't it work out better if I married a man who was more in love than I?' She respects Harry, and that may be enough."

There are still remnants of the puritanical girl in Debbie's personality. The gifts she has accepted from Harry are hardly tokens. Could a girl of Debbie's makeup accept such gifts—chinchilla, minks and \$40,000 emeralds—from a man she has no intention of marrying?

Some in Hollywood feel that the difference in their ages is a great barrier.

"Actually, Harry is 47 years old—although he may look older," says a friend. "That's 'not too great a disparity for Debbie, who's about 30 now. (And Debbie does not feel that this is necessarily a handicap to a happy marriage. Eddie was about her own age, and that didn't work out. Debbie feels that perhaps a more mellow man—one whose mind and heart

have been deepened by suffering—may be better for her than some good-looking, conceited young actor.

"In spite of the fact that Harry's a grandpa—his daughter by his first marriage has a baby son—Harry is young in spirit," this friend went on.

"And he supplies a vital need in Debbie's life—the feeling that she has a man around who is mature enough to advise her when she needs advice. I know the kind of girl Debbie is, and the kind of mother she is. She would never give her children a stepfather whom she felt would be too young to take the responsibility seriously."

Another friend of Debbie's thinks that Debbie may find Harry's three marriages and divorces a distinct handicap. "One marriage failure, Debbie feels, might be the woman's fault," explained this friend. But it is hard for Debbie to believe that if a man has failed at marriage three times, each time it was the woman's fault. Harry was married the first time when he was in his twenties, to a non-professional. They have a daughter, Judy, who is now married.

"Although Debbie is very sympathetic, she doesn't want to be a two-time loser in the marriage game. And she knows very well that the chances of a happy marriage are less with a man who has had three divorces. She's got that thought in her little noggin, too."

Between now and the day Harry gets his final decree of divorce, Debbie will have to face these problems and think about them.

Debbie has seven months in which to make up her mind.

END

Debbie can be seen now in *THE GAZEBO*, MGM; soon in *THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY* and *THE RAT RACE*, both Paramount. 61

Elvis' Grown-up Way with Girls

(Continued from page 45)

and adores costume jewelry and red shoes. Hazel-eyed LaVerne Novak is auburn-haired, dreams someday of becoming a movie actress.

All three girls have bright, sunshiny personalities. They hail from Cleveland, Ohio, and confess they began singing during 'babysitting' nights.

Here are their individual reports on their unexpected meeting with Elvis. Isn't it interesting how each of them noticed different things?

TONI CISTONE: After we toured Ireland and England, we went to Germany where we sang at a hotel called the Von Steuben in Weisbaden. About forty-five minutes out of Weisbaden is Bad Nauheim where Elvis is stationed, and we never ever expected to meet him.

But through a friend of ours, Cliff Cleague, who knew Elvis' traveling companion, Lamar Fisk, we got to meet Elvis on a Friday night.

We drove out and stopped at a sign that said *11 Goethe Street—Autographs between 7:30 and 8:30 p.m.*

It was dark, and the house was dark because the windows were boarded up for Elvis' safety. There were hundreds of fans waiting outside, and Lamar pushed through the crowd to make room for us to go through the gate. The house was dark inside, too. There was only one lamp on, and I couldn't help thinking, "What a nice and soft romantic atmosphere."

We sat on a low couch and waited for Elvis.

We were all nervous. I could hear the other girls breathing, and I didn't know what to do with my hands so I fidgeted with my skirt.

All of a sudden Elvis barged in and he came right up to us, shook our hands and repeated our names back to us as we introduced ourselves.

That was a great thrill in itself, hearing Elvis say each of our names.

Then for a couple of minutes I was dumbfounded. I didn't know what to say or think. I remember I kept wishing I had my best dress on. Finally I pinched myself to snap out of my daze, and I found myself staring into Elvis' eyes. They're very blue, bluer than they look in pictures. They're like pools of clear blue lake water on a sunny summer day. I could look into them forever.

I was a little surprised by Elvis' haircut. It was a crewcut and it wasn't long. It was an in-between haircut I'd never seen in pictures before. Of course, I've always loved his sideburns and I hope he goes back to them when he gets out of the Army. He wore a sexy pink shirt and dark frontier pants.

Then, after our introduction, he did the most wonderful thing. He went over to his rack of single records and pulled out a 45 record, and he said, "I've got one of your songs here!"

And all three of us swooned.

We told him how we went to see him at the Cleveland Arena Auditorium and how we lost our purses in the mob. We talked about showbusiness, our marvelous trip through Europe, and he listened very attentively.

He was so easy to talk to that I told the other girls later, "Gee, El is a wonderful everyday kind of fellow." He didn't scare us off the way some stars can.

He walked out of the room for a moment then and came back with his big guitar and flashed a dreamy smile. When he smiled that dark living room lit up. Elvis has a

big smile (it's a little crooked, goes way up the right side of his face) and it's so real, so beautiful, that you can't help but shiver when you first see it.

Elvis strummed his guitar and asked us to sing our hits—*I'll Keep Trying* and *I'll Be Seeing You*. Then he imitated a couple of old-style singers and sang *Good Golly Miss Molly*.

We clapped to the beat, and while I was listening to him I realized Elvis had lost a lot of weight. I've often thought back to how Elvis looked, and I believe Elvis is better-looking now than before, if that's possible. His face looks leaner, and you can see that wonderful bone structure very clearly.

We talked after we sang, and then we had to return to the club for our show. El came out to our blue Ford convertible and he said he'd join us at the Roman Gardens later if he could. The Roman Gardens is a pizza place.

But if he didn't get away, he made us promise to come back to a pizza party on Sunday.

He didn't come to the Roman Gardens that night—so we couldn't wait 'til Sunday.

PATTI McCABE: On Sunday we went to mass at a lovely old church, the Church of St. Augustine. Then we lunched at our hotel, and Mark Wildey, the tall, young, handsome blond manager of the Von Steuben, drove us out to Elvis'. The day was perfect with a bright sun and blue skies. When we arrived at 11 Goethe Street, there were thousands of fans crowding around the house.

Well, we went into Elvis' house by the backdoor because of the big mob out front. The house was a dark grey stucco, and there was a nice lawn around it. I remember there were fruit trees in the backyard: apple and plum and pear. And there were wasps and bumblebees, too, because a bumblebee almost stung me, and I couldn't help chuckling because Elvis has a song called *I Got Stung!*

That day El struck me as being different. He wasn't as shy; he seemed more relaxed; he talked more.

He was wearing an open-necked blue sport shirt, a grey Perry Como Sweater and navy blue pants, and he had a black pearl ring on his little finger. We talked about what hit records were popular in the U.S., and he told us he constantly reads movie magazines to keep up with everything.

Some GI's came from Elvis' camp then, and the jam session started. Al, the soldier who played piano for a while, told me how Elvis was the end. He made me promise not to tell, but he did tell me a couple of stories of how Elvis went out of his way to cover up for a couple of guys in his outfit who were eightballs.

In the middle of the jam session I went into the kitchen for a glass of water, and his grandmother was there.

She's a riot.

She's tall, almost six feet, nearly as tall as Elvis, and she's got a sense of humor that's a dilly. She started telling me what a big pain all the immunization shots were. When Elvis asked her to come over, she had to get lots of overseas shots. "They nearly killed me," she screamed, "and if they have to give them to me again when I go back to the States I'll stow away or something. Anything to avoid that needle!"

She said she cooks for Elvis, and that he won't eat just anybody else's food. He flips for juicy steaks and apple pies.

She also told me Elvis' dad was in the

U. S. for a few weeks and that El missed him very much.

LAVERNE NOVAK: You know a guitar is what usually symbolizes Elvis Presley, and he does have a beautiful bass guitar made of black wood.

But we were all very surprised halfway through the afternoon to see Elvis put down his guitar and go to the piano. And do you know something? He's just as good a piano player, if not better, as a guitar player. He played dozens and dozens of songs and sang along with himself which is pretty hard.

Do you know what he sang? He sang mostly spirituals. I was so impressed. He's such a wonderful emotional singer that I just couldn't stop crying when he sang. His voice is so rich and full, and if you listen to him sing *I Understand* and *I Believe*, *The Lord's Prayer* and *I'll Never Walk Alone*—well, you just get goosebumps from all the feeling he gives them.

After all those hours (four or five) of singing, we were all a little hungry, so El sent out for the pizzas, and I don't know how many he ordered but I've never seen so many pizzas in my life.

All kinds of pizzas—tomato and cheese, sausage, pepperoni, mushroom. Everybody ate and ate. Elvis himself had four or five huge pieces. He's got a wonderful appetite,

IN THE MAY ISSUE

Louella tells the facts about

MARILYN MONROE'S
marriage

The romance of
KIM NOVAK
and

RICHARD QUINE

LOOK FOR DORIS DAY
ON THE COVER

and he eats as though he's enjoying every single bite.

I don't think I can ever forget the way Elvis' face glows when he smiles at a girl. He kept smiling at us and I kept wondering if I was in a dream. It was too unbelievable to be true, seeing and being with Elvis for all this time.

Something else that made a very deep impression with me: Elvis' gentlemanliness.

He never forgets his manners, ever, even with his fans. He went out to sign autographs, and we stood with him, and he was just as nice to the last person who asked as he was to the first.

Finally we had to get back to the hotel and we started to say good-bye and he leaned over and kissed Toni and Patti and myself, and said, "Gee, I hope I have a chance to see you all again real soon!"

There were lumps the size of apples in our throats.

We just couldn't talk. We left, happy tears in our eyes, unable to speak, choked up with admiration and emotion over our singing idol.

Of course, being in showbusiness it was an extra-special thrill for us to meet Elvis because we were able to share our singing with him, and I don't think I'll ever forget our week-end with Elvis as long as I'm alive.

END

Stephen Boyd

(Continued from page 29)

Boyd. He has a different name but often the same wonderful dream, asleep or awake. And he believes it as firmly as he believes in leprechauns. That is one big reason why Irish Steve Boyd is the hottest new he-man star in Hollywood.

Since his ruthless Messala lost the chariot race but captured the sympathy and sex-appeal of *Ben-Hur*, Steve has had to turn down eleven juicy offers that could make him rich—if he were a football squad instead of just one man. Steve missed starring with Marilyn Monroe in *Let's Make Love* by a flick of her false eyelash—but he's up for *Marc Antony* with Liz Taylor's *Cleopatra*. After that they're talking Valentino's sexy part in *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* for Steve. Critics are already running out of five-dollar adjectives describing Steve's virile authority, and even tough-minded Willie Wyler, *Ben-Hur*'s director, calls him a young Clark Gable. Wherever Steve goes, girls break out in goose pimples.

Some reasons why are obvious. Steve Boyd is a gorgeous broth of a boy with a wavy, red-glinted mop of hair, Celtic blue eyes and a rocky, deep-dimpled chin. He's loaded with genuine Irish wit and charm, and there's nothing wrong with his six-foot-plus, 180-pound hunk of muscle, either. But there the standard Hollywood hero portrait stops, and Steve's dream takes over. All he really cares about is acting.

For himself, handsome Steve Boyd has absolutely no admiration. "I'm not very fond of myself," he'll tell you, "but I'm all wrapped up in the people I play." Fame leaves him cold. He doesn't care about being a star. He can skip fun, too, and even money. "I'll work for nothing," he's offered, "if I like the part. But I'll go out of my mind if I don't."

Nothing besides his job

Steve has even less interest in sports, social life, politics, business or much of anything besides his job. If people ask him about them he has a stock answer: "I don't know. I'm an actor." Not long ago an interviewer dreamed up a fancy quote: "If I have one cause in life," he had Steve say grandly, "it is to fight for the freedom of Ireland!"

When that hit his home town, Belfast people who knew him laughed out loud, along with Steve Boyd. For one thing, they're all loyal subjects of the Queen. Corrected Steve, "The only cause I've had to fight for all my life is my own freedom. That's a battle that keeps on and on."

When fans mobbed Steve for his autograph recently in New York he was equally amazed. "Why should anybody want anything from me?" he puzzled. "What have I got to do with that guy in *Ben-Hur*?" To him Steve Boyd and Messala were two entirely different people.

A character like that can be hard to figure in a town where the first person, singular, is almost holy writ. Steve Boyd is hard to figure. You have to start all over again with each part he plays.

As long as two years ago, when Steve first came to Hollywood to play a 'bad guy' in *The Bravados*, the impact was baffling to all concerned. In fact, when Steve showed up at Twentieth Century-Fox to draw his wardrobe, Mickey Sherard, in charge, took one look at him and exploded, "My God—they've gone out of their minds!" Steve's Savile Row clothes and London accent seemed about as right for a western heavy as David Niven's. Furthermore, Steve cheerfully admitted

he didn't know how to strap on his guns, shoot them or straddle a horse. But he learned—and he was perfect in the picture. As for Steve's experiences—he took a walk from his hotel the first night and got stopped by the cops. "It's not safe to walk in Beverly Hills," they told him cryptically, escorting him back. When he got his hotel bill, each day nicked him for more than his dad earned in Ireland for a week's labor. The apartment he fled to promptly stuck him for six months' rent, even though almost all that time he was in Mexico and Rome! "I found it all pretty confusing," says Steve.

He could say the same thing today, because the truth is that Stephen Boyd doesn't fit the Hollywood pattern, or any pattern for that matter. He doesn't because with him reality always takes second place. Acting comes first and it always has. But it hasn't made things easy for Steve.

This kind of schizophrenia is nothing new to Steve Boyd. He's been dreaming as much as waking and, in one way or another, acting as often as living, ever since he was born on the Fourth of July, 1928, in Glen Gormley, outside of Belfast.

His mother, Martha Boyd, who traced back to the Bally Castle Boyds, was the youngest of thirteen children, and William Millar, as Steve was christened, was her last baby. "The last child of a last child," says Steve, "and they're always queer ones." Besides, Martha had "a poison in her stomach" most of the months she carried Billy and even the doctor didn't expect much of value to be delivered. "I'm inclined to think he was right," grins Steve today.

Billy was no prize

Stacked against his husky brothers, it's true, Billy was no prize. They took after their dad, James Millar, a mountain of a man who drove a truck for a living, who could down a mug of beer at a gulp and who, even today, Steve proudly claims, "can wipe up the floor with me any time he feels like it." The brothers, from James, twenty years older, to Alex next above, were buckos so famous for their brawn and red tempers that one was called "Blow" at school, because he blew his top and clobbered anyone who crossed him.

Billy wasn't like that. He was solid and strong enough, a "Billy Bunter" kid, as they said around Belfast. He could run like the wind, rough it up in soccer and hockey, but fighting, which was glorious sport for his brothers, made him feel cheap. But once, when an American boy named Eugene challenged him on the school grounds Billy fought desperately, "and I beat the tar out of him," says Steve. "But I was sorry afterward. The master bent us both over and whacked our bottoms with a paddle." Billy never hit anyone after that. Sometimes Billy Millar couldn't understand himself, but he didn't try too hard. He was too busy being something else.

He was a steamship, usually the *Queen Mary*, blowing foghorn blasts through his fingers and sailing up and down the sidewalk. He was a racing automobile, ripping down the hills in a skateboard, once clear under the wheels of a passing car. The driver only jumped angrily out at the bump, yelling "You little so-and-so!" and chased him up the street. He roamed the woods outside of town and up on the Cave Hill, alone—being whatever came to his imagination—Robin Hood, Brian Boru, a deer, fox, or even a tree. Later, when he grew up enough, he'd set out on solitary hikes through the Mourne Mountains, singing Irish ballads . . . "where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea . . ." and staying at youth hostels. "I was a dreamer," admits Steve. "And the things I liked best I liked to do alone."



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SANITARY BRIEF

Keeps you cool and calm 'cause they fit to a fare-thee-well—feel like nothing at all. All-Acetate tricot, waterproof panel. White or Pink; \$1.85.

■ The distinguished-appearing man behind the wide mahogany desk looked at the signed contract with satisfaction. Then as his eyes surveyed the signer sitting opposite, his face grew troubled.

"You have three weeks before your first costume fitting," Y. Frank Freeman, the head of Paramount, said firmly to Bob Hope. "The clothes of that period were form-fitting, remember, so you better spend all your time on that golf course!"

"That's the nicest order I ever got," Hope said happily, and departed for the links. But two weeks later, he hadn't taken off an ounce, and studio officials were in despair.

The suits for the movie were to be made by Sy Devore, noted Hollywood stylist. The fittings for Bob Hope were cancelled several times, until Mr. Devore pointed out that time was getting short.

"We know it," the studio said sadly, "but the suits are to be size 32 and Mr. Hope's only down to 36. How's he to try them on?"

"Leave it to me," said Mr. Devore, "but send him in for a fitting."

Accordingly, Bob Hope arrived at Devore's—but he couldn't quite get into the suit. "I don't understand it," he commented blandly. "I've been losing weight steadily for three weeks."

"Oh, I can see that," Sy Devore told him, "but you'll need to take off just a *little* more. This is Monday; come in Thursday for the next fitting."

For three weeks thereafter Bob Hope still couldn't *quite* get into the suit. Sy Devore would say encouragingly, "You just need to take off a *little* bit more, Mr. Hope."

It was a great day when the suit fitted superbly. Bob Hope said delightedly, "That shows what golf will do for you!"

But, it was only when the picture was finished that Sy Devore revealed the secret.

"I never saw anybody need so many fittings for a suit," Bob remarked one day. "Why, you could have made four suits in the time it took you to fit that one!"

"I did," said Sy Devore with a chuckle. "That first suit was a 35; *you* were a 36. The next week when you'd lost a bit, I'd made a 34—and so on, until you finally got down to a 32."

Bob Hope's last words? "Now I know what they mean by 'Clothes make the man.'"

The picture was *Beau James*, in which Bob Hope portrayed the late svelte Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York. Today Bob's golf score is still in the low 80's—and his waistline is back in the high 30's!

PAR FOR THE COURSE



That was hard to manage the way the Millars lived in Glen Gormley. They rented a tiny house, smaller than the modest apartment Steve has in Hollywood today, for \$1.10 a week. All eleven crowded inside, and a succession of cats who inevitably met sad ends. The main support for this brood was James Millar's salary of \$18 a week. Sometimes Martha worked and each Millar kid, girl or boy, found a job as they grew up to help. Billy pulled potatoes on farms nearby. Once he tried a job in a garage, until a towed tractor he was steering tipped over on the slippery road to Belfast and almost killed him.

Ireland was poor and the Millars were poor Irish. The world-wide depression in Steve's boyhood didn't help, and then came the war to make things desperate. Food was scarce and the Nazis plastered the port of Belfast regularly, leaving incendiaries and delayed action bombs that blew up without warning and killed plenty of kids Billy knew. Some families moved out into the hills but the Millars stayed where they were, thinking themselves lucky compared to Jack, Billy's brother, who joined the Navy and stuck out the war on Malta, the heaviest bombed spot of all. Despite all this and his poverty, Steve Boyd calls himself lucky to have had the boyhood he had.

Nobody's impressed

He likes to go back home today. "In fact," says Steve, "I need to. It gets my feet back on the ground." When he does his mother tells him, "Now, there'll be none of that Stephen Boyd business around here, boy. You're still Billy." Sometimes she calls him "Poison," from the recollection of his birth. And his dad who, after thirty-two years, drives the same trucks for the same company and makes about the same pay, teases him roughly. "How's the head, Billy—swelling up? I'll get a bucket of water!" His brothers are all men who work with their hands. He has twenty-two nephews and nieces. Nobody's impressed.

Stephen Boyd prizes this and even envies them. "My father and mother," he believes, "are both remarkable people. At an early age they made and kept their happiness. If I could ever achieve what they have," he muses wistfully, "I'd be content."

Back then contentment didn't mix with Billy Millar's dreams any more than it does today. But he's grateful that some virtues and values of respectable poverty rubbed off and clung to him. "Life was a struggle," as he puts it. "But a cheerful struggle. We never had a shilling ahead but I don't remember any feeling of fear or insecurity. There was always life and excitement in our house, always love, always humor and always pride."

At school Billy Millar had a nickname, "Smiler." "I was a serious kid," he explains, "but happy serious." From the minute he trotted off to classes, at the age of four, he liked everything about school. But he was always speaking his mind. He'd argue until they shut him up. "I was sure hard to convince," says Steve.

At the Scottish Presbyterian church he even argued with the Reverend Nicholson about his sermons. "It amazed me," states Steve, "that a man could read a text from the Bible and then have the nerve to tell others what it meant. Why, it means something different to everyone who reads it!" He'd tell the good man this and they'd have word battles after church, to the preacher's delight. But later, when Billy Millar briefly thought he'd like to study theology and be a minister himself, Reverend Nicholson shook his head.

"I know your mind, Billy," he counseled. "And you won't do for organized religion. You'd never accept it."

By then Billy Millar was already a veteran in a profession where it didn't hurt a bit to have ideas of your own. But it did hurt to have your voice change. At fourteen, Billy was a has-been kid actor.

It had all begun when he was eight with a little school play in Glen Gormley, something about Scotland Yard, as Steve remembers. He played a policeman and he can still rattle off his opening lines, "Look—Maggie and Jim are comin' down the street. She's grumblin' like me grandmother's parrot—and he's gone all red in the face!" A scout from the British Broadcasting company was combing the schools for a kiddie talent and he snapped Billy right up for the Children's Hour program. A kid who was always being something else anyway found this a pushover. For most of the next six years Billy was either rehearsing or happily being everybody but himself over radio. This was good—but bad, too.

Into the family pot

The good part was the expressive outlet for imaginative Billy Millar—and maybe even more than that—the money. For a skit he collected the equivalent of \$16, a decent week's wages for any grown working man in Ireland. For a play he got \$25, more than his own dad earned. All of it went into the family pot, which could use it.

But it was bad being cut off from his age group at a time when Billy Millar, particularly, needed them. "Sometimes," glooms Steve Boyd today, "I still have the feeling I'm a bit of an adolescent."

He never had a chance to knock around and get the growing kinks out of his system. There wasn't time to do what the other guys did—play on soccer teams, dance, join a gang, mess around. All that time Billy never had a date. With all the chicks flipping around Stephen Boyd now it's hard to believe, but in those days he couldn't get to first base with the colleens. By North-of-Ireland standards, they figured him a kind of 'kook.'

Steve still winces remembering one who gave him a specially hard time. Audrey was a dainty blonde doll he worshiped hopelessly. His big brother, Alex, took her out whenever he wanted to. But when Billy tried she just swished her skirts and snapped, "No!"

"Lord knows I was persistent," grins Steve. "I kept asking her for six straight years and I got the same answer every time." Finally she told him, "Billy, you're just too odd a one for me."

While Steve was still on BBC, but fading, he entered Hughes Academy in Belfast, a business school. His aim was a white-collar job in an office. University was out of the question for the likes of the Millar kids. Billy always knew that—there wasn't the money. But he didn't want to steer a truck, or swing a pick. He hit typing and shorthand hard and got pretty sharp.

He'd been there about a year when Martha Millar met him one day as he rolled in on his bike. "Let's take a little walk, Son," she said. And then she told him, "Things are bad with so many married and gone. We can't keep it up with you in school and all." Billy knew what she meant: That he had to start bringing in steady money. That's what an Irish family's son like Billy Millar had to do when it came time. He was fourteen.

So, Billy got himself a job in a Belfast insurance office, "assistant in charge of motors," he called himself dramatically. Actually, he was office boy. He got a better one soon at McCalla's Travel Agency, earning \$20 a week. For a fifteen-year-old in Belfast that was fabulous. His family and friends began thinking maybe Billy was going to amount to something in business after all. Billy told himself that was

his one ambition. Now, Steve Boyd knows he just wanted to please his folks. Because, nights he joined up with an acting group called the University Players. After seven months at McCalla's he faced his boss one day and announced that he was quitting. The boss almost fell out of his chair.

"What for?"

"I want to be an actor," said Billy.

"Humph!" snorted the man, "Now listen, Lad—a rolling stone, y'know, gathers no moss."

Maybe Billy had heard his snappy comeback somewhere. Anyway he said, "Sure, and who wants moss?" He applied to a professional acting company named the Ulster Group Theater, took an exam and got a job. Five dollars a week. He stayed there three years. At the end he was making \$10.

"I'll bet on the Irish"

But Billy swallowed his pride and stuck it. He's never been sorry. He learned the tricks of his trade with the Ulster Group. Steve Boyd thinks there are few better places to learn them. He has great respect for America's 'Method' actors like Brando and Newman. "But when it comes to tricks, acting or any other kind," smiles Steve, "I'll bet on the Irish!"

He learned more than tricks, of course. Starting on the ground floor, literally, sweeping out the house, Billy shifted scenery, hammered sets, stage managed, worked up from bits to character parts and then leads. Finally, he was playing eight shows a week, forty-eight weeks a year—Noel Coward, Bernard Shaw, Terence Rattigan, Sean O'Casey, J. M. Synge and all the modern playwrights. By the time he was twenty, Billy Millar figured he was a professional and he longed for the Big League—London.

Billy got there first in 1950 for the Festival of Britain. The Ulster Group sent over three plays for that, and Billy got a free ride as an understudy. He tried to stick around when the party was over to find a job. All he got was, "What've you done in England?" Since the answer was "Nothing," they yawned, "Come back when you have."

Instead, Billy went back to Ireland, broke and in the doghouse. The Ulster Group figured he'd deserted them, and the head director kicked him out, "To teach you a lesson."

"He did," says Steve grimly. "The lesson was that if you want to get anywhere you'd better not depend on anyone but yourself." That fall he borrowed five pounds (about \$15) from a Belfast pal and boarded a boat back to Liverpool, lugging a cheap guitar that was kicking around the house. The battered box occupies a place of honor by Steve's fireplace today. In London it practically saved his life.

He got there after hitching the long stretch from Liverpool. But he didn't know a soul and his stake was all of ten shillings. He found a job at Lyon's Corner House, a chain cafeteria on Piccadilly Circus, pouring coffee and carting out dirty dishes for four pounds a week, and a room for thirty shillings. The job was okay, although he worked twelve hours a day, but the room was pretty grim. It was actually a tiny hall, four by nine feet, "and you had to edge in sideways or you'd step right into the bed," recalls Steve. "There wasn't a window, but there was a door out to the garden. The other roomers had to go through my place to get out." That was bearable as long as he just slept there nights.

But after he'd saved up ten pounds, Billy quit his bus-boy job to make the agent's rounds, with plenty of no luck. He was about broke again, when that fog rolled in.

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Undernourished anyway, Billy was a set-up for pneumonia-flu. He was desperately sick for a whole month. In the midst of this his landlady demanded her rent and when he couldn't come up with it, ordered him out. Next day was the deadline.

"It's funny what you can do," reflects Steve Boyd, "when you have to." What he did was to somehow drag himself and his guitar down to Leicester Square that night. In front of the Empire Theater long lines of ticket buyers queued up. Billy Millar started 'busking.'

Whanging his guitar, he croaked out the folk songs he knew from childhood, *Star of the County Down*, *Just a Poor Wayfarin' Stranger* and such. People tossed him pennies and sometimes a shilling. That was Stephen Boyd's first London performance, and for him it was a big success. "Not because of my music," admits Steve, "but because I looked like I'd drop dead if they didn't tip me. I probably would have, too."

But a nice little racket like 'busking' was not overlooked in crowded London. There were pro 'buskers;' they even had a union. Pretty soon a goon squad chased wobbly Billy Millar off the Square. By then he had enough for his first meal in a week, and a pound to stall off the landlady. He bolted the meal—veal schnitzel and beer—bought a small bottle of brandy and a packet of aspirin. Back in his room he downed those and crawled in between the sheets. Twenty hours later he woke up in a sea of sweat. But he'd had that wonderful dream. He felt just great.

From that low point the only way Billy could go was up. Not very far up, at first. But the doorman's job he snagged next at the Odeon Theatre, with its gorgeous uniform, triggered the break he was hunt-

ing. Billy was so impressive in the glittering rig that, when they staged the British Academy Awards at the Leicester Square Cinema across the way, someone grabbed him to usher in the winners. Billy took stars up to emcee Michael Redgrave, all that evening. At the end Redgrave, a star himself in London, politely inquired just what the hell Billy was doing in that field marshal's uniform parking cars and opening doors?

"You're an actor, aren't you?"

"How did you know?"

"I can tell," said Mike, "by the way you handle yourself. Why aren't you acting?" So Billy told him his sad story: Nobody would give him a job. After a chat, Redgrave said maybe he could fix that. He gave Billy a note to the director of the Windsor Repertory Group, and Billy took a train up the next day. Luckily, they were just casting a play and needed a boy for—all things—*Little Women*. He hired Billy for the part of Laurie, and, says Steve, "Was I ever lousy!" But they kept him on and, after a few plays, his second good luck angel zeroed in.

This one was Derek Marr, a London agent. Before, whenever Billy Millar had busted into London agents' offices they'd practically called the bobbies to boot him out. Of course, Marr hadn't come to Windsor to see Billy. He had a client who starred in the show. But, like a lot of other people since, he saw something in the handsome young Ulsterman that Billy couldn't see in himself. The day Marr took on Billy as a client things began to change. "In fact," says Steve, "everything good that happened to me up to *Ben-Hur* I owe to him."

Derek switched Billy's name to Stephen Boyd, for one thing. He lent him money to operate. He took him to West End tai-

lors and taught him how to dress, tamed his wild Irish mop at the barber's. He calmed him down, took his dreamy head out of the clouds and planted his feet on the ground. Best of all, he forced out Stephen Boyd's thunderclap personality. "It was the turning point for me," Steve believes. "Until then I kept myself inside myself. I wouldn't let anything out to hit people with, on stage or off." In no time he was hitting them hard.

At both the Guildford Repertory and Midland Group in Coventry, where Marr steered Steve, he played leads and collected rave notices. When he came back to London he took on TV and soon could pick and choose his scripts. "So I picked and I chose," grins Steve, "and I starved." Not like he had that time before, of course; what Steve means is that he was stubborn about doing the right ones, and you don't get rich saying "No." "I didn't care," he says. "I developed almost a religious feeling about what I did. I guess you'd have called me a long-haired actor. Maybe I was. But it was the happiest time of my life." And in the end, it paid off.

Steve took on a job in a TV play called *Barnett's Folly*, which no other London actor would touch with a ten foot pole. He played an idiotic weakling. Well, it just won him a nomination for an English Emmy, and a contract with Sir Alexander Korda for movies. In fact, it pointed Stephen Boyd toward Hollywood, although he certainly didn't know that then.

Because, after a couple of break-in movies for Korda, Steve played an Irish spy in a war thriller, *The Man Who Never Was*, and that put him up for a British Oscar, only three years after he'd ushered other winners in his doorman's rig. Then Korda died and Twentieth Century-Fox

JIM ARNESS ESCAPES FROM ANZIO



■ Long before a young giant named Jim Arness ever dreamed of being a hero on a television screen, he was trying to find himself after a rugged stretch as a member of the Third Infantry Division—the one that assaulted the Anzio beachhead. He was wounded in that assault and now he lay in an Army hospital in North Africa and did a great deal of thinking. He wanted to forget all the terrors he had known. He wanted to settle down somewhere to a nice, pleasant career far removed from violence.

With his discharge, he returned to his native Minneapolis planning to enter the University of Minnesota. He had no definite career plans as yet—just something as unlike the fires and horror of war as possible.

Then while he was waiting for the new semester to begin, he happened to get a job at a local radio station, WLOL. He liked it so well that he continued, even after classes at the University had started. This might be just the career for him—no bloodshed, no fire, no violence.

It was a small station, and Jim did a little bit of everything. He did the commercials, read spot announcements, was disc jockey, weather reporter and all-around handyman.

But on his first day as a full-fledged newscaster, the fellows at WLOL decided that he was due for a bit of hazing. The news was read as it came off the teletype, in strips many feet long. On this occasion, the boys set fire to the other end of it!

"Here I was," Jim recalls ruefully, "trying to make good on my first big chance. I had to read the top footage of the teletype in an authoritative, well-modulated voice, while the bottom footage was roaring up in flames! Anzio was never like this!"

inherited Steve's contract. But it took them two years to get him to Hollywood.

Most of that time, Steve Boyd played loan out jobs in England and around Europe. And in that time, there were more changes made. With a decent income, he moved into a Kensington flat, built up a smart wardrobe, even bought himself a second-hand Vauxhall to run around in. He got away from London for some trips to Italy and the South of France. A picture in Paris helped his education along. So did women.

He made a picture called *Seven Thunders* with French actress Anna Gaylor and lightning struck them both. Anna, who still acts in Paris, is in Steve's words, "beautiful, fascinating and a true artist." The liaison lasted for 18 months and Steve still hasn't forgotten Anna. In fact, he still writes her now and then. Like all romantic involvements since, it ended without hard feelings. "It always comes to the point where either you do or you don't" explains Steve simply. "Anna and I reached that point and we made the right decision. But she was very, very good for me."

Steve signed for *The Night That Heaven Fell* before he'd laid eyes on Brigitte Bardot. When he did, he got an excellent view. Roger Vadim, Bardot's first husband, took Steve to Brigitte's Paris apartment to meet her. She met them wearing only a smile. "I know," announced BB in her cutest English, "that I'm going to enjoy working weeth you varee mooch." All Steve could stammer was, "My name's Stephen Boyd." But Brigitte was right; she thoroughly enjoyed working with Steve—and it was very much vice versa.

Steve and Brigitte

They shot most of the film in Spain, and Steve says frankly, "She's a great companion. Around Brigitte you feel more alive than you normally do. She has the most animal in her of any woman I've ever known. As a person, I'm still a fan. She's a remarkable girl," he confesses.

Brigitte was so remarkable that, after five months as her leading man, Steve had to take a vacation in Wales to recuperate. He was finally summoned by Fox to Hollywood, in January, '58.

Once he started making movies, Steve had always itched to come to America, but the closest he'd got was the West Indies with *Island in the Sun*. "I had a special reason," reveals Steve, "and it wasn't money. I thought American writers turned out the kind of things that were right for me. Americans and Irish have a close affinity. They're both gutsy."

If Steve longed for the gutsy bit in Hollywood, he got it, pronto. To prepare him for that western badman the studio sent Steve out to Fat Jones' riding stable.

Steve's rear was just getting used to riding Western style down in Mexico, when Derek Marr cabled him about *Ben Hur*. He barely had time to collect his things in Hollywood before he was back in Europe. He reported to Rome in April, 1958, this time to learn how to drive horses instead of ride them—four big, black ones from Yugoslavia. Several times they bolted away, once crashing Steve through a high fence. That was just a sample of things to come. Making *Ben Hur* was "a fabulous experience" for Steve Boyd. In fact, plenty of times he felt as did General Lew Wallace, who wrote the epic, "My God, did I set all this in motion?"

Each morning Steve had to sweat out having his dyed hair curled. All day he had to bear the cutting pain of contact lenses to tint his blue eyes brown. He could see only straight ahead through a tiny peephole, so he was always bumping into things and had to be led around the huge Cinecitta studio sets. The armor he wore was heavy steel. Under the sizzling

Italian sun it got so hot that wardrobe boys had to wear gloves to remove it, so you can imagine how Steve fried underneath. What was left of Steve's skin got peeled when they plastered him with blood-and-muck makeup for his death scenes. It took three men three hours each time to strip off the rubber adhesive and red goo. Today his skin still bleeds whenever he gets run down. As for the risky chariot spills—Steve figures he's alive today only because Yakima Canutt, Hollywood's stunt wizard, taught him tricks to stay in one piece.

But while Steve Boyd kept his life those six months in Italy, he lost his heart almost the day *Ben Hur* started. Mariella di Sarzana was Rome representative for MCA, the big talent agency. MCA handles Steve, so Mariella had instruction from Hollywood to "take good care of Stephen Boyd." She did.

Steve often worked from six o'clock in the morning until nine at night. But afterwards and on weekends he viewed the beauty and grandeur of Rome through the eyes of romance. Mariella, in Steve's words, is "a beautiful, sophisticated, intelligent woman. She speaks eight languages, has great taste, sense of values and understanding of artists. She's full of entertainment and charm." He concludes, "Ours was a wonderful courtship of two people in love."

From May until August they visited the Colosseum in the moonlight, prowled the museums and ruins, the Vatican, St. John's Lateran and such. On weekends they drove in Steve's little MG down to Anzio and Naples or up to Florence. With Mariella Steve saw sights tourists never see because Rome was her home. Special views from hilltops, hidden cafes, quiet gardens and fountains off the beaten path. And sometimes just quiet dinners alone together at Steve's apartment in the Terrecaracaldi section or at Mariella's in the Parioli. One blue sky day in Sperlonga, a beautiful seaside village, Steve asked Mariella to marry him and got the right answer—or so they both deeply believed then. When he had five days off, they flew to London and were married. Steve's British citizenship made arrangements faster there.

Back in Rome, Steve and Mariella lived together exactly one month to the day. When *Ben Hur* ended, he flew off to London alone. Every night for two weeks they talked long distance trying to find out what had gone wrong. They never did. Then Steve flew to Hollywood to make *Woman Obsessed* with Susan Hayward. Last February Mariella travelled there, too—to get a divorce.

Stephen Boyd still struggles to explain to himself what happened. "I really don't know for sure," he admits. "I suppose I wasn't ready for marriage. Maybe I was still too much of an adolescent. There are so many things to think about before you take that step and I didn't think them through. I wish to hell it had worked."

Steve Boyd carries no torch. But after his experience he thinks another marriage is a long way off for him, even though he'll be a free man this March. "I'll get married again," he promises himself. "I think I need marriage. But I've got to come to terms with myself and my work first." Meanwhile, he's playing the field, if you can call it that.

The only framed photograph Steve keeps in his apartment is one of a fascinating blonde named Valerie Till. Steve helped her father, Antony, come over from England and establish himself in Hollywood in the auto business. Recently, Valerie got a job as a model. She's five years old.

In Hollywood, Steve Boyd leads the life of a typical bachelor, but not a typical

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Hollywood bachelor. His pad is a comfortable old, pink-tinted duplex in the unfashionable part of town. Since *Ben-Hur* a secretary comes in some days to handle his ballooning fan mail, but that's about his only luxury. The small Falcon he owns is the first new car he's driven and he still wears the tailored suits he bought in London. He drinks only beer, skips parties and night clubs and squanders \$25 a week that his business manager doles out.

Partly, this is because in some years, 87 per cent of Steve's four-figure paycheck vanishes with double taxes—to Britain and Uncle Sam, too. Partly, it's because he likes to send money home. Besides, there's still a lot of Scot in Steve Boyd and he can't forget his poor Belfast beginnings. He has bought his mother and father a house in Belfast.

But mainly, the reason Steve operates

quietly despite the furor of his big hit, is that that's the way he likes it. "I'm often alone," he'll confess, "but I'm never lonely." Steve still has his dream to keep him company.

Most nights Steve Boyd settles down to work on that at home. He shuts off the phone, turns on the hi-fi for background music, gets out his tape recorder and stack of scripts. Any part will do. He's still working on *Messala*, for instance, although *Ben-Hur* has been playing for months. For that matter, he's still polishing up his drunk in *The Best of Everything*, the spy in *The Man Who Never Was*—and back beyond.

Sometimes he forgets the clock and it's daylight before the well runs dry. Then Steve blanks out on his king-size bed and it might be midnight again before his belly feels like an empty mail sack and

wakes him up. He goes out, wolfs a big steak and feels fine. If some people think him crazy, that's okay with Steve. He thinks they're nuts when they call him "another Gable".

Because Stephen Boyd knows, only too well, that he's nobody but himself. Yet sometimes he's not sure who that is, either. "All I'm really certain about," he says, somewhat pensively, "is that it's getting to be a very complicated world."

That it is for Stephen Boyd, since *Ben-Hur*. And the plot seems due to thicken, day by day. But, thick or thin, five will get you ten that Mrs. Millar's boy, who still believes in leprechauns, keeps the luck of the Irish, enough of their tricks—and, above all, his right to dream. **END**

Stephen is currently co-starring in *BEN-HUR*, MGM.

"I'm Like 13 and It's Like Awful!"

(Continued from page 47)

symphony of instruments—so many of them—surrounding her.

"Wowie—fifteen violins," she counted.

And golly, what an afternoon it had been. A real princess from Europe who was visiting Hollywood had come to the studio to hear Dodie sing, and they'd taken a picture of the two girls together.

For young Dodie, sometimes—like now, it was all just too much. Her new 20th Century-Fox contract. The big television shows. Personal appearances like in Australia. And now this album for Dot Records. No rock 'n' roll either. Just beautiful standards—all love songs—like this one she was doing now.

"Ready, Dodie, darlin'?" Louis Prima said.

Her voice, a lot like Judy Garland's, flooded the big room, the last note dying slowly in a catchy sob.

"That's it, Dodie, baby!" Louis said. And she could tell he was real happy with the way it turned out.

She stepped out of the sound-box, a little girl in red plaid cotton capris and tan leather moccasins, lugging an enormous white bag. A cute young colt of a girl, all legs and expressive eyes and heavy shoulder-length brown hair.

She looked at the clock, and Dodie's brown eyes clouded and the happy feeling died—just as always when a session ended. It was six o'clock, and everybody else was so happy because Dodie had done such a great job and they'd finished on time.

But six o'clock for this little thirteen-year-old Cinderella meant the magic was over, and she would be taking the freeway back to Temple City . . . and homework. At six, Dodie Stevens, star, turned into Geri Pasquale, Temple City school girl.

Tomorrow, another record session in Hollywood! Then tomorrow night, back to Temple City—and more homework. It was so discouraging sometimes.

Dodie at home

In a few minutes Dodie Stevens would leave the studio, along with her youthful parents, her Italian father, Cesare Pasquale, a house painter, and her pretty dark-eyed Yugoslavian mother, Mary Pasquale, housewife. They'd get into the family Ford and turn south on Sunset, away from the bright lights and the motion picture and television studios. Away from the fifteen violins and the visiting princesses. Away from—well—people like Fabian and Frankie Avalon.

They'd drive across Los Angeles and 68 twenty miles further on the San Bernar-

dino Freeway, and turn into the driveway of a modest stucco home. And in no time Dodie would be spending the rest of Saturday night at the mahogany dining table doing double homework.

"Golly," thought Dodie, "why did it all have to finally happen now, when I'm like thirteen?"

"Thirteen is awful—it's so . . . in-between," Dodie explains when you're talking a few days later in her Temple City living room.

"I wish I wouldn't have gotten my real break now," she goes on. "I just wish I would have waited until I was, oh—like sixteen or seventeen. It would have been so much more fun. I'd be getting out of school and everything would be so much simpler for me," she sighs.

"There's no other girl in the business who's just thirteen," Dodie goes on with a grimace. "Like Annette Funicello is seventeen and Sandra Dee is seventeen—and I mean I could go on and on. You have more of a chance then—because you can do date lay-outs, see . . . and everything."

"I was supposed to have two date lay-outs with Fabian," Dodie says sadly. "But I couldn't because when you're like thirteen-and-sixteen, well they just didn't think it would work out very well, you know. If I could be sixteen now, see—it would be so much better."

And being sixteen would, see, solve so many problems in her personal life too. "Mom and Dad won't let me date until I'm like sixteen," Dodie says. "They think when you're sixteen—that's just right. They think you know everything then, I mean, well, practically everything. But three more years isn't going to make any difference. Because I think a lot of kids know just as much when they're thirteen as they'll know when they're sixteen."

"Practically all the freshmen at Temple City High date—except the weird ones," Dodie goes on. "I'm asked a lot, and at first when boys asked me to go out I used to make an excuse. Like I'd say, 'I'm going over to my aunt's or something. Then I thought, 'Well I can't always be going over to my aunt's.' So now I just tell them, 'My parents are old-fashioned and they don't think I'm old enough to date.'"

And what do the boys say to this?

"They say, 'But that isn't fair.' And I say, 'I know—but what are you going to do about it?' And then they say, 'Oh well, we'll call you back in three years.'"

That's what they're going to do about it. Everybody. Call Dodie back in like

three years. But there's nothing much that you can do about life when you're thirteen. You can just do homework and dream and die waiting—until you're like sixteen—when you can do all the really important things.

Not that Dodie isn't thrilled about today's success and all. And though she's just thirteen now, "It sure took a long time," she sighs.

"Don't call me, we'll call you"

Show-business may think of Dodie Stevens as an over-night discovery, but as she says, "I don't remember my first audition. Golly, that was a long time ago. I just remember their exact words, 'Don't call me—we'll call you.' That's all I remember—it was coming out of my ears all the time."

She was able to sing just about as soon as she could talk, as the neighbors on the other side of the thin walls of the Pasquales' two-room apartment in Chicago, where Geri and her older sister, Elaine, were born, could undoubtedly affirm.

Since the Pasquales moved to Southern California when Dodie was two years old, she considers herself "practically a native Californian."

Her father worked as a house painter, but he started giving Geri voice lessons at \$5 a lesson when she was five years old, so happy to be able to give his little girl the training that, for all his own love for singing, Cesare Pasquale could never afford back in Italy. He always managed his work to be able to drive her to her lessons, or get her to an audition at CBS or NBC or wherever they were holding them.

When she was six years old Geri was singing *I Believe* on USO camp shows. When she was "just turning seven," she sang on Art Linkletter's *Houseparty*. "When I was eight—no, eight and a half—I was one of the kids who sang Italian folk songs on the CBS-TV spectacular, *A Bell For Adano*."

Ten-year-old Geri sang *Come Back To Sorrento* in Italian, like she was born there. She memorized Italian, French and Yiddish and she projected so much feeling into the words her father says, "When Geri sang the songs people would think she knew what the words meant—but believe me, she didn't know a thing about them. She would sing for a dinner for the City of Hope and people would walk from the table with tears in their eyes." Once Eddie Cantor heard a tape of Geri singing a Yiddish song and asked later, "Did you say your name is Pasquale?"

The pay-off began "about two-and-a-half years ago when I was on Larry Finley's local TV show," Dodie recalls. The president of Crystalette Records saw

the show and was very impressed with her. "But that was when the rage was just Elvis and all the boy-singers."

"When the time was right and some good material came along, Mr. Burns said he'd give us a call. So when *Pink Shoelaces* came to his office, he called us. I didn't like it. I thought it was a silly song," she says frankly. But Geri really performed it, and she became Dodie Stevens, recording star, almost over-night. "I didn't like the name they gave me either. I like Geri better, and I used to go by Geri Pace, which means 'peace' in Italian—but they didn't like Geri at all. They thought Dodie Stevens would catch the attention more, you know."

Pink Shoelaces sold over a million records, and it's still selling. Now under contract to Dot Records, she'd recorded her album of standards, *Dodie Sings*. After her first movie, *Hound Dog Man*, 20th-Fox signed her to a contract for two pictures or more a year, at up to \$1000 a week.

Fame comes to Dodie

It's all very thrilling, even though she feels her thirteen years do handicap her. When Dodie went to the preview of her first movie "when they came on with '20th Century-Fox Presents' and all the fanfare, the tears started rolling down my face. And when they started reeling off the names and came to me—well, I really cried." And to walk down the street in Melbourne, Australia and find they knew her way over there! "When I'd go shopping people would turn and look at me and I'd hear them say, 'There's Dodie Stevens'—just like they would if Lana Turner walked down Hollywood Boulevard. I was so amazed."

"But it sure took a long time," Dodie repeats. And since it was going to take like eight years, why couldn't she have hit when she could really feel part of this new exciting life, when she could be working at it and enjoying it full-time?

"Like when Fabian went on tour for the studio for ten days and they wanted me to go—I would have enjoyed that trip. But because of school I couldn't go. I mean if I'm going to have to turn down all these things. . . ." Dodie says. Then if she does miss any school at all, she has to do double homework to make up for it.

Today at thirteen little Dodie feels she's pretty much of a misfit in either life, the new or the old. She's torn between two worlds that keep overlapping. "Sometimes when I'm singing, I'll be thinking about a math exam," she says. "And when I'm doing my homework I'll be thinking of the lyrics to a song."

She feels a little like a stranger in her own hometown now. She can't seem to belong to the gang any more, and her schoolmates don't accept Dodie as they did Geraldine Pasquale. Between them is envy and jealousy and a world they don't know and can't share with her.

"I don't have any best friends any more," Dodie says sadly. "There's one girl I used to be real good friends with, but after I got back from the Australian tour with Jimmie Rodgers, she just changed completely. I mean she really ignored me. At school we used to always lunch together, and we'd make a point to meet before and after school, just to be together, you know. But after this she wouldn't lunch with me, she wouldn't talk to me or say 'Hi' when I'd walk down the halls, and she started saying things to the other kids about me."

"It hurt at first," adds Dodie, "It hurt a lot. As it might hurt any sensitive warm-hearted thirteen-year-old who wants to be liked by the crowd."

"The boys treat me pretty good," Dodie goes on. "Of course there's always a few who make wisecracks and every-

thing. Like sometimes when I'm walking down the hall to class one of the seniors will say, 'Oh there she goes,' or something, but I just smile, you know, and walk on."

Dodie can't really participate in school activities because of her part-time career. "I can't run for office in the Student Cabinet or anything," she says, "because I would have a big responsibility and I wouldn't always be able to be there at meetings. It wouldn't be fair to the kids or to those running against me who could be there, you know."

"I can't try out for Junior Varsity, because they're the cheer-leaders and I can just hear me screaming at a football game and then—no voice. Of course I couldn't anyway, and I couldn't be a Song Girl and help lead the singing either, because I wouldn't be able to be at practically any of the games. I love football, but the games are always on Friday and I'm usually working on weekends."

And if she makes a personal appearance or jets to New York for a fast television show it's doubly hard, because the teachers really descend with the homework.

"It's so rough because some of the teachers don't really understand what's happening to me, you know," she says. "They give you a deadline and that's it. Like one of my teachers just gave me a week to do two weeks and four days of work—and it was in history too."

"History's my hardest subject," Dodie goes on. "I can't remember things—and it's terrible. Like if I read a paragraph in a history book about the boundaries of Switzerland and the natural resources there, well I read it and it's gone. Because I don't think I'll ever be able to use it when I get older, you know. I mean, what am I going to do? Give a speech about *Switzerland*?"

To Dodie it just seems teachers don't communicate with her on the importance of music—or realize how much her music means to her.

The shock of death

The one person who could have helped so much to synchronize the confusing worlds of young Dodie Stevens now, died a few months ago. Mrs. Helen Bishop, Dodie's singing teacher since she was seven, whose training and whose faith in her were so important to her success, died suddenly of a heart attack at the age of forty-seven.

"She had just become legally my personal manager," Dodie says slowly. "We'd just gotten back from a world disc jockey convention in Miami, Florida. All the big stars were there, and we'd had a grand time." Her teacher had been proud of the way Dodie performed among the many pros, and Dodie had been so happy.

"Then just two days after we got home . . . all of a sudden—she—" Dodie breaks off, her voice almost a whisper. On the plane back from Miami her teacher had mentioned having a pain in her chest for the past two weeks. "She said she was going to go to the doctor when we got back, but she said it wasn't anything serious, you know."

Two days later while Dodie's mom and dad and their lawyer and Mrs. Bishop were all in conference in her agents' office, the pain became suddenly acute—and in a matter of minutes she was gone. All the way back to Temple City, her parents kept worrying how to break the news to Dodie. She and her sister, Elaine, had gone over to a friend's house after school and were staying there until their father came for them.

"Dad came to pick us up, you know—after—and we got in the car," Dodie says softly. "He said, 'I have something to tell you. It's something that happens,

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you know, and we don't know when it's going to happen.' He talked just as if something had died."

Dodie thought of her toy German Shepherd dog. "All I could think of was that something had happened to Frisky. I knew it wasn't Mom, because Dad wouldn't have been taking it that easy. And my sister was with me.

"Frisky's dead!" she cried.

"No, Geri," her father said sadly.

"Well, I know it isn't Mom," Dodie went on—wide-eyed—waiting—fearing—

"It's Mrs. Bishop."

Dodie sat there in the car in a state of shock. Disbelieving. "But I just talked to her on the phone today," she said. "I just talked to her." How could Mrs. Bishop be dead . . . when she'd just talked to her . . . ?

Then within a matter of hours, for young Dodie the sad experience of learning the show must go on—some way—

"Mrs. Bishop has always said that some day she wanted to go to New York before she died. She'd never been there. And then the next day after—I got a call saying I was supposed to go to New York for a TV show." Dodie did that one in a dream.

For Dodie, first shock, then tears—then the terrible feeling of loss. The wonder what to do. Where to turn. "I didn't know what to do, because I used to go to her

house for a lesson . . . and she wasn't there any more. I didn't want to go anywhere. I wasn't practicing or anything, and my voice got in pretty bad shape for a while. I'd try to forget about—about . . . but I'd keep thinking, 'What am I going to do?'"

But finally the music goes on too, as young Dodie discovered. Her voice coach now is Jerry Dolan, her arranger, who also conducts the orchestra for her record sessions. Dodie takes lessons from him remote . . . via a tape recorder. "Jerry tapes the vocal exercises and instructions and everything, and when I come home from school I play the tapes on my recorder and practice here."

The house she lives in

Hers is a normal warm family home life in suburban Temple City, far removed from any celebrity-atmosphere. The modest stucco home has traditional furnishings. The dining room also serves as Dodie's trophy room—with a few gold cups and plaques on the shelves for a starter. There's a big shady backyard with fruit trees and a barbecue table and benches. And there's a patch of lawn where Dodie, who *must* have a tan, takes sun baths "when I can't go to the beach."

Dodie's own immediate world is the pink-and-white bedroom she shares with her sister, Elaine. She's proud of their

new pale grey bedroom suite and the bed with the ruffled white organdy canopy and the white organdy bedspread over pink. "But Elaine doesn't sleep here with me," Dodie volunteers. "She sleeps in the living room because she says I snore."

Theirs is a normal sisterly relationship too, undiluted by Dodie's fame. "Elaine's thirteen months and five days older than I am," Dodie informs. Being even that near the same age might be all right—well in a way, she agrees doubtfully. "But I just wish we were almost the same size," Dodie says. "Elaine wears my socks and she takes an eight-and-a-half and I take a size five. They're angora—and she really stretches them out. It isn't as bad if I wear hers because I don't stretch them."

Elaine, on the other hand, has a fairly steady and legitimate complaint about the state of the one closet they share. "I guess Elaine's more neat and all," admits Dodie. "I'm neat and everything, but maybe I'll hang one of my blouses on the rack with hers and she really gets mad. She keeps the closet, I keep the dresser and the bed."

"Who keeps the dresser?" Elaine says, entering then.

"Well—I keep the bed—" Dodie amends.

"So what is that to keep clean?"

Dodie's hobby is collecting shoes and she has "eleven pairs of heels and seven pairs of flats. Whenever I go traveling I get different shoes, like those red ones I brought from Australia. I like high heels mostly, and I like the New York shoes. They're different from California shoes—they're a little pointier and the very latest, you know."

Dodie's mad for the color pink and for talking on the telephone, and she and Elaine have their own prized pink phone in their bedroom with their own private number, which was the only way their father could get any business calls through. "Our phone bill was like \$62 the first month for the two phones," Dodie tells you. "Like I'd call Mrs. Bishop's daughters in Hollywood and I'd talk for an hour and that's a toll call, but it doesn't seem like it though."

She sets her own hair, a little to her despair now. "I used to have a certain way to set my hair and it would go into a perfect page-boy. I set it exactly the same way now—and it doesn't come out like that, and I just don't know why."

Make-up for a 13-year-old

On the other hand, Dodie is comparatively indifferent about make-up. "Except I line my eyes and my eye-brows, but sometimes I don't even wear lipstick. Mom sort of gets on me for that, because she says I look too pale without it. But it's such an effort to put lipstick on, and I like light oranges and pinks and toward the end of the day they change to a real dark pink or red. Then I have to wash it off and rub real hard—and put it on again, and well—it's all such a mess."

She's living for the day "when I can have my own car—when I'm fifteen-and-a-half. I want a pink or gold 1957 T-bird—I love those little darlings and I can't wait until I get mine! I don't like the new ones. I like the '57's because they're so tiny and sort of long and they have such a good body to them, you know."

And she just loves records, naturally. "I love all the records today, but I don't like to sing them," she says. "I just like to sing the standards, and if they want to put a triple-beat to them I wouldn't mind singing that." But when it comes to buying records, Dodie buys "the ones that when I hear them on the radio I have to turn them up real loud and dance to them. I love to dance," she says.

Dancing, of course, like just about any interesting social activity, is sort of con-

Behind the scenes at TEEN TOWN

"It all started this way," says George Christy, the mayor of ABC radio network's *Teen Town* program. "One day when I was talking with Connie Francis she mentioned that she was dying to hear about Edd 'Kookie' Byrnes. I had interviewed him for a story in MODERN SCREEN, and I had gotten to know Edd pretty well. So I told Connie all about Edd, what a great guy he was and how easy he was to get along with. And when I told her he had given me a preview of some of the brand new 'Kookie' words he was planning to use this season, Connie just flipped. I promised her the next time he came to town I'd introduce her to Edd.

"Then a couple of weeks later Fabian asked me about Annette (this was before Fabe met her in Hollywood), and I told him what a doll she was. Again I said, 'Gee, I wish you could meet her . . . !'

"All of this sparked off my thinking, and I wondered if it wouldn't be a great idea for all the teens to meet their idols, to hear them talk about their lives personally: the things they do, what they believe in, dating problems they've ironed out."

George brought his idea to Glenn Mann who produced *The Frankie Avalon Show*, and the two of them got to work and set up a stake at the ABC radio network.

Every night, Monday through Friday, George interviews a teen favorite (already he's interviewed Fabe on how to be popular, Carol Lynley on her beauty secrets, Annette on how she buys a dress, Bobby Darin on how to get out of the boredom ruts, plus dozens of other stars). Besides the interviews, George gives tips on dating, careers, appearance, fads. It's a fun show, and, of course, there's music—hits, as well as the new records Mayor George is stamping with *Teen Town's We-Dig-This* seal of approval.

Recently, the editor of MODERN SCREEN, David Myers, was interviewed by George on the pros and cons of a Hollywood career for the teens. David's verdict: Go to it—but don't be a phony.

George has asked David to return to the show for another talk about Hollywood. Meanwhile George is asking for suggestions and comments from all the citizens, his *Teen Town* listeners, on what they want their favorite stars to talk about.

lined for a 13-year-old who isn't allowed to date. "There's nothing much to do in Temple City anyway," she says. "There's a miniature golf course but it's nothing, because none of the kids hang around there."

There is, however, a pretty keen school hang-out in nearby San Gabriel, but Dodie's limited there too. "It's called 'The Yankee Doodle' and I like it but, well—you have to go there with a guy who has a car."

Any romancing Dodie does now has to be generally confined to operating by remote—via the pink telephone. But she has her views on the matter, subject to change.

Like making out—

"I think to make out is a real mess," Dodie says with a grimace. "The other kids think I'm gone, you know, just real gone to feel this way. But I think it's just awfully stupid really, because like if you're thirteen or fourteen and you're makin' out, well it's like you're really putting on an act—like something you saw in the movies or something."

"Everybody says, 'But Geri, you don't know what you've missed until you've made out.' But I just don't think that's any fun. I'd rather go to a drive-in and see a movie and then go have a Coke and hamburger, you know, and just goof off and talk."

And Dodie isn't—well—entirely inexperienced—

Dodie's sort-of boyfriend

"Mike kissed me good night once—and he knows how I feel," she says, dropping a name that she can expand on for any given length of time.

Who's Mike? Some platonic boy friend?

"That's right," Dodie agrees. Then thoughtfully, "What's platonic mean?" And when told, "Well—" she hesitates.

"Mike's my boyfriend—in a way. He's a real good friend of Mrs. Bishop's daughters, Adria, who's sixteen, and Jane, who's thirteen. I met him at their home in Hollywood. He used to work at a gas station, but he quit. He goes to St. John's, he's sixteen, and he's sort of moody, you know, like me."

"He has blue eyes and he has short hair—a flat-top—and he has a real good physique," Dodie goes on. "He calls me about every night, and whenever I go over to the Bishops' Mike comes over there, because that's the only time we can see each other. But we just talk. Mike knows how I feel about—well—you know."

He did kiss Dodie goodnight once, when her sister, Elaine, egged him into doing it. "We have a standing joke that all the time we're saying good night to each other, we shake hands like everybody else would kiss."

"Don't shake her hand, go on and kiss her, Mike," Elaine urged.

"I don't want my face slapped," he said.

"So Mike looked at me and I looked at him and we both smiled—and he kissed me," says Dodie. "And then I said, 'I fooled you, didn't I?'"

Even at thirteen that's a woman's prerogative.

"I like him a lot—but I just don't like that . . . you know," Dodie goes on. "When I was seven or eight a little boy kissed me at a party and wowee—I thought it was great. Golly, it should be just the opposite, that I should like it now. I'm a weird one, I guess."

And like why is Dodie so moody about men?

"When I'm around boys I'm terrible," she says. "Especially when I'm around Mike. I don't know why, but just because I like him I guess, I'll go in another room and I'll ignore him—like I can't stand him. But I'm not that way around anybody

else." Why does she act like she doesn't like Mike when Mike's the only one she does like?

"Maybe I'll be more sensible when I'm like sixteen," Dodie sighs. Maybe she'll have more answers then. "Or maybe when I'm fifteen," Dodie says, hopefully trying to advance the magic hour. "I think Mom and Dad might let me ride home in a car with a boy then, just as long as it isn't a date," she says, watching her dad out of the corner of one eye.

"If Mike came over here—he was going to come to a ball game once—I don't think Dad would have minded that," Dodie goes on hopefully. "He would have just picked me up, we would have gone to the game, then gone to the dance afterward . . . and then he would have brought me home."

"I call that a date, Geri," her father observes.

"But it isn't, Daddy, because it wasn't just going to be me going," Dodie goes on carefully, losing ground but still trying. "Mike was going to bring two other guys, one for my sister and one for another girl. We were just going and coming home, you know. There wasn't going to be anything wrong with that—"

"Oh . . . a group thing?" her dad says—doubtfully.

Between two worlds

During these in-between years when she's torn between two worlds and two lives and her own hopes and fears, little Dodie is feeling more and more at home on the Hollywood end of the freeways.

She spends as much time as she can in the home of her late teacher, who was such an important part of this new exciting life. She's more comfortable around Helen Bishop's teenage daughters, who live in the family home with their father, than she is with the kids at Temple City High.

"They know a lot of kids and they're all so friendly. They go to Fairfax High, you know, and they're the sweetest bunch of kids. They wouldn't do anything to hurt you," Dodie says earnestly. They're closer to Dodie's life today too—to motion pictures and records and TV. They don't make her feel apart from them.

With her new 20th-Fox contract, Dodie's really pulling for the Pasquales to move over on the Hollywood side, and they're considering moving to the San Fernando Valley, which would be so much closer to her work.

"And see—if we moved to the valley then I'd be able to go to school on the studio lot!" Dodie says, her eyes lighting up. "Wouldn't that be wonderful!" Say—just Dodie and Fabian, when he was in town, going to the studio school.

And what about Tuesday Weld?

"Yeah," Dodie says, her face falling to her shoes. She'd forgotten Tuesday. What chance could you have when you were thirteen?

Any day now Dodie Stevens will be fourteen—which, when you come right down to it, isn't much better.

"Oh fourteen's worse—golly, fourteen's awful," she says.

And so for Dodie at thirteen the future means—like sixteen. Like eternity. **END**

Dodie can be seen in HOUND-DOG MAN, for 20th-Fox.

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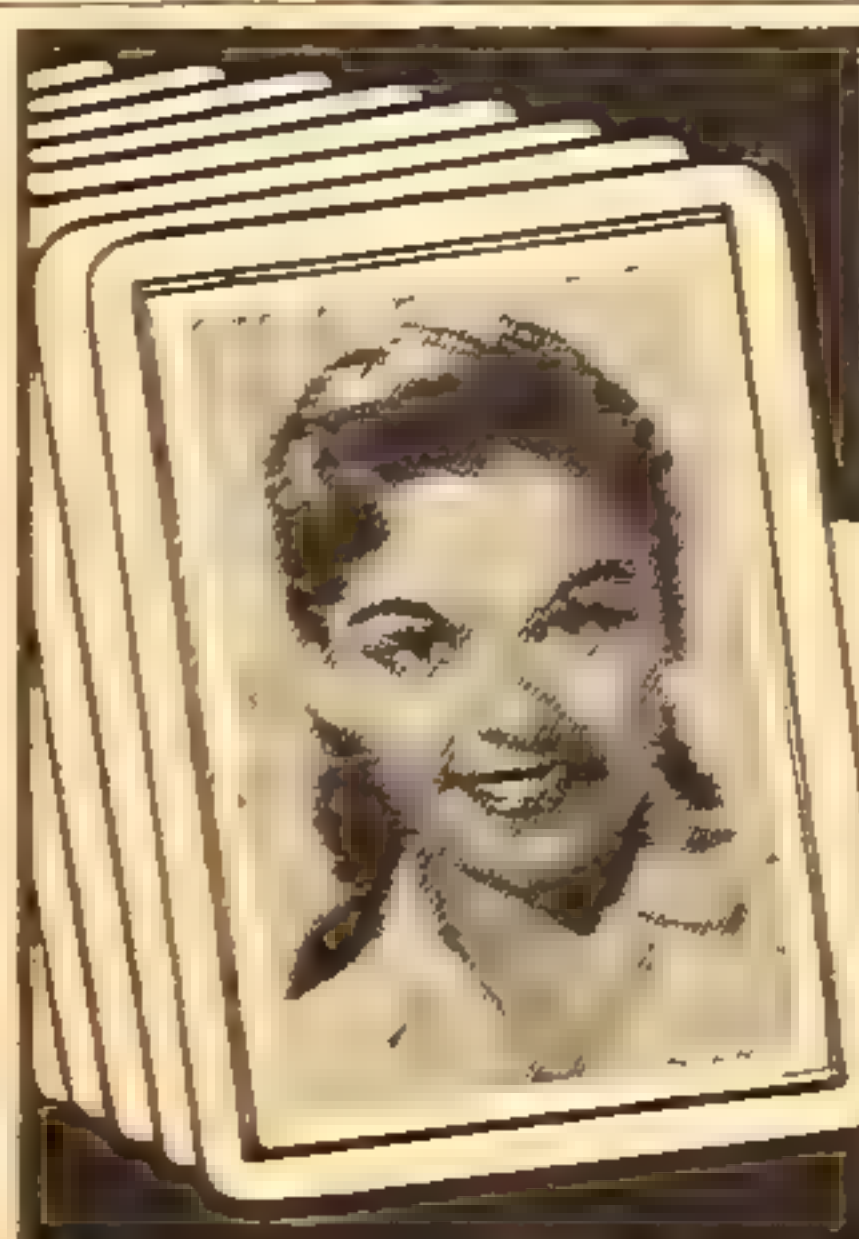
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Peace Comes at Last to a Tortured Soul

(Continued from page 40)

with her stage manager who asked her, "Maggie, did you ever put any money aside?" She said, "Oh yes, but it's not from show business. I put some money in I.B.M. eighteen years ago and it's four million now."

Certainly her problem wasn't talent. She had been a star, a real star for over thirty years.

And we know that she was loved by her husband and her three children.

Still and all, we know that the problem that was on her mind the week before she died was love. She was heard to say time after time, "I cannot make them like me . . . I've never been able to make them like me."

To understand that, we should start at the beginning:

Margaret Garland Sullavan was born on May 16th, 1909, in Norfolk, Virginia, into a family which boasted Revolutionary War heroes as ancestors. But American aristocracy didn't impress little Margaret. She set her sights higher. "I was secretly convinced I was of royal blood. I kept a suitcase packed, so I'd be ready when my real people came for me."

Money couldn't buy it

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Sullavan adored their child, and they had the money—he was a stock broker—to indulge her whims. But what Margaret wanted, money couldn't buy, and what Margaret needed, only a psychiatrist might have figured out. When she was older, she recalled that she had "suffered from malnutrition." The statement was true, yet the fault was Margaret's own. She asserted herself against her parents by refusing to eat.

And by running away.

In her teens, she ran away seven times in three years. The last trip, she got all the way to New York, and her father, worn out with fetching her home, settled down to have a talk with her. "Peggy, what's the matter with you?"

"I want to go on the stage," Peggy said defiantly.

The good man offered a compromise. "When you're twenty-one, you can do as you please."

His daughter's blue eyes glinted. She could wait.

Eventually, she got her way. She studied acting in Boston, she played in stock shows on Cape Cod—and she met Henry Fonda, whom she married. The year was 1930, and the marriage was over before 1933, by which time, according to one reporter, Fonda "had evidently suffered enough from the Sullavan temperament."

The likelihood is that work, not temperament, destroyed the lovers. Margaret, set upon her goal of stardom ("I'm not going to be an off-stage voice the rest of my life") couldn't have had much instinct for wifehood.

In New York, she made the usual dreary actors' rounds, then got a road show of *Strictly Dishonorable*, and soon, a Broadway lead. It was in a play called *A Modern Virgin*, and Lee Shubert hired her because he liked her voice. "You sound like Ethel Barrymore," he said.

"He didn't know," said Margaret Sullavan later, "that my huskiness was due to a bad case of laryngitis which I subsequently took great pains to prolong. After several months of mistreating my vocal cords, it stuck. My voice is now permanently ruined."

In after years, Margaret Sullavan was 72 to insist, "I'm no pillar of the theater. If

I didn't need the money, I wouldn't be working." But people, remembering the fanatic determination of the Sullavan beginnings, found this hard to believe.

Not that she didn't always mean what she said at the moment she said it, just that she often changed her mind.

A Modern Virgin was a flop, and four more New York flops followed, but a movie director, John Stahl, brought her to Hollywood, where she amazed people who thought they'd seen everything. She wore slacks, and sneakers. She went to a showing of her first movie, *Only Yesterday*, and was so horrified, she tried to buy up her contract. She refused to let the studio fix her teeth. And she attempted to keep a lion cub as a pet.

She likened acting in movies to "ditch digging," and she wouldn't go to premieres. She made a movie called *The Good Fairy* for director William Wyler, during the ten-week course of which she and the brilliant Wyler fought all over the set, and then confounded everybody by eloping.

Again, the marriage lasted a scant two years.

Maggie as mother

The next man on Margaret's horizon was Leland Hayward, an agent who was clearly destined for grander things. Even in those days, he was known as the "boy genius."

Those days. The year was 1936. Maggie Sullavan had divorced Wyler, and come back to New York to do a part in a play called *Stage Door*. "I want to learn how to act," she said, ungratefully brushing off Hollywood's golden dust.

All during the rehearsals of *Stage Door*, Leland Hayward was omnipresent. And Maggie Sullavan, who'd never listened to a word of advice from another living soul, was paying strict attention every time Hayward opened his mouth. It was obviously love, and soon it was marriage, and then it was baby rumors. But nobody dared to ask the new Mrs. Hayward whether she was expecting.

One columnist wrote hopefully of Lin Yutang's observation that "many a vixen or hot-tempered woman has grown sweet and supine with the coming of a child." Yet Maggie's temper seemed to continue unabated.

After a while, Maggie's press agent sent out a release announcing her imminent retirement, but the mother-to-be still kept her mouth shut. Backstage, nobody knew what to do. Congratulate her? What if she snapped your head off? She was famous for being inexplicable, for spicing her moments of charm with outbreaks of fury.

One night a gentleman in the cast took a chance. He stopped by the star's dressing room, and offered his good wishes. "Kids, are a lot of trouble," he said, "but they're worth it. I know, I've got three—"

Maggie rose from her dressing table, five foot two-and-a-half inches of outrage. "It's a lie," she screamed. "It's a lie!" She darted past the actor, into the hall, then turned back. "Three children," she said softly. "How perfectly wonderful—" Then she slammed the door.

Baby Brooke Hayward was an Act of God. She closed *Stage Door*, and she put an end to her mother's war against the West Coast. The Haywards settled down in a big Brentwood house, complete with swimming pool, and, in 1939, Bridget was born, and, in 1941, William was born. Maggie went back to ditch-digging, too. She signed an MGM contract, and made

Three Comrades, *Shopworn Angel*, *The Shining Hour*.

She didn't exactly mellow—"No one can be so completely rude as Margaret Sullavan, who makes it a habit," wrote a miffed columnist in 1942—but she looked as if she'd found what she'd wanted.

She was so charmed with her husband and babies that in January of 1943, she issued an announcement of her retirement from the movies. "The best service that mothers can render their country in these wartimes is to take care of their children," she said.

Four months later, she was back in pictures. Merle Oberon had been set for a part in *Cry Havoc*, Merle Oberon had got sick, and that was that.

Maybe if she'd stayed retired . . . but that's hindsight. And she was an actress, and a fine one, and after *Cry Havoc*, a play called *The Voice of the Turtle* came along, with a girl's part nobody could turn down. . . .

That year, 1944, she was professionally triumphant. *The Voice of the Turtle* got great reviews, and Maggie herself collected more awards than she could count. Still, she couldn't eat, and she couldn't sleep, and she was beginning to wonder if she'd paid too much for her new laurels.

"I don't want to be one of those ruthlessly successful actresses whose whole life is lived in the theater, or the movies, and who end up with nothing at all," she told an interviewer. "Success, yes, I'm glad to have it. I love the play, and giving eight performances a week—but I cannot have a happy private life. I'm giving up everything for such success—"

Growing suspicion

She spoke of separation from her three children, her husband. "I've lost fifteen pounds since the play opened. Much as I like to act, I like to do other things too. I'm not going to do another play after this. And I'm not going back to movies, either. I gave up movies. I wanted a play, and I've got a play I love, but—"

The but was a big one . . . bigger than anyone dreamed till the days immediately before her death. Maggie was living with a growing suspicion that audiences hated her. It was only when it was too late that a few very close friends began to understand. "I was always cheating the audiences," she said. "But nothing I could do, could get them to like me . . . really like me."

In Hollywood, Leland Hayward commented on the difficulties of maintaining a marriage by phone calls and cross-country commuting. "I never knew it would be so tough without her," he said.

Sad to say, tough things get easier. One separation leads to another. And love, untended, dies.

In the summer of 1947, Margaret Sullavan starred in *The Voice of the Turtle* in London. That same summer, in Hollywood, Leland Hayward was the constant companion of Slim Hawks, estranged wife of producer Howard Hawks.

The Hayward marriage was over, and the principals had stopped fooling themselves.

In her divorce suit, Margaret testified that Hayward had declared his marriage irksome. "I'm not meant for home life," he'd complained.

It was an ironic note, considering that the only simon-pure home life the Haywards had known in more than ten years of marriage had been the four months of Maggie's 'retirement' in 1943.

She was a three-time loser, but now there were children to consider. Margaret moved her brood to Greenwich, Connecticut, and threw her considerable energies into domesticity. "I've never understood,"

she said, "how a woman can have a career, and be the right sort of mother, too. I made my choice long ago, and I've never regretted it."

Long ago? the listener wondered. Long ago?

For two years, Margaret Sullavan remained content. The kids got big, her garden grew, the deafness which had plagued her since the early days of the war yielded to an operation. *How strange, she must have thought, that this cure should come now, when it hardly matters any more. When I no longer force myself to stand in the wings of a theater, panicked that I may not hear my cue, too proud to admit my trouble. . . .*

Irresistible challenge

She turned down scripts by the bushel, until 1950, when she was offered a movie called *No Sad Songs for Me*. It was a movie that Joan Crawford, Irene Dunne and Loretta Young had all rejected, but Margaret loved it. "It presents an irresistible challenge."

She worried about leaving the children, but rationalized her worry. In the future, she would work only during the summer months, while the children were in camp. As for this time, "I have a wonderful housekeeper, and it's perfectly all right to leave them with her—except I find when I get back, they're rotten spoiled."

In August of 1950, Maggie married for the fourth time. Her new husband was Kenneth Arthur Wagg, a "British industrialist," according to the papers, and the bride and groom honeymooned in England.

Now there were seven children in the family (since Wagg had four sons by his first marriage), and Margaret could be motherly to her heart's content. But the need to act still set up conflicts for her. She worked in television, though she called it "hellish," and in 1952, she was back on Broadway, in *The Deep Blue Sea*.

She liked *The Deep Blue Sea* because it wasn't a play "about international problems, or headaches." The world was getting to her, and she turned from it, afraid.

In 1953, she played *Sabrina Fair* on Broadway. She was forty-four, but her portrayal of a young girl was masterful.

The year 1955 brought *Janus* to New York, and more critical raves for Miss Sullavan's skill.

The seven children were by now all away at school. "Seven tuitions, seven allowance checks to pay each month. Seven letters a week to write, and each has to be different," the Wagg told Leonard Lyons. "We figure we've paid for seventy-eight years of education, with thirty-six more to go."

Except for a tendency to flee from discussions of global woes, and an aversion to any kind of turmoil, Margaret seemed well. She was moody, but she'd always been moody; she was nervous, but what sensitive artist didn't suffer from nerves?

Early in 1956, her doctor ordered Maggie out of *Janus* (she was replaced by Claudette Colbert) "to rest" and there were rumors that her "condition" was worse than people guessed.

There was no more news until the fall of the year, when headlines broke again. Miss Sullavan had accepted a starring role on a *Studio One* show, but the day of the performance, she hadn't appeared.

Reporters cornered her husband, who looked harried. "She hasn't been well for some time," Wagg said. "I think it is probably the strain again. She is in a hospital, and I would prefer not to say where."

Hubbell Robinson, a CBS vice president, was dumbfounded. "She is not a woman who would capriciously not show up. I just hope and pray that nothing is wrong with her, and that she hasn't had an accident, or an unexpected breakdown."

Unexpected breakdown as opposed to expected breakdown?

To avoid pressure

Brooke Hayward, who'd quit Vassar to elope with a Yale student, fretted in her New Haven apartment, while her husband tried to explain to newspapermen. "My wife is upset, but feels her mother will get in touch with her when she wants to."

A couple of days later, Margaret, whereabouts still unknown, contacted her lawyer, and issued a statement. "I did not realize that my failure to appear would create such a stir," she said. "Last Sunday, the day before scheduled telecast, I was not satisfied with aspects of the rehearsal, and particularly with my ability to portray the leading role. I advised the producer (Felix Jackson) of my dissatisfaction and advised him that I did not feel up to the role and could not appear."

"I insisted I be replaced. The producer apparently did not take me seriously. The next day, in order to avoid pressure, I decided to leave town. I regret the incident, and am glad it is closed."

After a while, there's almost no place left you can go to "avoid pressure."

You have to have help.

Help for Margaret Sullavan was found in a rest home called the Austen Riggs Center at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. The Center gives "therapy to persons not able to cope with their emotional problems in their customary home or business environments, but not sick enough for a closed institution."

For several weeks, Margaret stayed in Stockbridge. Then she came home to Greenwich, where she spent nearly four years—the first truly quiet years of her life—as Mrs. Kenneth Wagg. But last fall, she read a script called *Sweet Love Remember'd*, and she got excited.

"I read it on Wednesday, and on Thursday, I knew I wanted to be in it, desperately. I haven't been so anxious to go to work in a play since I was young, and just beginning."

Kenneth Wagg, however, knew his wife well. "Everything's so great now," he said. "You're relaxed, happy. You know how disturbed you get when you do a show."

But Maggie said, "It's a calculated risk. I'll be miserable if I don't do this script—and it will probably kill me if I do."

Rehearsals began on December 1st. Before starting work, Maggie took a two-week vacation in Jamaica, and had a physical check-up. She was pronounced healthy.

On Monday, December 28th, the play opened at New Haven's Shubert Theatre. Critics were not impressed, though they gave Miss Sullavan glowing personal praise.

By Thursday of that week, she was jittery, worn-out, and she phoned her husband in Greenwich. She told him she wanted to quit the play. Wagg came to New Haven, called in a local doctor. At 2 in the morning, the doctor—Dr. Rafi Tofig—gave the near-hysterical actress a tranquilizing injection. "I found her nervous and depressed," he said later.

It was like an old nightmare repeated. Kenneth Wagg saying his wife had been exhausted, and "fed up with show business," while producer Martin Gabel denied the whole thing. "She was full of temperament, but behaved very well with us. She never indicated that she was unhappy!"

But the cast disagrees with Mr. Gabel. Backstage they had begun to notice that she was crying, crying silently to herself.

"I couldn't believe it was Maggie when she began to tell me that the audience didn't like her," states one of her friends in the cast. "I kept saying, 'It's not true, maybe they don't like the play . . . maybe they're not ripping up the seats or anything, but they think you're great.' But it wasn't doing any good. Maggie wouldn't

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believe me. And then she stopped seeing anybody . . . anybody at all.

"I tried to get her to go to the cast's New Year's Eve party, but she said 'I just can't do it. I just can't face them. I'll try to sleep.' I know she didn't sleep though. At two o'clock she called the party and asked if we'd send her up a sandwich."

"A wonderful girl"

Your mind flies back to that fateful television show, and producer Felix Jackson insisting, "She never said she wasn't coming back!" And you think of poor Maggie, who could no longer finish what she started. Except, perhaps, in one terrible way.

On Friday, Dr. Tofig again visited his patient. Her condition was no better. He left her resting, early in the afternoon, and at 5:30, when Wagg came to her room, he found a chain across the door.

Frightened, because he couldn't rouse his wife by calling her, he notified the hotel manager, who got an employee to saw through the chain.

She was dying, when they reached her,

the remains of three bottles of seconal on the night table. . . .

In a hotel room next to the theater with his wife's name on the marquee, Kenneth Wagg wept.

In an off-Broadway theater, where, the week before, she'd begun work in her first play, Brooke Hayward listened to the news, then turned blindly out into the street, headed for her father's apartment, though she had no idea where he was.

At his Manhattan home, Henry Fonda said he was "shocked and saddened," and in New Haven, producer Gabel unsuccessfully went about the business of seeing that his show would go on (he hired his wife, Arlene Francis, to fill the star part but the show folded anyway), and two days after her death, Margaret Sullavan's temporal bones (the bones of the ear) were delivered to the doctor who'd once cured her deafness.

"The bequest was a complete surprise to me," announced the doctor. "She never had said anything to me about it. She was a wonderful girl."

Maybe that's the best way to remember her.

END

Perfect Honeymoon

(Continued from page 32)

take her to dances and the movies every week, is unwise."

"And can be dangerous," added Warren. "Like those two kids in *Blue Denim*. They were young and inexperienced. When they got so involved with each other and they didn't know how to handle themselves or sex—and got into trouble. When I was making that picture, Brandon de Wilde, Carol Lynley and I would talk about it. Most of us agreed that going steady could be like playing with dynamite."

"Nevertheless," said Betty Lou, slipping her hand possessively into Warren's, "it was right for us—even though I wasn't quite fifteen nor Warren sixteen when we began to steady-date. Each person must decide if going steady is best."

"It was for us, because we really wanted to. Not because it was a fad. And not because it was security. Our feelings for each other were real. We didn't tie each other down."

"And we went steady because we were really in love. Our marriage was a culmination of that love."

Warren, who is in *Because They're Young* and played Brandon's pal in *Blue Denim*, and Betty Lou, who is the young girl in Henry Fonda's TV series, *The Deputy*, met when they were both in the stage play, *A Roomful of Roses*, four years ago. They were teenage actors even then.

"I think that two people see each other at their worst, as well as their best, when they're thrown together in work," explained Betty Lou. "While we were rehearsing in the play, Warren saw me flying around backstage in jeans and oversize shirts, my nose shiny, my hair in curlers. I saw him when he was moodily concentrating on his lines."

"We started going out for Cokes during rehearsal breaks, and then for hamburgers after the show. Soon we discovered we were seeing a lot of each other."

"We learned we had a lot in common. We even found out that we had first met when we were seven, and we had both done extra roles in a picture that was filmed in New York called *The Window*."

"One day I came to the theater wearing an oversized red-and-white checked boy's shirt. Warren showed up wearing the identical shirt. Warren has always loved

to tease me. When he saw me he grinned and said, 'Look, girl, that means you have the same awful taste in clothes I have. Why don't we go steady?' I was really pleased, but I wouldn't let him know it. 'Go steady with you?' I replied. 'Just because we both liked red-and-white shirts? Humph! That's a dandy reason. Besides,' I said, 'I wouldn't go steady with anyone.'

"But later that evening Warren and I talked more seriously. He gave me a charm bracelet. That meant I was 'pinned.' I was his girl. He was my boyfriend."

"But even though we began to go steady we didn't feel that we owned each other. I guess it was our work that saved us. I had to go to Hollywood to make a picture, and I told Warren he ought to go with other girls. In Hollywood I dated other boys. I discovered, though, that I didn't like any of them as much as I liked Warren. And Warren had the opportunity to go with other girls, but that didn't seem to mean much, either."

"I think the main objection to the custom of going steady is tied around the necking problem. They say that young people going steady tends to lead to growing intimacy. How did Warren and I avoid it? Warren is a gentleman. And behaved like one. And we were both so interested in acting, it took the stress somewhat off sex. We'd get so excited talking shop and discussing what was going on in Broadway and Hollywood that we just didn't have to get too steamed up over each other."

"Our dates were filled with activities. I think that kids have a tendency to rely upon heavy necking when there isn't very much else to do. Because Warren and I were all wrapped up in the theater, we had lots to do, lots to talk about when we got together. We had that kind of excitement. Some kids go in for the other kind of excitement out of sheer boredom."

"The longer we went together, the more our friendship mellowed into a warm, wonderful romance. We felt that we were really in love. By this time, we had worked out many of the differences between us."

"And there were differences. Plenty of them. I'm headstrong and have a temper. Warren likes to have his own way, and underneath his boyish looks is a very strong, mature personality. He has a lot of drive and serious ambitions for his future. He is serious about acting, but he also wants to study law. Well, if he had sprung that on me as a surprise after we

were married, I might have not have understood his wanting to take certain college courses at night. We could have had some big battles over it. This way, gradually, by going with him, I learned why he wants to take law courses, and what it means to him. I'm all for it.

"Our most serious difference was that of religion. It took years of going steady for us to blend that difference and really mean it.

"This way, I had a chance to know—to really know—Warren's family. To have dinner with them on their religious holidays, to realize what Warren's background was, because this is what makes him what he is today. He also had a chance to know my parents and realize what my childhood religious background meant to me.

"This took time. It wouldn't have been right for Warren to demand that our children be raised in his faith, or for me to demand that they be raised in mine.

"But after going with Warren for several years, I decided that I would want our children brought up in the Jewish faith, which is Warren's. He didn't force that on me. I came to that decision after

I got to know Warren and his family so well. I could see what his family background meant to him. I realized, when I saw him on many occasions with young children, how much he loves children, and that he would probably make a wonderful father some day. In fact, one evening as we were talking about what we wanted out of life after we were married, Warren said, 'I'd like to have children right after we marry. I don't want to wait. I want to be a young father and grow up with my children. I want to play baseball with my sons, and be young enough to understand them and be a pal.'

"I know that although Warren may be young, he isn't too young to assume the responsibilities of being head of the house. Warren likes responsibilities. This I know. If he's going to be head of the house, then I felt it right that the children be raised in his religion. . . .

"Now we have each other for a lifetime. And our honeymoon is the perfect start of that lifetime together." **END**

Warren's in MGM's PLATINUM HIGH SCHOOL.

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An Unborn Life at Stake

(Continued from page 24)

even wanted to make a decision on her own. Since she had married Mel, she had wanted him to make every plan for her. She felt better that way, leaning on him for his strength. But somehow, only a woman's heart could give her the answer she had to find tonight.

That day at the doctor's

Her mind went back to that afternoon when she and Mel had sat side by side in the doctor's office in Beverly Hills. They had gone together to see him to let him know that they were going to leave for Rome at the end of the week. There, Mel was to start work in Paramount's *Blood and Roses*, and Audrey, quite naturally, was planning to go with him. Since she was now only two months pregnant, she wanted to know what she must do to make sure that her baby would be born alive. She had endured a miscarriage only last summer. . . .

The doctor had looked strangely grave at the news of the trip to Rome.

"There was a reason why you lost your first baby through a miscarriage," he had said. "And since we do know why, we can try to prevent its happening again."

Then he had gone on to explain that in her particular case there weren't enough hormones being secreted in her body. This, the doctor had added kindly—noting the alarm in her face—was not too unusual. Many women with this problem had gone through the heartbreaking ordeal of one miscarriage after another, until medical science had recently discovered a hormone that worked almost miraculously so that these women could bear their babies.

Audrey breathed a sigh of relief.

"It sounds so simple, doctor," she said. "You mean I could have these hormone treatments and they could help prevent another miscarriage? Why, that's wonderful."

"Yes," he said. "But"—he paused for a second—"just as important as the hormone treatments is the fact that you'll have to stay in bed a good part of the time, not have any excitement and not move around too much. That means cutting out major traveling."

When he announced that the trip to Rome would add to the risk of her having a baby, a look of panic came into Audrey's eyes. By an effort of will, she wiped away that look. She didn't want Mel to know how upset she was at the thought that she might have to give up going with him.

Audrey hates every moment when she is away from Mel. Up until that moment in the doctor's office, she hadn't even con-

sidered staying at home while Mel went to Rome.

But faced with this heartbreaking dilemma, she didn't even want to turn to Mel for an answer, for if he were to make the decision and it didn't turn out well, he would never be able to forgive himself.

She stole a quick look at Mel's face. It was tense. Audrey realized that Mel was going through the same torment of indecision she was.

The hardest decision

That night, for the first time, they had their dinner almost in silence. There was none of the gay conversation, the happy banter about the coming baby that had marked their dinners in recent months.

Audrey thought to herself: "This is the hardest decision I've ever had to make. I can't bear to risk the life of Mel's child and mine . . . but neither can I bear to spend the next few months without Mel. Particularly now."

What was it to be: the safety of her unborn baby, or the blessed months to be spent with Mel? How could she make such a choice? When she'd experienced the first signs that she might be pregnant, she'd welcomed them with the fervent hope that she was carrying a baby. And she'd taken the usual medical tests. All morning, while waiting for the results of those tests, she'd prayed. When she learned the good news from her doctor, she had called Mel at the studio. He was thrilled, and for the first time in his career he left his work to come home so that he could kiss her tenderly and tell her how happy he was.

From that time on, Mel had treated her almost like a baby herself, insisting that she stay in bed, having breakfast brought in to her, joining her for coffee in the sunny bedroom that overlooked the Pacific. When he'd had to leave her to go to the studio, he'd told the maid that Audrey must not get out of bed until noon.

And she, too, had been very cautious. She would shop very carefully for baby things—some of them useful, some of them just gags that she and Mel could laugh at, like the baby toothbrush she'd bought when she heard that the baby's teeth would be forming during a certain period.

Most women put off wearing maternity clothes until they absolutely have to. But Audrey, almost from the moment she knew she was pregnant, was so happy about it that she had gone almost immediately to a maternity shop in Beverly

Hills and asked to be shown some maternity outfits.

"What size is the woman for whom you're buying these?" asked the saleswoman.

"My size," she replied. "They're for me."

The woman was amazed. "But you're so flat. You won't need maternity clothes for months."

"I want them now—just as soon as I can get them," replied Audrey, eyes shining. "I can't wait to wear them."

Only recently the memory of her first miscarriage, last year in Switzerland, had come back to panic her. The talk with the doctor today had allayed that fear—only to produce a new one.

If she wasn't quiet; if she moved around too much, as she *must* to get to Rome, would she be risking the life of the baby she and Mel wanted?

"But planes today," she argued with herself, because this was the answer she really wanted, "are so safe and smooth. And once we get to Rome, I can remain quietly in our hotel suite, waiting for Mel each day. I know Italy so well, I needn't do any sightseeing. I can stay quiet, just as I would here."

She thought how much happier she would be with Mel beside her—how miserable she would be, and how long the months would seem, if they were apart.

"And Mel will be finished with the picture in March," she thought, trying to reason this thing out. "We can go home then, together, and be back in California for the final months before our baby is born."

"The doctor said it would be better for the baby if I were relaxed all through my pregnancy rather than tense. If I'm with Mel, I'll be happy and relaxed. If I'm home alone, I'll be nervous and tense, and all the bed-rest in the world won't change that."

The moon had disappeared and the sky was beginning to lighten. Like her heart. She stood up, holding the chiffon peignoir around her. She walked up the curved stairway and down the hall, her head high, a smile on her face.

When she stepped into the bedroom, Mel stirred. He opened his eyes and looked at her. There was an expression of infinite content on her face.

"You look so happy, darling," he said. "What's happened?"

Audrey reached over and slipped her hand into his.

"I am happy. I really am. I'm going to Rome with you, darling. I'm going to be with you. Everything will be all right. I just know it will be. . . ." **END**

Audrey will star in *THE UNFORGIVEN* and *MY SISTER AND I*, both United Artists. Mel will be seen in *BLOOD AND ROSES*, Paramount.

Elvis' Plans, Projects and Dreams

(Continued from page 45)

this part," remarked Elvis with his usual sense of humor. "And I'm sure anxious to see the script."

"I'd like to give you one, but I didn't bring you a script," I told him. "You'd probably memorize it, and we might make some changes between now and when you start shooting in Hollywood." Actually I didn't take Elvis a script because I remembered when I first signed Elvis for pictures, I didn't have a script ready for him at that time, and he went to Fox to make *Love Me Tender*. The studio sent 76 him a script to Memphis, and Elvis arrived

with every line of his part and everyone else's parts memorized. If he could memorize an entire script when he was on a heavy schedule of personal appearances, TV, and recording dates—I felt sure he'd do it on his free time after Army hours. And I didn't want him to put himself to such a task, although knowing Elvis' restless mind, he'd probably have enjoyed it.

"I'm sure anxious to get back to work," Elvis continued. "And you are here—actually here in Germany with the cameras, and the crew all set to go—it's

really great," he repeated, with excitement.

"Then I had to disappoint Elvis all over again, and watch the excitement in his eyes fade to a thoughtful mood that hid any let-down he may have felt.

"You won't be before the cameras over here," I said. "I understand that this is your own decision, too."

"Yes, of course. I guess I just forgot for the moment," he sighed. "It's because I'm so anxious to get back to work."

"While anyone in the Army could do whatever they liked on their own time, I had decided in the beginning that Elvis would not appear in any scenes we'd shoot in Germany. I didn't want him to take the risk of being embarrassed by putting him in front of a camera, and then have some people take the position that he was being privileged to work as a movie

star while he was still in the service. This is one of the daily problems that Elvis faces as a G.I., making sure that he does not receive any special attention or privileges. He himself doesn't make a case out of it, but he is very careful to go along living a normal life, as quiet as possible, as a soldier. That's why he has been successful in the Army, and he has won the liking and respect of his buddies.

"Man, how I'd like to be working in front of those cameras," Elvis repeated with boyish enthusiasm cropping out. "I've often wondered if I've forgotten everything I learned, and what it will be like again. Man, how I'd like to try it again. I can't believe it—you're all here, the whole crew!" Then, "It's just like it was yesterday at Paramount, and it's almost two years."

"Elvis was reacting to my announcement that I had brought my director, Mickey Moore, he was assistant director on Elvis' last picture *King Creole*, and my art director, first cameraman and my company unit manager with me to Germany to start Elvis' new picture. I had filled in the rest of the crew I told him, and we had forty all set to shoot locations when I went out to see Elvis.

"I'm sure glad to see you," Elvis had greeted me when I had first arrived at his house which is outside of Frankfurt in Bad Nauheim. Elvis is living in a little house—a cottage with a fenced in back yard, rather than the huge castle he was reputed to live in. Soldiers are all permitted to live off base if they so desire, and if their families are there, and many others live in similar places. Elvis' house is stucco and small and when I arrived Elvis opened the door. "Colonel Parker wrote me you were coming, and man it is good to see you, Sir," he said warmly. He was playing records at the time, but not his records. "Some new imports from the United States—Bobby Darin and Ricky Nelson's new hits," he said. There's not an atom of jealousy in Elvis, and while he has consistently worried that his fans might forget him, he is a great booster of the boys with talent who have come up as the top waxers of Rock 'n' Roll during his Army stint.

We exchanged greetings and then Elvis said, "Come on out into the kitchen, and we'll have a Coke." We sat down at the table and I was delighted at the new Elvis. He was in uniform, since he'd just come back from field maneuvers. He's matured and while he still naturally retains his youthful quality of charm, and he is basically the same—he is also noticeably sleek and he's physically as hard as nails. Too, the Presley with the duck tail hair cut and side burns is gone. For he will wear his same G.I. hair cut in the picture—since he will be playing a G.I.

"Elvis wanted to hear all about his new picture, however, and I told him that we were taking some exciting locations—shooting all of the exteriors in the locale of his Army activities. We'd shot in Frankfurt, Weisbaden, Idsten, Friedberg, and along the Rhine River and we were set and did ultimately shoot the tank corps in action, but never with Elvis. We used plenty of G.I.'s but again not Elvis. This seemed unfair, but I would not take a chance of any criticism being directed towards him with this picture."

"Are you shooting in color?" he asked. I told him that I was, and that the weather was perfect.

"Now that the two years are up, it all doesn't seem so long," Elvis said, "but Man, in the beginning I counted the days—thirty and thirty-one to each month, and 365 days to a year—like that," he laughed. "Then it seemed forever."

"Elvis' face saddened when I again expressed my condolences in the loss of his mother. 'You'll remember, Elvis,' I recalled, 'that we had both your mother and your father in a scene of your picture. You remember they were visiting you on the set that last day of the shooting, and we asked them to sit in the audience as players? We have some good footage, and you can have it as a clip when you return.'

"Elvis' appreciation, which is so ready and so genuine lighted his eyes. He swallowed hard. 'I miss her,' he said. 'I guess I'll never get over losing her.'

"I could well understand Elvis' feelings. We sat and talked for awhile longer, and then we went outside for awhile to get a breath of air, and we sat on the grass. The boys took some snapshots of us. When it began to get dark, I arose to go.

"Maybe we could have dinner together if you can spare the time," Elvis said. I told him to call me the following week at my hotel.

"In the interim we began shooting the picture, and I must admit I felt a little regret that Elvis couldn't have been with us, if only as a spectator. But his Army duty kept him elsewhere. His officers and Army friends however, were anxious to talk with me.

"El's a fine boy, and he does his job well," one said. "He certainly avoids any favoritism, and he bends over backwards to do his job one hundred percent!"

"Another of his officers observed, 'The Army has sure changed Elvis. We got hold of an old movie magazine with a pre-army story about Elvis. It sure made him out to be a belly-rolling vulgar type of singer who had a bad if popular influence with the American teenagers. But today he sure has changed. He is a perfect gentleman. He is always polite, and no one has ever heard him say a vulgar word or tell an off-color story—I could have told him that he had found a very wrong story based on a very wrong conception of Elvis. One that has long since been dispelled and erased. He was, and long before he came to Hollywood, a thoroughly nice and well mannered boy, who had no feeling about ever being vulgar. As he once said, 'I just follow the beat of the music. It's the folk dancing of this generation. The kids understand it. Sometimes I get carried away, but I never think it is vulgar.'

"Our only trouble," another officer told me, "is the girls. They won't leave Elvis alone. We've had to put up roped lines to get him through them at times. Elvis always looks amused, but he never takes advantage of his popularity. He just tries to go on with what he is doing. And when he is off duty, I've been amazed at his patience. He'll spend time talking to these kids, and some of them are only ten or twelve. They can't speak English, and he can't speak German, but he has the utmost patience with them.

"Elvis will get out his little German-English dictionary, and they'll make signs and talk back and forth. The kids worship him. But he sure has an amazing patience with children, and such a real liking, that he'll be a wonderful father someday."

"Another G. I. made this observation on Elvis' romantic status. 'It looks like Elvis is going home single all right. He'll take a fraulein out a few times, and they blow it up big in the papers. But he hasn't gone steady over here with any one girl. He doesn't have much time, and the time he does have he spends pretty much at home with his dad and his grandmother. His grandmother sure can cook. El is always nice about taking some of us home for her real southern cooking.'

"Elvis is very prompt and reliable and he called me a week later as he said he

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would. 'I can make it tonight to get in for dinner,' he said. We made an engagement to have dinner together that night. And Elvis arrived driving his Mercedes Benz, a stock model sedan. We went to a German restaurant, and I must report that it was very unique. There wasn't a dozen or so girls popping out of the walls and the ceilings as they did in America when I took Elvis out to dinner. I said to him, 'This is different than it was in New Orleans.' He smiled. For in New Orleans, on the location of *King Creole*, I had to hire a special security policeman to keep the girls off his hotel floor, and still they seemed to manage to come in through the walls—in every direction.

"Elvis ordered German food. An accordion trio played during dinner, and again I must report that Elvis did not get up and sing. The bus-boys and the musicians recognized him and one by one they politely sent a menu over with a

request for his autograph. Elvis seems to have a quality that is warm and polite, but one which also commands respect. Today people no longer seem to impose on him even though the very little girls may mob him.

"I've been very homesick at times. That's the worst," Elvis admitted as we ate. 'I've thought again and again, Man, if I could only go home for just one day. And wow, the time is almost here to go home. And I'm very excited about it.'

"Elvis also said that he wasn't going steady and that his 'little old heart is still in one piece. But it would be nice to fall in love—after I get my career going again. But not before—because I've got too much work to do first—to have the kind of time to fall in love.'

"His thoughts kept returning to the picture, his new picture. I told him, 'There'll be parts for two German girls and one Italian girl. And there'll be parts for your

G.I. buddies, for you'll be playing yourself, a G.I. in the tank division.'

"Have you cast the girls?' he asked with natural male interest.

"No, not yet,' I laughed, 'any suggestions?'

"No, I guess not,' Elvis replied thoughtfully, adding half to himself, 'as long as they're pretty.'

"I'll be seeing you,' Elvis said, 'in Hollywood! Man, that sounds good, be seeing you in Hollywood,' he repeated with a flash of a smile. Then he turned and walked towards his car, jumped in, switched on the ignition and roared up the road."

From that minute on, Mr. Wallis says he was besieged all of the way home by the foreign and the international and the domestic press—for any word of this interview and his visit with Elvis, of their plans. Luckily, we caught up with him for this exclusive report on Elvis! **END**

The Bad Boy and the Good Girl

(Continued from page 23)

"Like with Jo-Ann. I'm sorry it had to happen this way with her. I'm sorry I ever had to hurt her for one single minute.

"But what else can happen when a bitter, unhappy guy like me meets a good, sweet gal?

"What else can come of this but hurt—lots and lots of it. . . ."

Bobby and Jo-Ann Campbell first met one night three years ago (he was nineteen, she was just going on eighteen). With two dozen other young entertainers, they sat around a few tables in the rear of Hanson's Drugstore, just off Times Square in New York City, waiting for the bus that would take them to a record hop over in Brooklyn. Actually, Bobby sat at one table, gabbling away, surrounded by five or six wide-eyed girl vocalists and dancers; while Jo-Ann—new to New York, show business, this crowd—sat alone at her table, a few yards away. Like most of the others she had ordered a sandwich and something to drink, a chocolate milkshake in her case. But, this being her first close-to-bigtime record hop, she was too nervous to eat or drink much. And, besides, that fellow over there, that Bobby Darin, made her just a little more nervous, the way he was constantly looking over at her, even while he was gabbling away the way he was and being oohed and aahed over by those girls sitting with him.

Jo-Ann was glad, very glad, when the announcement was made, finally, that the bus for Brooklyn had pulled up outside the drugstore.

That fellow, that Bobby Darin

And she was surprised, once inside the bus, sitting in her seat next to the window, watching the others climb aboard, to see that fellow, that Bobby Darin, enter with his crowd of girls, break away from them suddenly, and come rushing over to grab the empty seat alongside her.

"I guess you know who I am," he said—his first words.

Jo-Ann nodded.

"How do you know?" Bobby asked.

"That *Splash-Splash* you just recorded—"

Jo-Ann started to say.

"And wrote," Bobby put in.

"And wrote," said Jo-Ann, "—well, it's been making quite a splash, hasn't it? And they've started writing stories about you in the papers and magazines, and putting in your picture . . . And that's how I know."

78 "Uh-huh," Bobby said. Then he asked,

"And who are you?"

Jo-Ann told him.

"Pretty . . . blonde . . . blue-eyed . . . and with an accent like that yet," Bobby said. "Where you from, honey chile? South Cah'lina?"

He laughed and Jo-Ann smiled.

"No," she said, "Jacksonville, Florida. And I'm a singer, in case you never heard of me, which you no doubt never did. And I've cut two records, neither of which has sold very well, but my manager tells me not to worry about that, he being a very nice and understanding manager. And—"

The bus began to move.

"And?" Bobby asked.

"And," Jo-Ann said, "I guess there's not much more to tell except that my daddy thought it might be good for any career I might have in store for me if he and my mother and I moved up here to New York. So that's what we did. And here we are, all settled in a little apartment over Flushing way, waiting to see what the future will bring . . . hoping it'll all have been worth it."

She turned to look out the window, at the theater marquees, the cars and cabs, the blur of people on the sidewalks.

"Glad you came?" Bobby asked, after a moment. "To big old wonderful New York town?"

Jo-Ann looked back at him and nodded.

"Well," Bobby said, sitting back in his seat, "lemme tell you something about this big old wonderful town, this big old wonderful business of show business . . . They can both turn out to stink if you don't watch that pretty step of yours."

"How do you mean?" Jo-Ann asked.

"The people," Bobby said. He spelled out the word. "Sniff-sniff-stink, if you don't watch your step. All kinds of creeps. But the leeches, first of all. They're the first ones you got to worry about."

"Borrowers?" Jo-Ann asked.

"Takers," Bobby said. "Takers—It's a whole bit, and I've been through it all. Take a place like that drugstore we just came from. It's a hangout for our crowd. A new one like you walks in and you're spotted. The leeches, they know how you feel. All young inside and nervous and wanting to please, to make friends, to be accepted, considered nice, A-1. So for this privilege they invite you over to their table and then, then they let you pick up their check. A cheeseburger here, a steak sandwich there, a Danish, a couple of cups of coffee—'You don't mind just this once,

do you, pal?' they say, 'I'm just a little short right now.'"

"Is this what happens to you?" Jo-Ann asked.

"Juggle those verbs around a little, honey, and you've got it," Bobby said. "It's what *used* to happen to me . . . I used to be the champion check grabber wherever I was. As long as I shelled out, man, I was the most. They used to wait for me to come in, the whole damn bunch of them. And me, I wanted to be accepted so bad, I never said no. Not till one day when the message came to me and I said the hell with them and being nice and all that junk, and stopped."

"Gee," Jo-Ann said.

Backslappers

"Then," said Bobby, looking up at the ceiling of the bus, remembering, "there's the backslappers. I guess they're like the leeches, basically, except with diplomas. They're the ones who get after you when the breaks start coming your way. They're the ones who want the favors. You've been meeting big people in the business? They want to get to meet them. You're their best bet, so they start slapping your back so hard that just to get them to stop and to end the embarrassment you say, 'Gee thanks, now what can I do for you?' And they tell you. Until you find yourself spending so much time working for them that you're lousing up on yourself."

"How'd you stop them?" Jo-Ann asked.

"Same as with the others," Bobby said. "I woke up one day and told them all to go to hell, that I knew I was good, that I didn't need their compliments, and that they could all just go to—"

"I know," Jo-Ann said.

"Yeah," said Bobby. He turned to face her again. He looked into her eyes. "Then there's the love crowd," he said.

Jo-Ann began to blush. "Yes?" she said. "Watch for 'em, honey—watch—or they'll drag you down under," he said. "With me it was this dancer. She had to have me, had to love me . . . she said. I was seventeen, she was thirty-one. Man, was I impressed with myself. I was so impressed I couldn't see what a patsy I was being used for. This dame, she was a pathological liar, along with being a tramp. She didn't know how to tell the truth, so how could she know how to be true to anyone . . . ? I was hit over the head with danger signals. But did I take 'em?" He shook his head. "No," he said. "Instead, I talked about getting married with her. And I talked about committing suicide with her. And all this while I found out she was just using me for what I was worth to her, cheating on me—"

He stopped, suddenly.

"Now you tell me your problems," he

said, still looking at her, hard, intently. Jo-Ann smiled again. "They'd sound pretty third-class next to yours," she said. "No boyfriend problem?" Bobby asked. "Not really," Jo-Ann said. "There's this boy in Jacksonville. I liked him some. I thought I'd miss him when I had to leave... But I don't—not terribly, I mean."

"Want a new boyfriend?" Bobby asked. Jo-Ann said nothing.

"Don't get scared, sweetheart—I mean just for tonight," Bobby said. "To explain," he said, still getting no reaction from Jo-Ann. "tonight, after the show, you and me take this bus back to town. And then, when we get off, I take your hand and take you to this pizza joint on Forty-ninth Street where we grab a pizza and some cream sodas or something... Sound okay?"

Before Jo-Ann had a chance to answer, Bobby pointed out the window of the bus. "This here we're crossing now is the Brooklyn Bridge—and that back there, all those twinkling lights," he said, "that's Manhattan... New York. Few years from now I'm gonna own that town. Then, few years from now, when I ask a gal for a date it's gonna mean El Morocco and the '21' and the Stork Club and Copa and everywhere—" His eyes began to brighten. "—With waiters tripping over their fool feet to get to my table and hatcheck babes framing the dollar bills I give 'em and all the bigshots in town staring over at me and my date, some of 'em just looking, others waving, and nodding and—"

Again, he stopped and looked back at Jo-Ann.

"But for tonight," he said, "after the show, pizza and cream soda at this joint on Forty-ninth Street. Sound okay?"

He put his hand on hers.

"Huh?" he asked.

He smiled at the way Jo-Ann began to

blush again, at the way she nodded slowly and said yes. . . .

One of these New York creeps

The show in Brooklyn ended at 11:10 that night. By 11:20 Jo-Ann had her stage make-up off, had changed and stood just inside the stage door waiting for Bobby.

It was some twenty minutes after that—seconds after the bus, loaded with the others, had left—when Bobby did show.

"Jo-Ann—" he started, out of breath.

"Bus took off," Jo-Ann cut in, starting to laugh, "but there's always the subway."

"Jo-Ann," Bobby said, shaking his head, not listening, "I can't make it. Not tonight."

"You can't?" Jo-Ann asked, the laugh suddenly gone.

"Look," Bobby said, bringing up his hands, holding them together, "this dame... I'd forgotten all about her. Two weeks ago she says to me, 'After the Brooklyn show, how about it—a night out, us two?' And me. I don't know what I was thinking, but I said, 'Yeah, sure...'"

Jo-Ann waited for him to go on.

He didn't.

"She's here?" she asked, then.

"In my dressing room," Bobby said. "She showed up right after the show. She's a little on the loaded side. I tried talking to her. I thought maybe I could get her to call this off and we, we—"

"Bobby," Jo-Ann said. She forced a great big smile. "Bobby, it's perfectly okay what's happened."

"It is?" he asked.

"Yes," Jo-Ann lied.

"Listen," Bobby said, "this subway. Do you know how to get to it from here?"

"Oh yes," Jo-Ann lied again.

"Better," Bobby said, "if you wait a few minutes, we'll be getting a taxi and we can drop you off. This dame—" He shrugged, and forced his own smile now. "—She

never wants to ride in anything but taxis. And she always pays. So—"

"No, thanks, Bobby," Jo-Ann said. "I can walk it."

They were both silent for a moment.

"Jo-Ann," Bobby said, "these New York creeps I was telling you about before. I guess you think I'm one of 'em, but good—huh? . . . Lots of other people do, you know. So you're not alone in what you're thinking."

"No . . . I don't think that," Jo-Ann said softly.

"No, I'll bet," Bobby said. He laughed a hollow laugh. Then, "Well, no sense us standing here like this . . . So long, Jo-Ann . . . I'm sorry."

"So long, Bobby," she said, turning quickly, and leaving.

"Another girl would have been sore as heck," a friend of Jo-Ann's has said. "But Jo, she'd fallen for him from those first few minutes together, in the bus. And nothing, not even being stood up that first night, was going to change the way she felt about young Mr. D."

A quiet love

"She carried her love for him about as quietly as is humanly possible. She'd never mention him to you . . . never. But, boy, when someone else mentioned his name, you should have seen the things that happened to her face—her eyes getting big, shiny; her color all flushed; all that. And if she ever happened to be carrying a copy of *Variety* and you asked to see it and noticed something clipped out, you could be sure the clipped-out article had something to do with young Mr. D. and that that clipping was tucked in the bottom of her pocketbook where she could take it out when she was alone and read it over and over again."

"I guess it was nine or ten months after

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Shirley MacLaine

LEMONADE AND FRIED MICE

■ Although by now Shirley MacLaine is getting used to being one of Hollywood's most sought-after actresses and top money-makers, she was once quite accustomed to living on "nothing a week."

This was when she was struggling to get a break in New York.

Rodgers and Hammerstein were auditioning for *Me and Juliet*, and five thousand hopefuls showed up at the first try-out.

"I lied," Shirley recalls, "changed my name three times, was turned down five times and kept using other people's Equity cards.

"There were seventy-five at the final audition—and I wasn't a good dancer then.

"They got down to the last person, and Dick Rodgers called out, 'Hey, you with the legs!'

"That was me."

Shirley had to run through every dance there was, and sing too. And she got the job.

And she figures she owes it, in a way, to lemonade and fried mice. Because in those days, she saved every cent she made (and that wasn't often) for lessons. Every kind of lesson there was. Singing, dancing, acting.

And to do this, she had to cut down on eating. Or eating money anyhow.

Shirley had two tricks to help her along.

One had to do with the awful old apartment where she lived with "twelve different roommates every year. They would get tired trying to crash Broadway and go back to Baltimore or wherever they came from. That was 1952, when unemployment in the theater was at its highest. Three thousand girls would show up when six were needed.

"Still the roommates and I didn't starve. We could always count on one thing when we got home for dinner—fried mice, because they were always on the oven!"

At least, that's what Shirley says. . . .

Shirley's other trick, the Automat Ploy, sounds a little more palatable.

The Automats in New York are like inexpensive cafeterias. You serve yourself. Put a coin in a slot and open a little glass door and out comes a fresh sandwich or dessert.

For beverages like iced tea, or iced coffee, the ingredients are laid out. You help yourself to ice, to sugar, to cream, and then purchase the tea or coffee.

"That's how I learned to like lemonade," Shirley explains. "I would make out like I was going to order iced tea. I'd get some lemon, then take sugar from the table and have lemonade . . . free of charge."

Well, those days are past. And the way she lives now? Oh, she likes it fine. But if the day ever came that she'd have to go back to a budget, Shirley MacLaine

that first night that they saw each other again. It was at a nightclub. Bobby was on his way up by now, and playing his first big club date in New York. Jo-Ann wanted to go see him something desperate, of course. She wouldn't ask a boy to take her, she's that shy. And none of us girls could go with her for the simple reason of money. So she went alone, about a week after he'd opened—after she'd got up enough money for herself. And enough nerve. . . ."

Jo-Ann sat at the little table way in the rear of the nightclub and watched Bobby make his entrance. And she could tell, from the beginning, that something was wrong that night.

It seemed to start with the audience. It was a bad audience, unusually bad—talkative, a big-drinking crowd, a convention-type crowd where practically everyone seemed out to put on his own show.

Then Bobby tried to handle this audience. And he didn't help.

Midway through his first number he called out to the crowd to clap along with him.

"Help old Bobby keep the beat—yeahhhh?" he asked.

And he began to clap.

But most of the customers didn't cooperate.

Jo-Ann could see him begin to do a slow burn. She'd been reading quite a bit recently about his bad temper, about how he'd blown his top at one performance somewhere in Pennsylvania not too long ago and told his audience off, another time in Florida . . . a few other times, a few other places.

She hoped nothing like that would happen this night.

"Shhhhhh," she found herself saying as Bobby began his second number and the audience continued talking it up.

"Shhhhhh!"

But nobody paid any attention to Jo-Ann.

Nor to Bobby.

And, finally, Jo-Ann saw it happen, as midway through his third number, Bobby brought up his hands to stop the band, mumbled something, went into his finale, cut that short too and went rushing off the stage.

It's safe to guess today that if nothing had gone wrong with Bobby's show that particular night, Jo-Ann would very likely have finished her dinner, paid her check and taken the subway back to Flushing. And that would have been that.

But, because something had gone wrong, because she knew that Bobby was undoubtedly hurt and sulking now, feeling as if he didn't have a friend in the world—because she wanted to show him that she was still his friend, for a few minutes at least—Jo-Ann got up from her table and made her way backstage and to Bobby's dressing room. . . .

"Lousy show," he was saying a few minutes after she'd entered and they'd said hello, "—but lousy, wasn't it?"

Jo-Ann began to shake her head.

"Sure it was," Bobby said. "And you know why? Because me and that audience out there were having a fight." He lit a cigarette he'd been holding. "Me," he said, "I was fighting with them before I even went out. I was in a mood. I felt low, I mean. And when I'm low, I'm low. And there's not much I can do about it . . . You know that feeling?"

"Some," Jo-Ann said.

Bobby nodded. "And then that mob out there," he said. "A bunch of drunks. Boy, have you ever seen a bunch of drunks like that? Noisy? Rude? Rude to me? Well, I figured from the beginning that I'd have to show 'em. And I did, too. Cut the whole damn act short and showed 'em."

Jo-Ann looked at him and said nothing.

Bobby took a long drag from his cigarette. "You don't buy this kind of talk, do you?" he asked.

"It's not that . . . exactly. . . ." Jo-Ann started to say. She looked down.

"Well," said Bobby, "you sure don't look as though you'd pay a nickel for it."

To show the audience

Jo-Ann looked up again, quickly. "No, Bobby, you're right," she said, her voice suddenly firm, "I *wouldn't* pay a nickel for it. You talk . . . you talk as though you're so proud in a way that you went out there and *showed* that audience. You sound as though, just because you cut your act short, that you hurt them. *Them*. When the person you really hurt, the only person, is yourself."

Bobby took another drag from his cigarette, a short one this time.

"The others," Jo-Ann said, "they're out there still, Bobby—eating, drinking, talking, having fun. They've probably forgotten all about you by now . . . Isn't that wonderful? Ten minutes after you've left the stage. They've probably forgotten all about you. Isn't that wonderful, that that's what you're so proud of?"

She took a deep breath.

"Bobby," she went on, "I don't know much about show business. I've been around, but not that much . . . But I do know this. That the only time an entertainer should be proud is when he's given his audience everything that's inside him, everything he's got—good audience or bad. When he's taken a bad audience and quieted them and made them better by just one thing—"

"His talent?" Bobby cut in.

"Yes," Jo-Ann said, "his talent."

Bobby looked down at his cigarette. "Seems to me," he said, "I have heard that song before."

"Well, learn the song then," Jo-Ann said, her voice doubly firm now. "Learn it!"

Bobby watched an ash fall from his cigarette to the floor.

"Bobby," he heard Jo-Ann say then, her voice somewhat softer now, "you've got talent. More than anybody else I've ever seen or heard, you've got it. And someday, someday you'll be sitting on the top of the whole wide world—"

"How do you know that?" Bobby asked.

"For one thing, you told me," Jo-Ann said.

"Yeah?" Bobby asked, looking over at her.

"And for another," Jo-Ann said, "—I just know it."

"Yeah?" Bobby asked.

"Yes," Jo-Ann said, "—I just know it. And I just happen to think that you're the most marvelous, the most—"

She stopped.

And rose.

"It's getting late," she said. "I think I'd better be going."

"Hey," Bobby said, rising too, "I haven't even offered you a drink yet."

"No thanks," Jo-Ann said. "I don't drink."

"Stay for a cigarette?"

"No—don't drink, don't smoke, and very boring in conversations sometimes . . . like tonight," Jo-Ann said. She picked up the purse she'd put down earlier. "Well—" she said, beginning to walk towards the door.

"Somebody waiting for you there?" Bobby asked.

Jo-Ann shook her head. "I'm alone," she said.

"So can't you stay for a little while more?"

She shook her head again.

Bobby walked over towards the door

now, too. "Tell me, Miss Florida," he said, putting his hand on hers. "You still living out in Flushing?"

"Yes," Jo-Ann said, "still."

Hello and good-bye

"You know," Bobby went on, "I got a car now. And I was just thinking how it would be if I came out to pick you up some time and the two of us took a drive someplace . . . Can you give me your number so I can give you a call some time?"

"No," Jo-Ann said. She removed her hand from his. "You're not going to call. I know that. You know that. And—" She smiled. "—And, anyway, I just came by to say hello, Bobby."

"And now, good-bye, Bobby. . . ."

"You could have knocked Jo-Ann over," says her friend, "but Bobby got her phone number somehow and called her the very next day. That afternoon, they went out driving in his new car. And soon their friendship, their relationship—whatever you want to call it—was well on its way."

"For that next year, whenever they were both in New York and not out on tours, they were almost always together. Bobby would take Jo out a lot—movies, restaurants, nightclubs. But most of the time he just enjoyed going over to her apartment and having dinner with her and her folks, watching TV, telling jokes, relaxing, talking. They both seemed very happy, and it was enough to make you take back anything you might have said about Bobby had you only known him casually and not as the friend of your friend."

"Bobby, by the way, became a very hot property during this year. Every month he seemed to grow more and more popular and famous. He was beginning to do lots of TV and swank club dates. He made his biggest hit record—*Mack The Knife*—dur-

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any other star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

2. I LIKE BOBBY DARIN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any other star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

3. I LIKE AUDREY HEPBURN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any other star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE MEL FERRER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any other star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

4. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any other star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any other star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

5. I LIKE STEPHEN BOYD:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any other star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

ing this time. In fact, it was because of Mack and its success that he got his biggest break up to that time, an appearance on the Perry Como show.

"And it was at this time, too, that the thing happened between him and Jo-Ann. The thing about the ring. . ."

It was a Tuesday night, late. Rehearsals for the Como show had ended a little while before and Jo-Ann, who'd come to watch, had gone with Bobby to a small French restaurant not far from the studio.

The place was only half-filled.

Bobby and Jo-Ann sat at a window table, sipping their café espresso, waiting for their desserts.

Finally, the waiter returned to their table. Winking at Jo-Ann, he said, "Creme caramel for mademoiselle . . . and for monsieur, the mousse—and this, *mais* what have we here?"

On that last word, he lifted a tiny package from the side of the dish and handed it to Bobby.

"What is it?" Bobby asked.

The waiter grinned. "You will have to discuss that with the mademoiselle," he said, as he bowed slightly, and left.

"What's up, Jo?" Bobby asked. "What's in here, anyway?"

"Just a little something," she said.

"From you?" Bobby asked.

"Uh-huh," Jo-Ann said, beaming.

She watched Bobby as he placed the paper wrapping aside, as he stared for a moment at the box in front of him, as he opened it, then as he looked up again.

"It's a ring," he said.

"That's right," Jo-Ann said. Proudly, she added, "A genuine star sapphire ring."

"What's it supposed to mean. . . ?"

She waited for Bobby to take it out of the box now and put it on.

Instead, he asked, "What's it for? What's

it supposed to mean?"

Jo-Ann found herself clearing her throat. "I don't know exactly, Bobby," she said. "Lots of things, I guess. Good luck on the show tomorrow night. Thanks for all the nice times we've had together. I like you. I hope you like me . . . Lots of things."

Bobby shook his head.

"I can't wear it," Bobby interrupted her.

"You can't wear it?" Jo-Ann asked, the smile beginning to disappear from her face. "Why not?"

"Because," Bobby said, "guys don't go taking rings like this from girls unless—"

He picked up a half-filled glass of water and took a swallow.

"Because," he said, "—because it would mean that there's something more serious between us than there actually is . . . Look, sweetheart, you and me, we've been seeing a lot of each other lately, sure. But I don't want you to go getting the idea that you're the only girl I see."

"I didn't say I was," Jo-Ann said.

"But you thought maybe that's the way it was, didn't you?" he asked. Without giving her a chance to answer, he went on, "Well, it's not that way, honey. I see you. I see other girls. I like them. I like you—

none better, none worse. I like all girls. I'm peculiar. That's how I get my kicks, from knowing lots of girls—some nice like you, some not so nice. . ."

He picked up the glass of water again, swallowed again.

"Honey," he started, "you're probably the best girl in the world for me. Pals of mine who've met you *once* have told me that. But, honey—"

"Don't," Jo-Ann said, suddenly, strangely.

"Don't, Bobby. Don't call me honey anymore. Don't say anymore. Don't try to follow me as I walk out of here now. And don't try to give the ring back to me. It's yours, Bobby. I bought it for you,

and it's yours. To throw out if you want, or to put in your bottom drawer and keep for old times' sake, or to throw in a fire and watch melt, or to do anything you want."

She got up.

Bobby started to.

"Don't," she said. She looked at him. Then down at the ring, once more. . .

Bobby had never been drunk before. But he was now.

"Monsieur," said the waiter, approaching the table, "this is the very last cognac I can serve you. We must close in ten minutes. *C'est la loi*—the law."

But Bobby didn't hear him.

He picked up the glass. And he looked down into it, beyond the eerily-ambered fluid there. And he thought of two women.

Damn you, he thought about the first. Taking a kid. Lying to him. Cheating on him. Sucking him in with your talk about marriage, your talk about death. Holding him in your arms one minute, throwing him out the next. Making him sick and bitter and self-pitying . . . making him take it all out on other girls. On her. . .

"Jo," he whispered. "Jo-Ann . . . Jo."

The waiter came back to the table.

"You called me, monsieur," he asked. "You wish your check now."

Bobby shook his head.

He reached for the little box on the table and opened it.

"Tomorrow," he said, "—I'm gonna call her. First thing. And I'm gonna tell her I'm wearing it. . . I'll always wear it."

The waiter smiled.

"I do not know the girl, except for tonight," he said, "but I do know this—that it will make her very 'appy."

"I hope so—finally," Bobby said.

And he saw that his hands, which had begun to shake these past few hours, stopped.

END

6. I LIKE BETTY LOU KEIM:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any other star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE WARREN BERLINGER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any other star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

7. I LIKED MARGARET SULLAVAN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any other star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

- ☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

8. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any other star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

9. I LIKE DODIE STEVENS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any other star ☐ 2 a lot

- ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

10. I LIKE BRIGITTE BARDOT:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any other star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

11. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE

(2) _____ MALE

(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ FEMALE

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A. E. Staley Manufacturing Co., Decatur, Illinois



a. Space-saving 9-lb., 24" 7-cycle automatic washer
b. 10-lb., 29" 12-cycle automatic washer

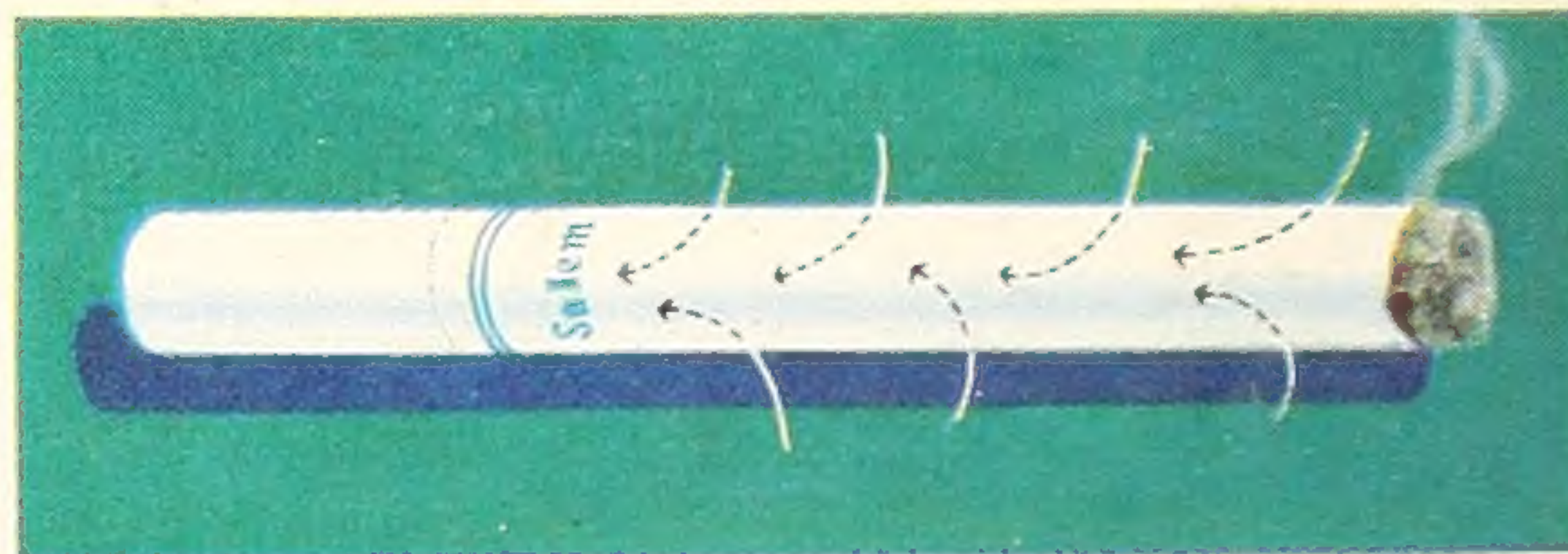
c. Lady Kenmore combination washer-dryer
d. Lady Kenmore 14-cycle automatic washer with reservoir dispenser

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